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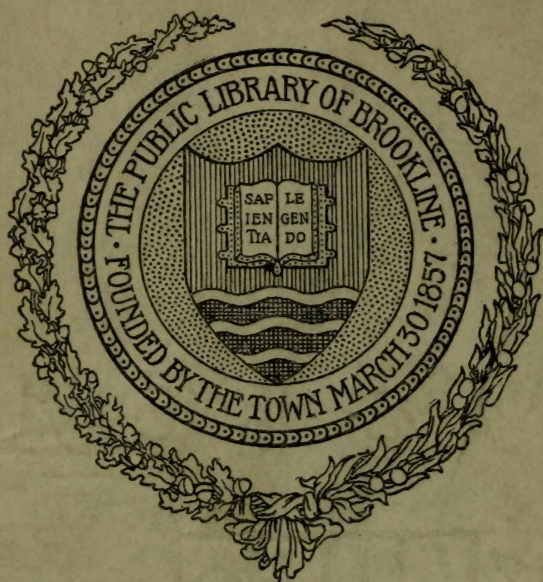
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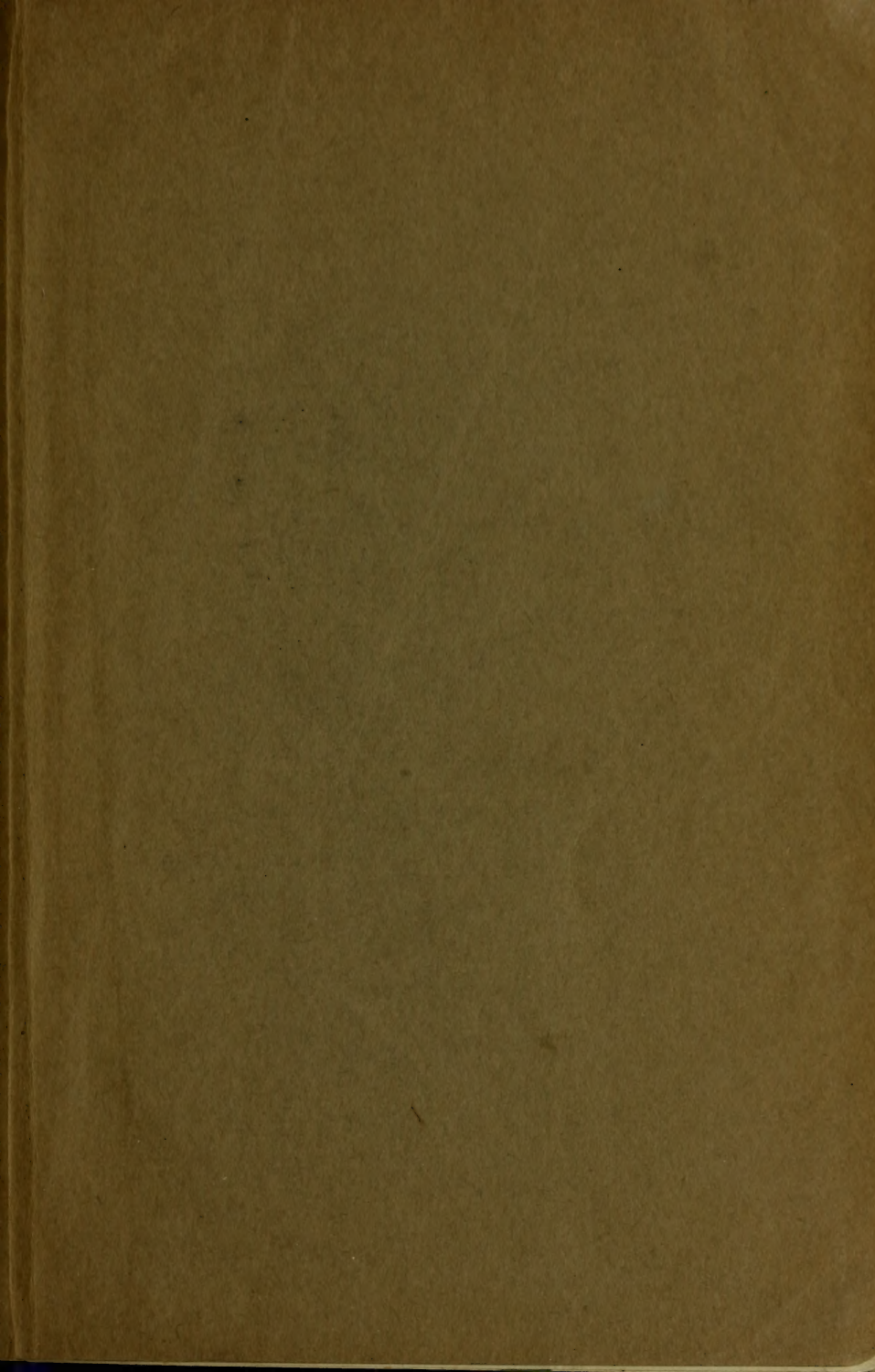
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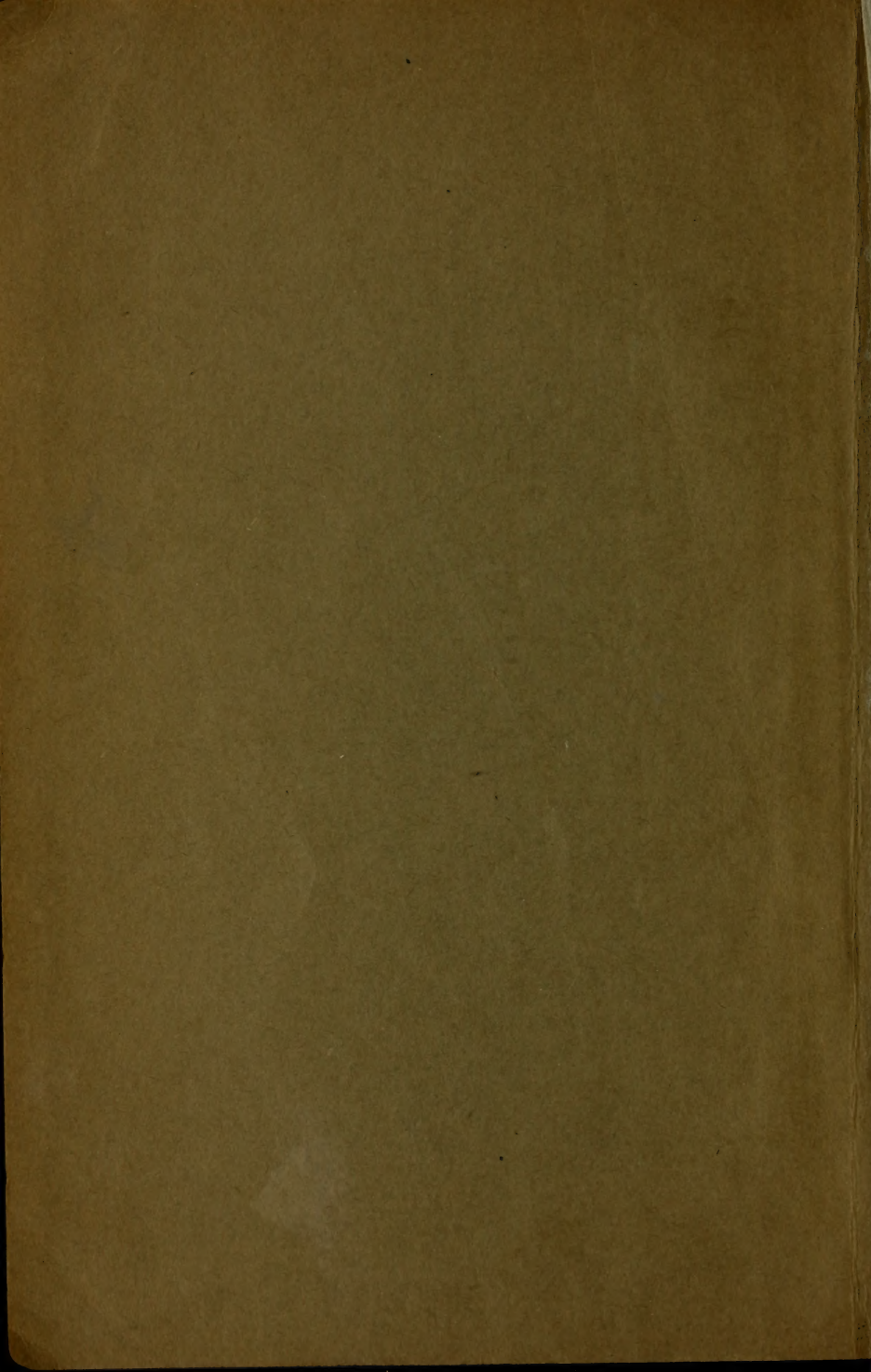
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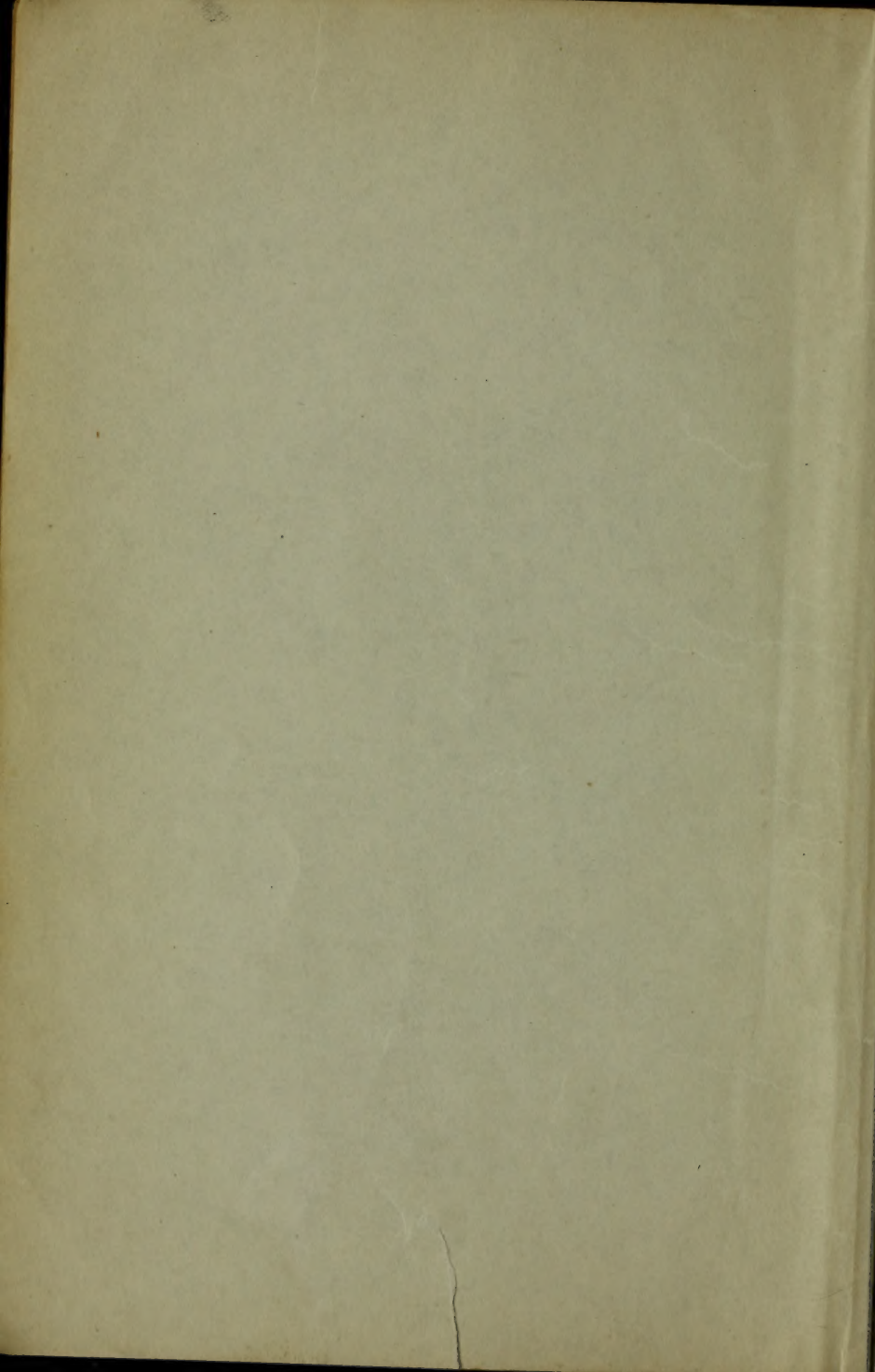




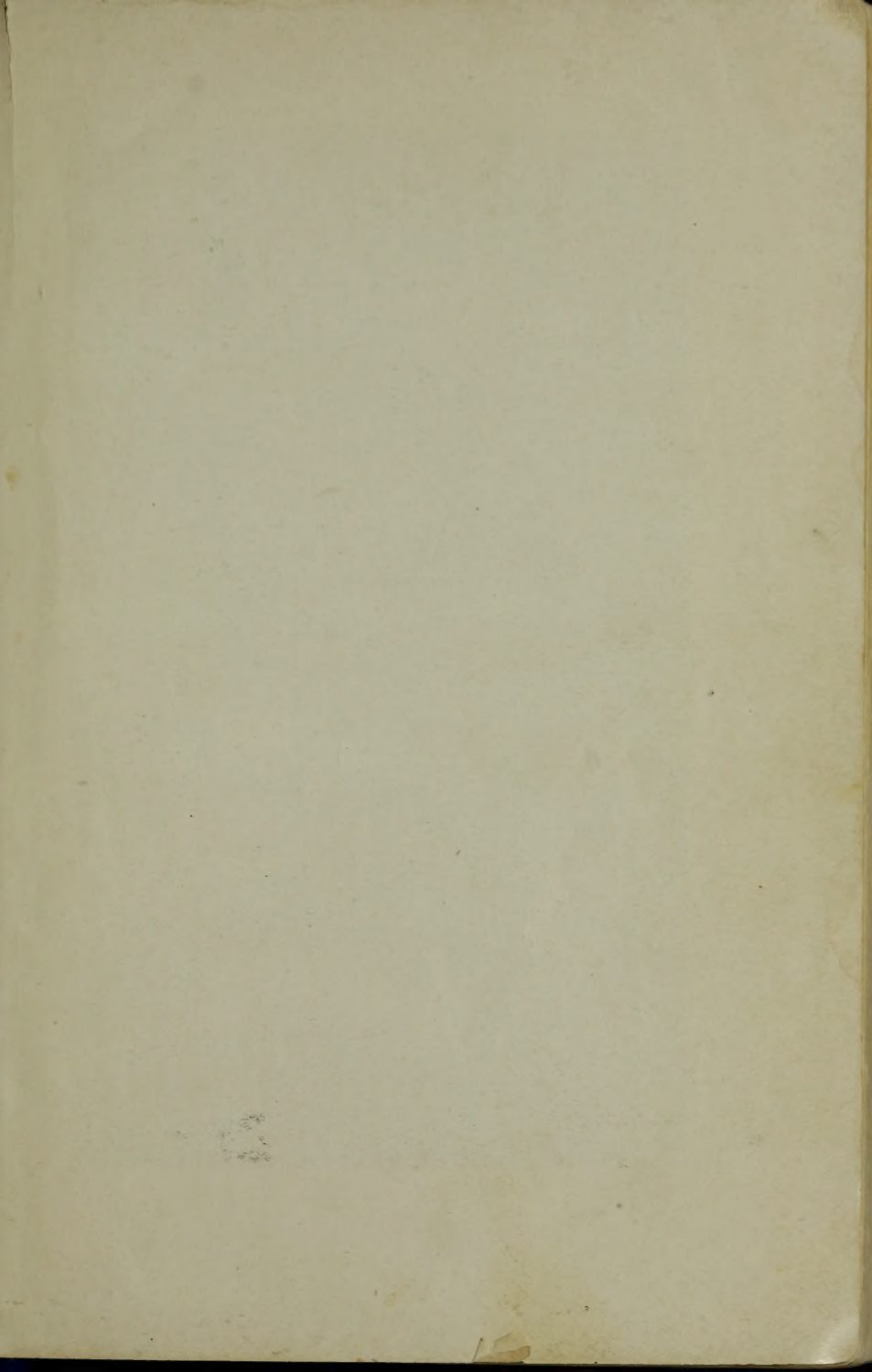


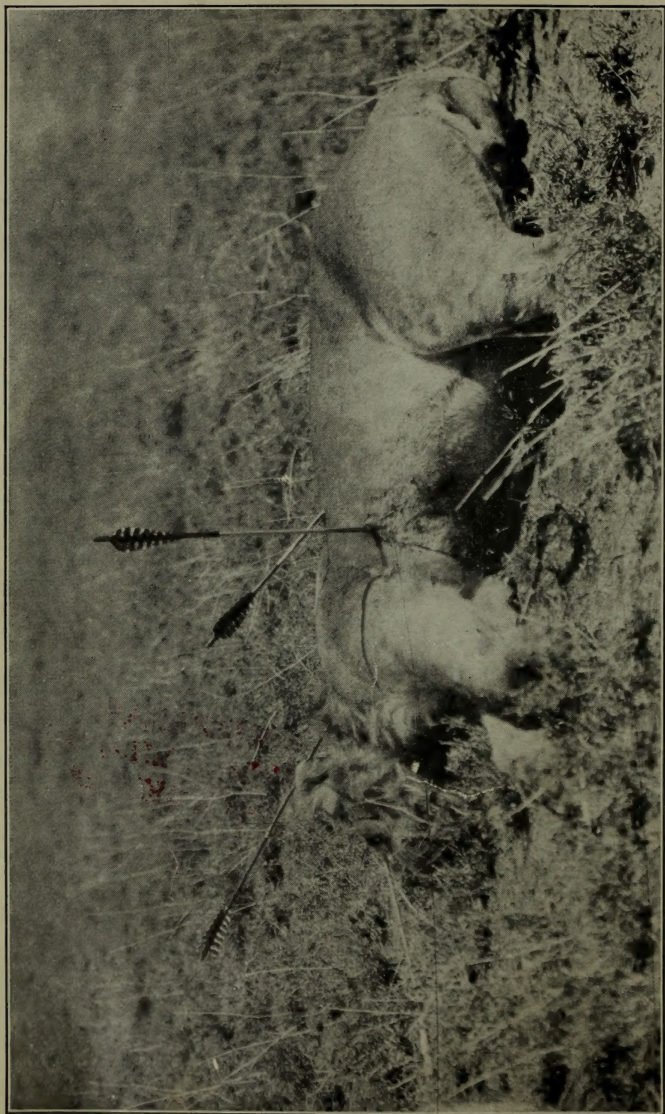


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An arrow-killed lion



# LIONS IN THE PATH

*A Book of Adventure  
on the High Veldt*

BY  
STEWART EDWARD WHITE



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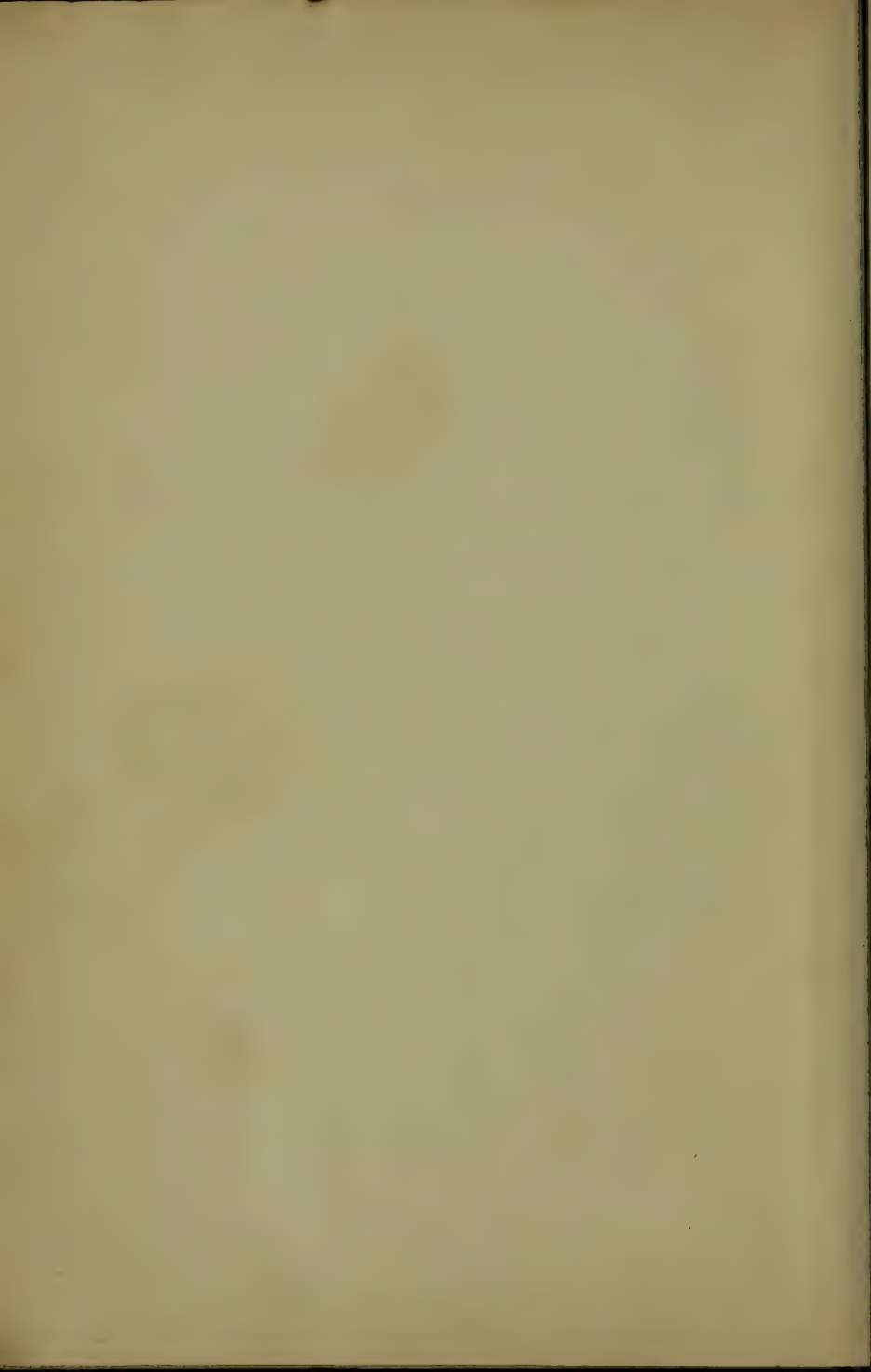
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A. H.



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NYUMBO





# LIONS IN THE PATH

## CHAPTER I

### NYUMBO

WHEN I left Africa in 1913, after a total of twenty-two months in the country, I thought it was for the last time. It was a regretful thought. They say that when one has drunk deeply of the waters of African rivers their voices will always be calling, no matter in how distant or how attractive lands one's lot may thenceforth be cast. This I believe to be true, even when the said river water has been well boiled, as is one's hygienic custom if one would survive to hear any voice but that of the angels. But when there intervenes a war in which one has taken an active though unimportant part; and the price of living anywhere at all has gone up 100 per cent. or so; and when it still takes about two months and a considerable sum of money to get there; and when one is—important point—fifty-three years of age, one listens to that calling voice wistfully but without hope. You can readily see that it is impossible.

Nevertheless, let me tell you where I am writing these

lines on all sorts of paper, because I have no other. To get any other I should have to send out my order by two runners on a sixteen-day journey to the nearest point of communication, native or other. That point of communication is itself no gay metropolis. It consists quite simply of a half-dozen thatched native huts and a small dark structure made of corrugated iron. In the latter dwells a sad-faced precise East Indian, the agent for a white man who therein trades beads, wire, sugar, snuff, native spears—made in Manchester—and such ennobling products of civilization, for Masai cattle hides. The equatorial sun pounces upon the corrugated iron. That is why the agent is an East Indian. Save the fabled salamander, no creature but an East Indian would be other than well done on both sides. On the white man's ox wagon—provided it happened to be there at the time—my order for paper would creak its way for eight more days to the next settlement, a stopping place on the Uganda Railroad. Thence to Nairobi. There are many stories as to the speed of the Uganda Railroad. These I shall spare you. Let it suffice that for these seven weeks have I awaited valued boxes: a cause of bitterness, as, among other things, they contain my tobacco.

Let us finish this question of remoteness once and for all by instancing that, except for a mining prospector in another direction, our nearest neighbour is a brother potentate whose



capital lies thirty-four miles cross country from our own. I'm not sure this ought to be written *Our Own*; but I am still new to this king business. His name is M'Tone and he is friendly. I have never seen him; but I have, by messenger, exchanged gifts and greetings. From him, when I send for it and take long enough, I can buy the millet meal with which I feed my men; from him came originally our forty-four diminutive chickens; from his people were recruited the majority of our population; and from him occasionally appears a gorgeous and important person whom I have ascertained to be his personal slave. The latter is accompanied by certain savages. These carry yams, pumpkins, and occasionally a vessel of wild honey. I shoot for them a wildebeest or a zebra. Thus the royal amenities are preserved. I might add that we employ his eldest son, the crown prince, to supervise the savage portion of our inhabitants. He receives the equivalent of five dollars a month. It may be that since the war others have crown princes in their employ at this rate; but I doubt it. I have written a friend in London to try this on Wales.

Our next neighbours are of another tribe called the Wasikumu, about forty miles south. Unfortunately, we are separated by sharp high grass that cuts our legs; so our relations are spasmodic. In other directions are only rumours of distant peoples.

Our capital we have named Nyumbo after the thousands

of wildebeests that surround it. A fine pair of this animal's horns adorns our flagpole. It is a beautiful and extensive metropolis, surrounded by a thin-spaced growth of mimosa trees near the top of a low gentle slope that descends to the river. Just now we have had no good rains for some time, so the river is, I regret to say, flowing bottom up. There are, however, sufficient water holes for all purposes; but the fishing is poor. A narrow strip of jungle is full of beauty and monkeys and parrots and leopards and such things.

The opposite slope rises gently in an open grassy plain for about three miles to an embracing semicircle of low mountains or sparsely wooded hills, through which are numerous passes to a broken country beyond. We can see this plain in patches through the trees. Often I have sat in my chair and counted in these visible openings four or five hundred wildebeests, and sometimes many more. In the other direction, if we go a mile or so, we find ourselves at the edge of a vast prairie that billows away in a series of long low waves like a ground swell at sea over a horizon infinitely remote. Kopjes of fantastic and gigantic boulders and monoliths lie becalmed at intervals; and in the troughs of the earth waves are often ribbonlike dongas of sparse trees or dense brush or high grass. In the rainy season, there are pools of water in these dongas for beasts and in hollows on the boulder tops for men; but between rains potable water lacks.

Our capital, built by its inhabitants, is the largest settlement hereabouts. In fact, it is the only settlement. Its construction is simple but picturesque. The walls of its buildings are about eight inches thick, and look as though they might have been built of concrete to resist cannon fire. As a matter of fact, they are in that respect like the plaster walls of any modern bungalow—a hollow mockery. Dissected, they would be found to be a series of slender posts planted upright, through which, in and out, osiers had been woven; and over which, in turn, clay had been smoothed.

When a wall is to be constructed or repaired, our long-suffering tin bathtub is requisitioned and a half-dozen men play mud pies very happily. The bathtub may also be discovered occasionally holding an arsenic solution in which to dip animal skins. Between times we take baths in it and are none the worse. But, anyway, our mud walls look as solid as the granite hills. They have in them little loopholes, called windows, because we do not know what else to call them. Their roofs are of thick grass thatch, steep-pitched and quite watertight until it rains really hard.

Some of the buildings are oblong, with roof poles, like any house anywhere. Many are round, with conical roofs like old-fashioned beehives, and with tufts atop; a few are flat roofed. They are also of all sizes. Our own living house is fifteen by thirty, with wide projecting eaves and a veranda in front. Another similar structure next door,



almost as large, serves as a workroom and store for the more precious personal belongings.

The real storehouse is circular, an imposing edifice; and immediately contiguous is a ridiculously miniature replica of it about five feet in diameter and as many tall, where our forty-four chickens retire in thankful overcrowding when hyenas and jackals come out with the night. There is also the dining house—where I am writing this—a most pleasant resort, in which we not only eat but loaf and read, and at whose westward side we sit each evening to drink in the soft and lovely and vivid gorgeousness of the African sunsets. Its charm for these purposes consists in the fact that from about breast high the walls are open, so that it is airy and full of light. Nevertheless, in building it, the architect held true to convention. Just below, where the wall stops, he inserted his tiny windows. Still, they are no more foolish than the buttons we wear on the back of our coats or than the appendix nature put inside us.

A three-sided cook shed, a shade roof on poles beneath which taxidermy is carried on with much song and gossip, a garage, and fourteen smaller dwelling houses of architecture to taste completes the list. Yes, you read the word correctly. It is "garage"; but I shall tell you about that later. It is too big a subject to treat casually.

There is one thing to be said for our construction—there is nothing irrevocable or final about it. If you don't like it



The Sultan M'Tone



Main Street, Nyumbo





one way, you can have it another. One big house used to have a high roof, which had much æsthetic value but little utility when it rained even moderately hard. One day we went out hunting about six o'clock and returned at noon. Our happy home looked like the ruins of Louvain. A tent had been pitched, into which all our personal effects had been piled. The whole top of the house—roof pole, rafters, everything—had just plain disappeared. There remained only the four walls; and in the broad and garish light of day they did not look nearly so much in the way of walls as they had when shadowed by that towering and magnificent canopy of thatch. In fact, they looked like mud. It appeared to be stark ruin; being cast out into the cold world for an indefinite period.

Then there appeared from the river bottom eight boys staggering under a forty-foot log ten inches or so in diameter. Other boys trailed them, dragging three massive forked posts as long as telegraph poles. They planted the posts. In the probable manner of building the pyramids, they got the forty-foot log up into the forks. That was our roof-tree. Six of them precariously straddled the log, while, six from either side, the ends of poles were passed up to them. These they tied to the roof-tree by means of bark withes, while at the same time the men on the ground bound the other ends to the walls.

This happened before our face and eyes as we were eat-

ing lunch. By the time we had finished, the thing actually looked like a roof. At least, it was rather a complete sketch of a roof. Then, between the rafters, long limber poles were woven in and out; and each point of contact anywhere, with anything—except possibly a boy's leg—was wrapped and bound by the ever-useful tough withes. It not only looked more and more like a roof, but it was beginning to look like a secure roof, which was reassuring in view of that forty-foot log hanging like a deadfall fifteen feet or more above our bed sites.

Of course, all this was done in apparent leisure, and to song. Nothing is done otherwise in Africa. The strong naked bodies against the blue sky, the strange rise and fall of minor chanting, the occasional bursts of laughter, all made of this labour a sort of gala picnic occasion rather than a dour affair of sternness and drudgery and pick and mortar. When it came to thatching, we saw a likeness, however, in the cries of the thatchers to their helpers below.

*"Majani! Majani!"* "Grass! Grass!"—in exact correspondence to the bricklayer's "Mort! Mort!"

The inhabitants are varied. First, foremost, and all the time is N'dolo, the headman. He was with me in 1912—13 in the capacity of donkey boy, but he has since risen in the world. He wears a chin beard and a fierce eye, and he issues his orders in no uncertain terms. Than ourselves, there is no greater man in this part of Tanganyika than

N'dolo. He is a person of vast possessions, especially clothes. His system in assuming his various costumes we have not yet been able to fathom.

On some days he wears the most utterly ragged shirt ever held together by a half-dozen connecting points of cloth, and a pair of khaki ex-trousers reaching halfway down his shins. The appropriate headgear with this rig is a thick woollen aviator's helmet rolled up to make a cap. We are three or four degrees south of the equator, so we assume his head is thereby kept warm enough. He also has what must have been a cap. The garments that go with this are an outline sketch of a jersey surrounding eight large holes, and a set of nether garments one leg of which is long, reaching to the ankles, and the other short, extending half down the thigh. The third topknot is a battered pith helmet much too large for him, adorned with an ostrich plume, which carries with it an old khaki coat and shorts.

He owns likewise a brand-new khaki outfit, but this is never seen. I know he owns it, because we gave it to him. But whatever his upper works, he wears a pair of rawhide sandals which go click-click off his heels; and when this dread sound is heard approaching, an air of virtuous and nervous activity precedes his advent like a psychic wave. For, be it understood, whatever his guise, N'dolo is never ridiculous. The inner spirit informs. He is thoroughly

competent. He disciplines the men; he apportions the tasks; he distributes the rations; he makes long journeys to buy millet for flour; he recruits our population—and he is one of the few natives who can see our kind of jokes.

In addition to N'dolo, we have three gun bearers, two personal boys, a cook, and ten trained porters from Nairobi. These all wear clothes of some sort, and would bitterly resent being called *Shenzis*, or savages. Nevertheless, except when on dress parade, it would take an expert to distinguish them. They are members of a profession, trained men, capable of carrying a case of two five-gallon cans of gasoline twenty miles a day from the end of the ox-wagon trail to our camp. Just let that sink in. Try carrying such a case from your front gate to your garage even.

The rest of our men are just plain wild men. They wear no clothes and are quite unabashed about it. Their arms and ankles are adorned with brass bracelets kept in a high state of polish. They run to weird topiary and other ornamental ideas as to coiffure. Always, when abroad, they carry with them powerful bows and closed hide quivers of poisoned arrows. Ours is the only city they have ever seen, and we about the only white men. They eat millet meal and meat, which they salt with wood ashes. Given some sort of knife, a little skin mat, their weapons, and a gourd or so, they are fixed for life. If they can raise a blanket worth sixty cents out here and a yard or so of white



cotton cloth, they are possessed of luxury. Their function is to get wood and water, to carry in meat, and to make long *safaris* to bring in our own necessities and our millet flour *potio* and gasoline. Their headman—a sort of subheadman to N'dolo—is the aforementioned five-dollar-a-month crown prince.

We have at this moment fifty-four men all told, and we pay them—including N'dolo and the crown prince—the equivalent of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. It costs us approximately seventy-five dollars a month and a few cartridges to feed them.

Our chief expense, in proportion, is really gasoline, which comes to about a dollar forty a gallon by the time we get it here.

Which brings us back to that astounding garage. We have two cars. One is a light flivver truck; the other an ordinary chassis with a front seat and a sort of platform back where two men can sit on boxes; or which can itself be packed with a light load. These cars both have a patent axle shift affording an intermediate on direct drive, and also the lowest low known to man. Without this feature, they would be utterly impossible, for this whole affair is a strictly cross-country stunt.

The getting them in here at all is a saga in which the name of one Leslie Simson should appear in at least every other line. For quarter mile by quarter mile, over a series of

years, he worked out the route. It dodges mountains, it skirts impassable rock outcrops, it finds the only one possible way over rivers, it selects the minimum of ravines, it achieves the totally impossible, it opposes the irresistible force, it transfers the immovable body. It cannot be called a boulevard, nor yet a road, nor even a set of wheel tracks, for the rapid tropical growth covers them almost as soon as they are made. It is a series of landmarks; a way through.

There are times and places when, pushing mightily against crossbars tied in the cable attached to a front axle, forty men have strained, chanting, like so many draft horses. Pushing hard from behind becomes part of one's daily dozen. Betimes, if the rivers happen to be in flood, one emerges—at the end of the said rope—like a leviathan from the deep, and has its cylinders drained and its coil replaced—and the darn thing goes!

Eighty miles is a whopping day's journey; and that means driving from the faintest streak of dawn until one can no longer see at night. Eight or ten miles is often thankfully accepted. But here the cars are, occupying their garage. They are exceedingly important to us. How our inhabitants—especially lions—take them is an exceedingly interesting and highly thrilling story which I shall tell later.

Lacking a Swahili word, the natives call these "*moto*

cars." The word "*moto*" in this language means "hot." And hot cars they are a good deal of the time. We carry five big cans of water to assuage their boiling.

I mentioned the name of Leslie Simson. It is from him that we acquired our kingdom by right of purchase and good will when he abdicated. For it was strictly his. He feared no intrusion unless the route became known, and the route was a dead secret. How we came in on it is a beautiful example of the casting on the waters of a few crumbs and the gathering in, years later, of many fat loaves.

In 1912-13, while this part of the world was still in the hands of the Germans, though unvisited by them, R. J. Cuninghame and I made an exploratory trip through, as I describe in a book called "The Rediscovered Country." On our return to Nairobi I met there Leslie Simson, told him as a brother Californian of the game and the routes, and turned over to him certain of my best men, who knew the water holes we had found and other such desirable things. Simson made the trip, returned again, and yet again; finally founded the kingdom. When he heard we were coming out this year, he invited us to visit him; and when, after a few weeks, he had to leave, we fell heir.

In the ten years he lived here, off and on, he accomplished much. Simson has to my mind three paramount claims to distinction: He is the best field rifle shot I have ever known; he is the greatest lion hunter I ever heard of; and he is the

most conscientious and thorough museum collector who has ever worked single-handed to accomplish a big thing. He has killed, in his African experience, first and last, about two hundred and seven lions. He counts, I believe, only one hundred and fifty-seven of these, as the others were females and immature cubs collected for scientific purposes. His adventures with lions would fill a book—will fill a book when at last he returns to California after a year in Tibet, India, and China in pursuit of certain rarities.

His museum collecting has been done, as I said, single-handed, with the aid only of his native boys. Of African mammals alone he has sent back the carefully selected materials for sixty-five groups, many of which are already near completion. Two of these groups are to be one hundred feet in length and the others are to be thirty feet. All are to have panoramic backgrounds and are to be placed in natural surroundings. One of the hundred-foot groups is to be a water hole. When the whole thing is completed, the man on the street can stand actually on the African veldt or in the African jungle, gazing with almost no necessity of imagination at all upon as near the real thing as it is possible to conceive.

There are elsewhere some similar groups, I know; and more are in preparation, but nowhere on such a scale or with such completeness. Furthermore, this is being carried out by a city which has raised and is raising the funds

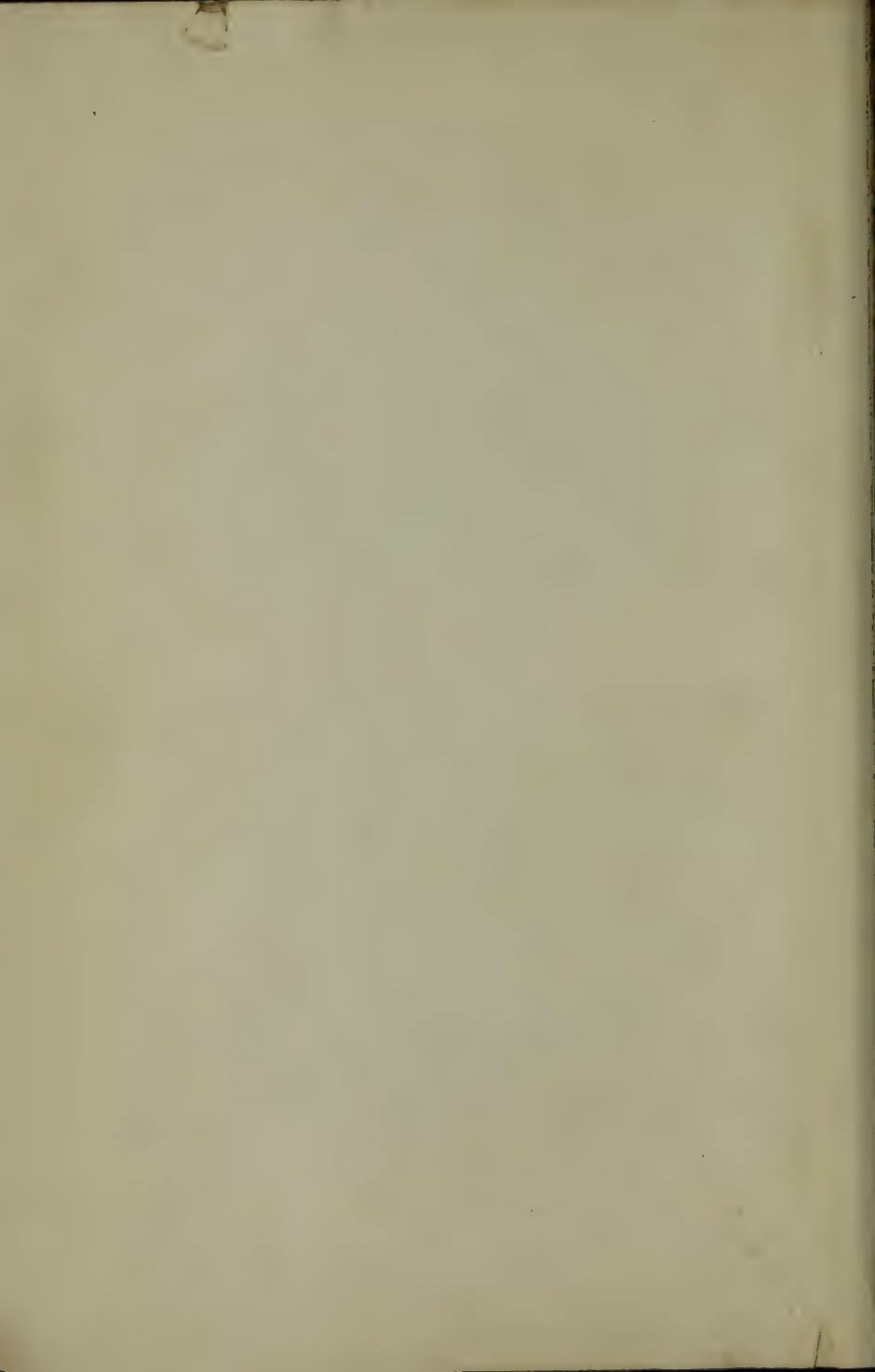




Construction of our Palace at Nyumbo. The final thatching



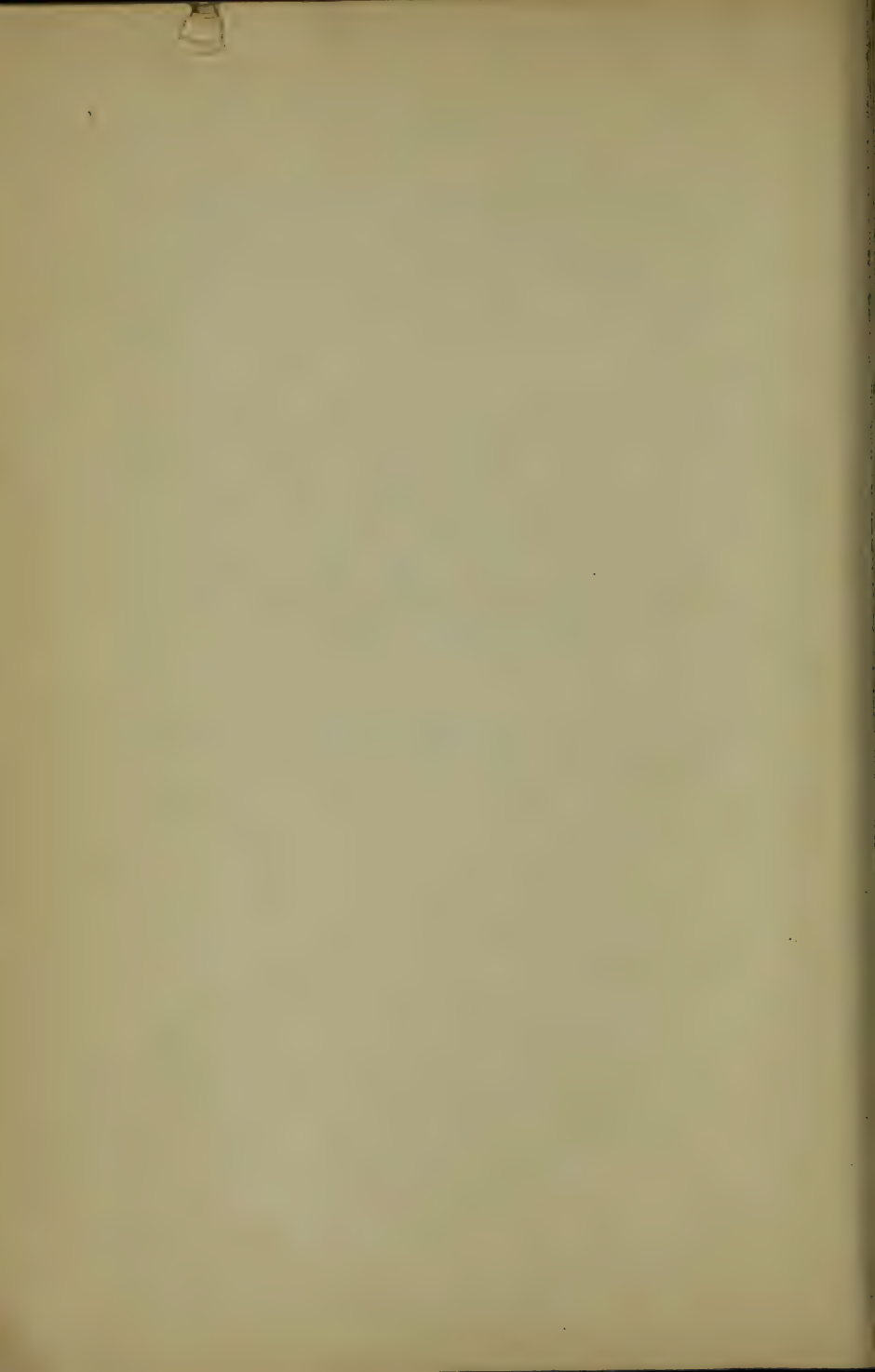
Construction of our Palace at Nyumbo. Completed



through an added annual tax on its regular taxation. If such a thing has been done elsewhere, I do not know of it. It seems to me altogether admirable. Nor, apparently, has it been advertised. The first I heard of the details was just the other day. Why it has not been advertised I cannot imagine.

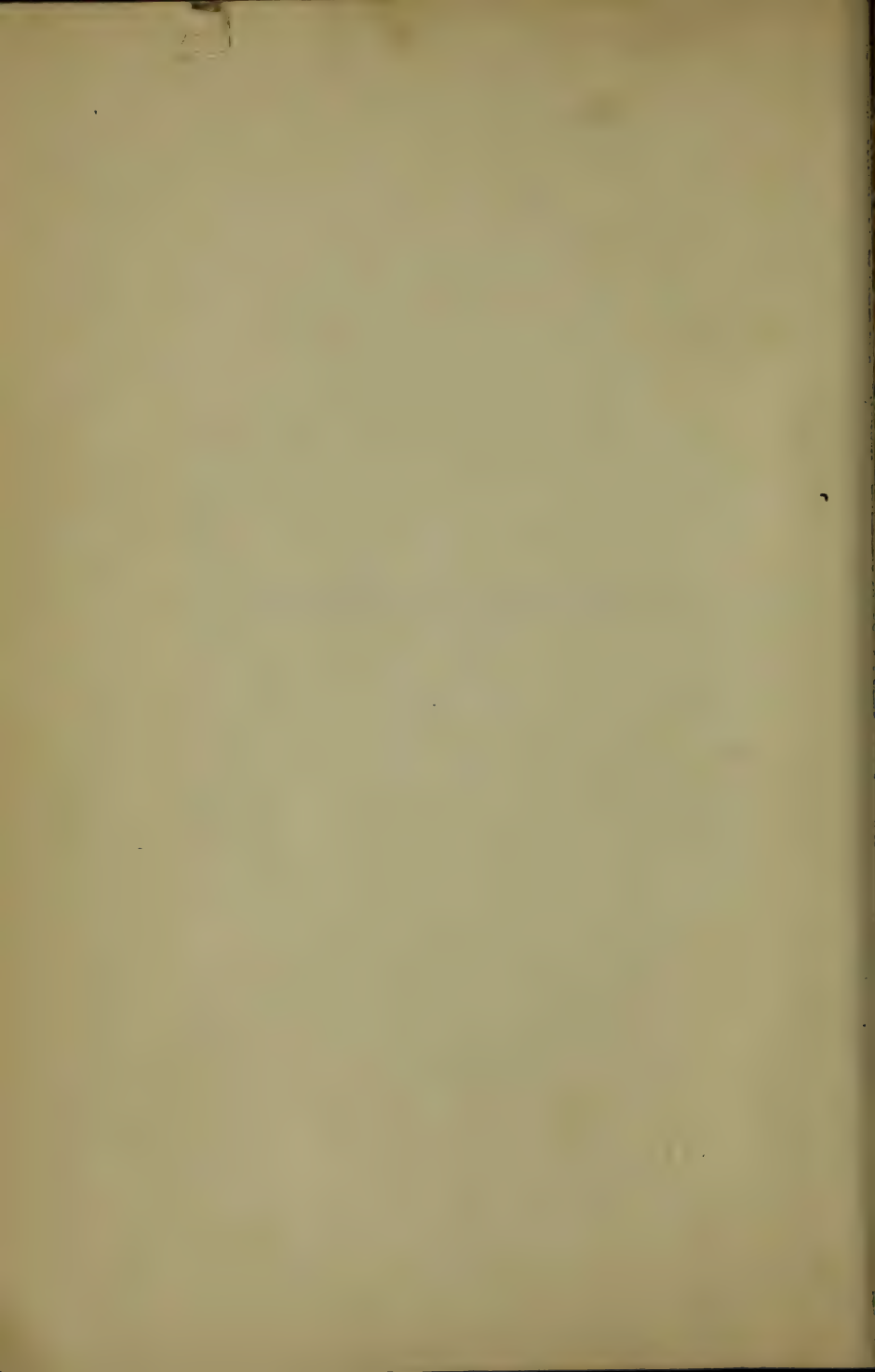
This city has not heretofore been cited in speeches as concealing its virtues. And here is a real one. I predict that the museum in question will become a magnet for visitors and an advertisement to vicarious travellers to "see Africa at home" that is quite unique. In spite of the fact that visitors and advertisements are both abhorrent to it, I am going to disclose that city's name. It is Los Angeles.

In view of this striking example of public spirit, we have come to look upon it as a worthy rival of Nyumbo.





HUNTING WITH THE LONG BOW



## CHAPTER II

### HUNTING WITH THE LONG BOW

I AM not an archer, I have merely shot a long bow a little, got a modest amount of small game with it, and have enjoyed myself in the getting. To be a true archer, one must entertain a sort of holy feeling. The mention of guns must be carefully avoided.

Nevertheless, I believe that the long bow and the broad-head arrow is a humane and sportsmanlike weapon for the pursuit of American game. People who deprecate it as cruel, or who laugh at it as ineffective, simply are not cognizant of the facts.

The tackle I mean, however, is not the ladylike weapons and the slim delicate shafts one sees used in lawn archery, nor can it be bought in the sporting-goods stores. It is the same thing, in exact replica, that our forefathers used so effectively in the steel-clad battles of the Middle Ages; with which they slew the deer of Sherwood Forest. The bow is of the classic yew, nearly six feet long; and to draw the shaft to its broad and barbed head requires a pull of from sixty-five to eighty-five pounds. The shaft is the full cloth yard of 27.5 inches, with a broad steel head, feathered

widely in the pattern of the weather vanes. The cord is cunningly braided and twisted of many fine threads of Irish linen, waxed to coherency and strongly wrapped, or served, at loop, or nocking point. To acquire these things, the archer—or even the humble bow 'n' arrow man like myself—must learn to make them.

The making of a proper bow is an exercise in the art of handicraft. The yew stave must be five-year seasoned, and as true and free from knots as possible. Then, with draw-knife, with plane, with rasp and file and steel wool, your amateur bowyer gradually reveals the subtle curves from out their enveloping fibre as a sculptor removes the concealing marble from the shape of his dream. At handle, the cross section must be a true Roman arch, changing gradually toward the Gothic as the ends are approached. Nor is it possible to adopt a definite pattern and work toward that mechanically; wherever in the stave the grain coarsens, a pin shows, or the hint of a knot, there must be left more material to compensate for the comparative weakness.

Each fibre must bear its due and just and equal proportion of strain, so that at the last the bow may bend in a true arc. And to the true arc must be added other considerations, such as sweetness of cast, lack of jarring recoil in the hand; all of which require other niceties in construction. The best way to go at making your first bow is without hope,



but with persistence. You will keep correcting defects, whittling away. Probably you will start with the idea of an eighty-pound bow for a strong man and end with a twenty-pound bow for a woman—if she doesn't know anything about bows. But when you have by trial and error produced a really shootable weapon, there is an immense satisfaction in that achievement alone.

The making of the arrow is not so complicated, but it requires considerable practice and experiment before your shafts will be well feathered, and will fly sharp and true, without weaving or sunfishing or otherwise behaving in a disgraceful manner. The same may be said of the manufacture of the cord, the bracer, or arm guard, the finger tips and the quiver. When you are ready to step afield with an outfit all made by yourself, you will not only experience gratification in the thought but you will have thoroughly enjoyed yourself in the exercise of your handicraft.

But what have you got, when all is said and done? A weapon, to be sure, but what kind of weapon? A sling shot is a weapon of a sort; but, beyond the age of twelve, you would hardly go afield seriously with a sling shot. What you want is a weapon that will kill certainly and humanely, that is sufficiently accurate, and that has a definite technic of accuracy that you or I or Tom Jones can master. We do not want a thing that kills once in a while, by luck, like the

slingshot, and makes a lot of cripples. We do not want a thing whose natural precision, eliminating the human element entirely, is too scattering. We do not want a thing whose successful operation depends on heaven-born instinct, as does the straight throwing of a baseball. There are people whose natural eye is superexcellent, but you and I want some sort of front sight and rear sight to the thing. It is hard enough to hold them in line.

As a matter of fact, there is a great deal to the technic; but it is all as definite as the technic of golf, and can be described and practised at and mastered, just like the proper golf swing. The front sight is the head of the arrow; the rear sight is a definite point on the chin just below the right eye, to which the right hand holding the string must be drawn. When these two points are aligned, then you have taken proper aim; just as the alignment of the front bead with the aperture on the rear bar aims the rifle. If the right hand is too far to the right, or away from the chin, the shot will go to the left; if too far under the chin, it will go to the right. This is analogous to moving the rifle's rear sight to right or left. Elevation is taken care of by raising or lowering the left hand.

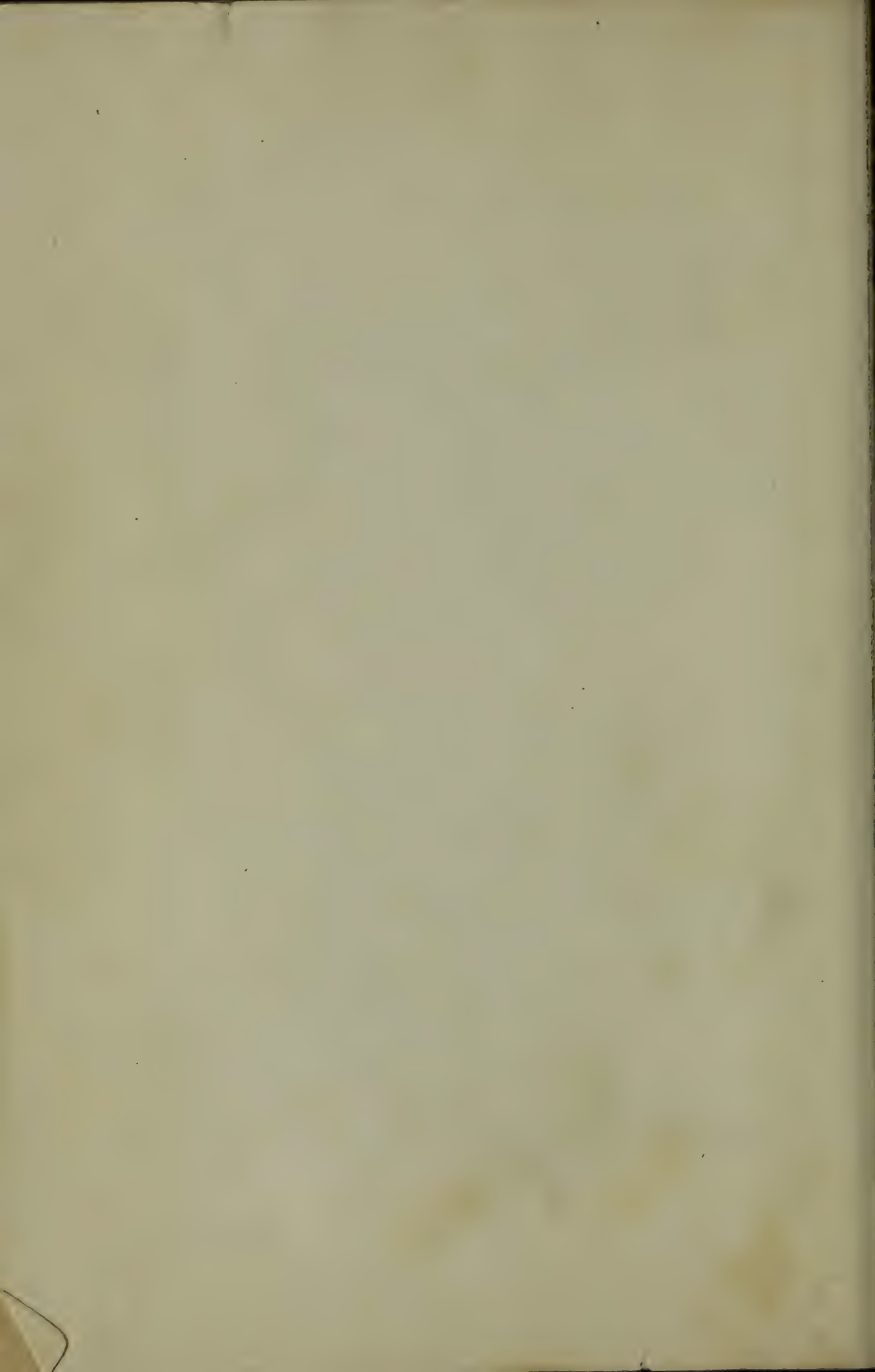
At point-blank range, of course, the arrowhead rests exactly on the mark. At less than point-blank range, it must be pointed below; and at more, it must be held up, in order to take care of the trajectory. My own point-



A roll call at Nyumbo



N'dolo's house, Nyumbo





blank with an eighty-five pound bow and hunting shaft is about seventy yards. Naturally, a man must be reasonably expert at guessing distances. But in order that the shaft fly true there are many other things to think about.

Be the aim never so careful, there remains still to make good on it. The release—the slipping of the fingers from the string—must be straight back, and sharp and smooth, or you get a weak or a weaving or a wabby flight. The left arm must carry through, as one shoots a pistol; the muscles of the small of the back must be absolutely rigid. And so on.

This is not a treatise on field archery; it is merely an attempt to tell why the bow is a serious hunting weapon. There are said to be, first and last, seventeen points to know and remember and perfect and coördinate. I do not know; I never counted them. But as far as results are concerned, it is useless to get sixteen right and one wrong. They must all be right. Like the golf swing again. But they are analysable and subject to practice and mastery by anybody with enough enthusiasm and patience.

That makes it interesting—still once again like golf. One will have his on days and his off days. There will come times when one will awaken at midnight after a bad day, crying Eureka; when one will await impatiently the advent of morn so that one may rush forth to put his discovery of what is wrong to the test of trial. But any one capable of

learning to play a halfway decent game of golf can acquire hunting skill with the long bow; and of course, in time, one does not need actually to remember those seventeen points. The good old subconscious and the muscles will do the remembering.

As for what accuracy one can expect, we constructed a sort of machine rest and gave that a test. At seventy-five yards, shooting the same arrow over and over, we got a six-inch group. Shooting different arrows, just as they came from the quiver, this was increased to twenty inches. At seventy-five yards, then the chances of hitting a deer are very fair—if one shoots well. Beyond that, Lady Luck must be strongly invoked, though a good hold and a swift release will vastly encourage her to bestow her favours on you.

Fifty yards is what we might call a pretty certain range, though, of course, many deer have been shot with the long bow beyond that distance. And a great many deer are killed with the rifle somewhere at these ranges. I mean yards, not enthusiastic guesses. And I believe, in these days of super-high-power rifles, any reasonable device to revive the necessity for some degree of stalking and woodcraft and knowledge of habits is so much to the good.

And in evaluating the hunting pleasure, do not forget this: that a good close miss has a great kick in it. When you miss with the rifle, it is simply a catastrophe. You

do not know—though often you can guess—where in thunder your bullet went. But you can see your arrow fly, and it is a pretty thing. A well-spiced shaft is a satisfaction, and an ill-spiced shaft is a lesson by which one may profit.

A gunman's joy in the day must, from the game point of view, be measured by his bag. The archer's glow is also in his accomplishment; but that accomplishment is a compound of two elements—his good shots and the game some of these good shots may have pierced. The average gunman is always unhappy without his confounded limit. He will freeze in a blind all day and pack home a grouch at night for lack of those last three ducks to fill his twenty-five. Your archer has no thought or hope for limits. He weighs his gains in other scales, and his modest half dozen are worth more to him—yes, and have done more for him—than a dozen limits with the gun.

If the rifleman takes two weeks to get his two deer, he is aggrieved over the ultra-plenitude of weary miles and blank days. The archer comes home—also with his two deer, mind you—and if the getting has consumed a month, nevertheless, he rejoices in the full recollections of stalks just failed, or of shafts just cutting the hair, but true speed for all that. He brings with him the glowing memory of a culmination suitably and slowly reached through bright days of sylvan adventure. More sport per head of game. How could conservation be better expressed?

The second point to your bowman's comfort is that often—indeed, in the majority of cases—the archer can get two or three or more shots without alarming his deer. Thus he can correct his estimate of distance, his range. The animal pays little attention to these bright-coloured whizzing birds flying by. Indeed, I once saw a deer actually jump playfully, first to one side, then to the other, shaking his head at the shafts as they struck into the ground near him.

That is all very well as far as it goes. Granted one can hit, can one kill with certainty and humanity? When the average person is told of game being shot with bows and arrows, he instantly conjures up a picture of a creature stuck full like a pin-cushion, or Saint Sebastian in the pictures, and going away to die a lingering death, probably of nervous prostration.

With the ordinary California deer, the arrow often speeds right on through and yards out the other side. The comparatively small and soft bones of the ribs offer slight impediment; they are sheared right off. Occasionally, a big bone, like that of the shoulder, will check the arrow short of complete penetration; but in that case things are so badly mussed up that the animal cannot navigate. This is not theoretic; it has been proved over and over again in the hunting field.

The revival of this old archery on truly mediæval lines, as opposed to the modern and comparatively feeble de-



generation into which it had fallen, is due to Dr. Saxton Pope. He, and the small group of men who have hunted with him, or along his lines, have in the past ten years killed many deer with the bow. Furthermore, they have never lost a stricken animal, or had to follow one for more than fifty yards after it had been hit. That cannot be said of the rifle, at least in the hands of the average hunter.

In the same length of time they have shot seventeen black bears, mostly in California, and a half-dozen grizzlies in other parts of the West. Most of these were shot at short ranges; so it was possible to place the arrow accurately in the chest cavity, and most required but one arrow apiece to turn the trick. For it is a peculiar fact that, once the chest cavity is pierced, the game is yours. This for a two-fold reason—the arrow wound results in a much more severe hemorrhage, both internal and external, than a bullet; and the admission of air causes a collapse of the lungs. It lacks the shock of the bullet wound, but has more than equivalent compensations.

To the two sorts of big game mentioned, our archers have, in the United States proper, added mountain lion, wildcat, coyotes, and such; besides all sorts of small game, such as ducks, geese, quail, squirrels, and the like. One of their number, Arthur Young, made a trip to Alaska. There he killed two moose, mountain sheep, caribou, and one of the great Kadiak bears, our largest wild animal. The latter

stood on its hind legs when Young was within thirty yards, received a broad-head in the chest, staggered a few paces, and fell dead. The arrow protruded eight inches from the beast's back. The moose also succumbed to one arrow apiece, delivered in the right spot, from close range, to which Young had stalked.

Apropos of the power of the old English longbow, Doctor Pope was curious to find out just how safe these old ironclad dreadnoughts of knights were in the good old days. He, like most of us, thought them quite comfy and secure unless the archer's shaft, by good shooting or good luck, found some chink or crevice in the armour. So did the museum authorities, evidently, for they cheerfully lent him a suit of Damascus mail in first-class condition. Doctor Pope made an exact replica of the bodkin pointed cloth-yard arrows used at Crécy and Agincourt, took his trusty yew bow, and went over to see about it. He was engaged in padding a wooden box with folds of burlap to place inside the armour to give it stability, when to him came one of the museum attendants.

"Why, Doctor," said he, "if you want to shoot an arrow at that, I'll put it on for you."

But the doctor, having already all the practice he could attend to, said him nay, retired to the other side of the room, and loosed his shaft. There was a clash and a shower of sparks. The arrow was found to have penetrated the breast,

pierced the burlap folds and the wooden box, and bulged out the back. The museum attendant turned a pale green and went away from there.

We have also shot geese on the wing over decoys. This is not easy, and we shot a great many shafts for each goose we hit. But we brought some home, and we did make some close misses and had a glorious time. It was pretty to watch the arrows rise in their swift graceful curve to meet the flying bird; and when it passed just between the curve of the wing and the neck, but with never a feather touched, why, what cared we?

"Did you get on to that?" we bragged as boastfully as when the shaft seemed to melt into the bird's body, hesitate the least bit, and then go winging on to complete its flight, while the quarry fluttered to earth.

Apropos of this point, Doctor Pope and I, together with Tom Murphy and his mournful b'ar dogs, were returning from a bear hunt, unsuccessful, in the mountains of Northern California. Our trail led along the bare slope of a steep sidehill. From a thicket below us, and well beyond archer's range, a most noble buck emerged and trotted slowly along it and broadside to us. I estimated the distance as well as I could, drew to the head and loosed. It was a true shaft that flew on its graceful parabola without a waver; the loose was clean and smooth; the bow arm held as a bowman dreams of holding—and does occasionally. But while it

was in flight the buck stopped short and looked at us. The arrow passed a yard or so in front of him, and just at the right height, to shatter itself against the customary rock. The buck resumed his stately trot unharmed.

Now I got just as much thrill out of that episode as though the arrow had pierced his heart, as it must have done had he continued his way unchecked. Indeed, more, for in that case we would have had to cut him up and pack him. A miss with the rifle would have been merely a miss. This was a shaft well sped.

And had it hit him even at the extreme range it would have done the trick. At long range for the rifleman the remaining velocity of the bullet is insufficient. The arrow does not lose its effectiveness so readily.

There is no question; it has been proved up to the hilt as far as American big game is concerned. Naturally, it occurred to us to wonder: How about it elsewhere? How about Africa, where they grow them tough and many? Remembering the great numbers of game animals there, it seemed to us that it ought to be an archer's paradise, where he could shoot his right arm numb and his left arm paralyzed. We deprecated any idea of the big fellows. We hadn't lost any lions. Of course, if we were in cover, and one came along that did not see us, and if there were trees handy, we just might chance a broad-head at him. After all, he was only flesh and blood.

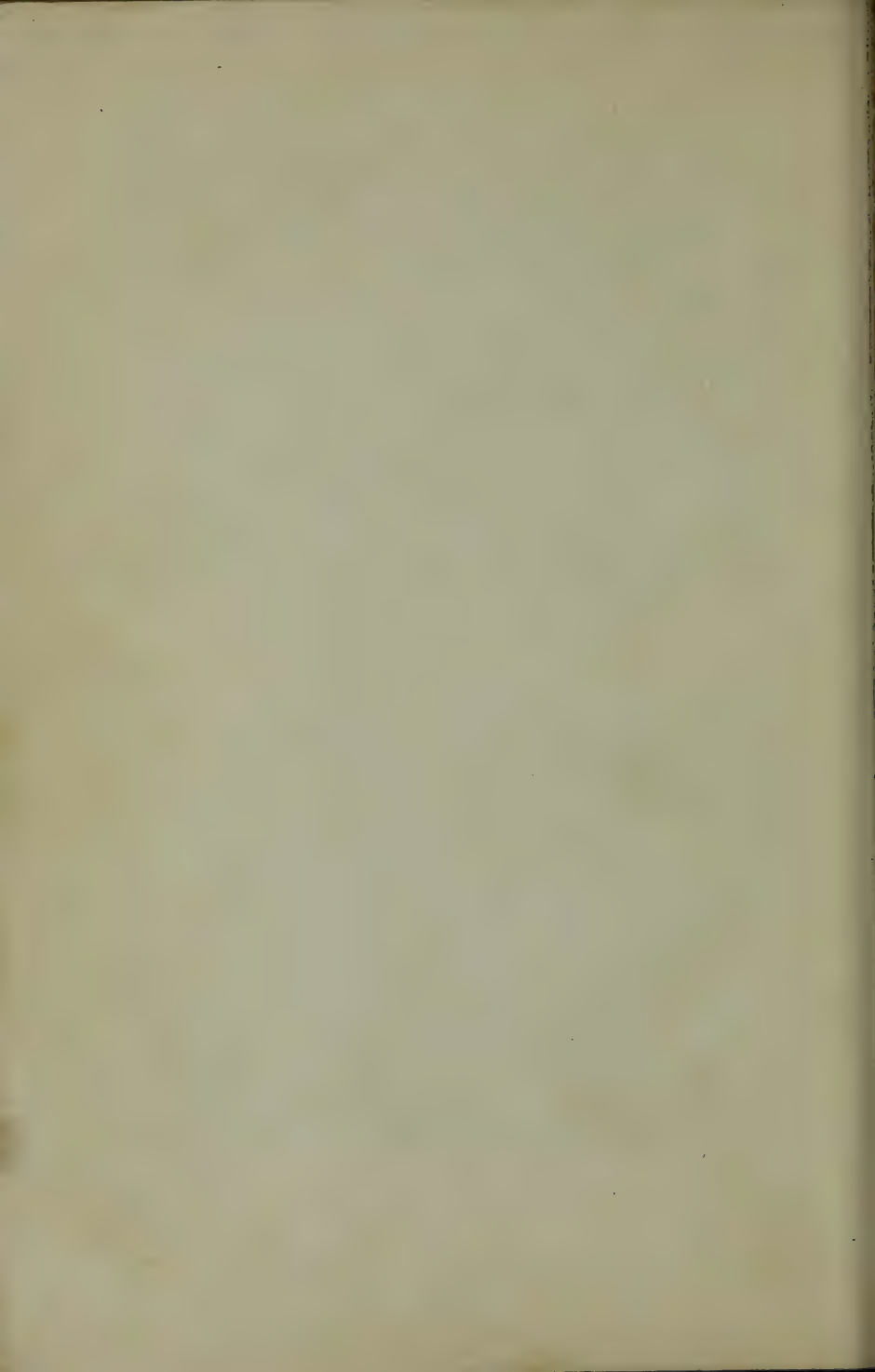




The open-air kitchen at Nyumbo



Arrow makers, white and black, compare methods



"But if he so much as looks in our direction," I always added, "I am going into action with the .405!"

That was after we actually began to get ready and our friends had begun to josh us with jeering hopes that the lion would at least spit out a wishbone to be sent home as a souvenir. I knew the conditions to be met in the wilder sort of African travel; but we were totally at sea as to what we might need in the way of archery tackle. Would we lose an arrow a day or a dozen? Would our bows stand up under the climate, and would we need to camouflage them? Would strings wear well, or would we have to amend the old proverb about two strings to your bow and make it six? We did not know.

So we decided to play safe. The better part of a winter's leisure moments were spent in the preparation of tackle. Our families at first had deprecated the whole idea—"deprecated" is a mild word—but later became more reconciled. Our departure would mean a cessation of shavings on the library floor, sawdust in the living-room rug, glue at disconcerting places, and clinging feather bits wherever a black skirt or coat might tarry the moment. For we made us six bows of yew and of osage apiece, a hundred and fifty arrows and a dozen bow strings. Furthermore, we prepared two thousand shafts; we found a man who would and did make as many steel broad-head points; we split and partially trimmed six thousand turkey feathers,

and we laid in the materials to assemble these components. We might have gone even further had not one of us been statistically minded enough to do some computation.

"Here," said he, "how long are we going to be in Africa, anyway?"

"Six or seven months," quoth we; "you know that."

"Well, as near as I can make out, we're going to spend all our time there in camp making arrows. Figure it out for yourselves."

We did so. We quit.

But one day came Young, bearing rather shamefacedly a strange and fearsome thing. It looked like a cross between a spear and a butcher knife. It was six inches or more long shaped like an arrowhead and whetted to a razor edge.

"What's that thing?" we begged to know.

"That?" said he, staring at it as though he saw it for the first time. "That? Why, that's a rhino head."

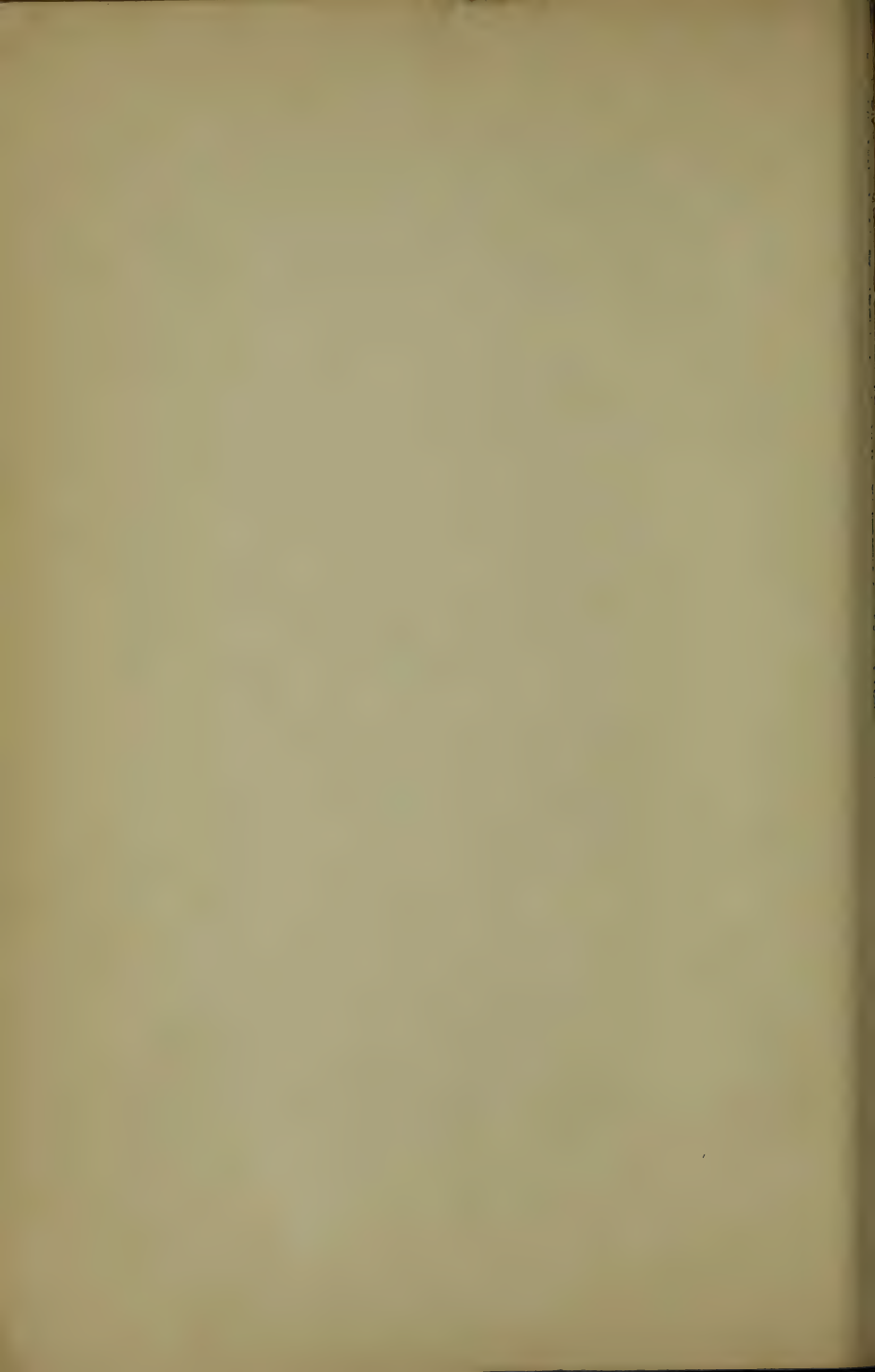
We pointed out that we were just going to get some shooting where game is very plenty, not to do any stunts; that the big fellows——

"It might come handy," he countered vaguely.

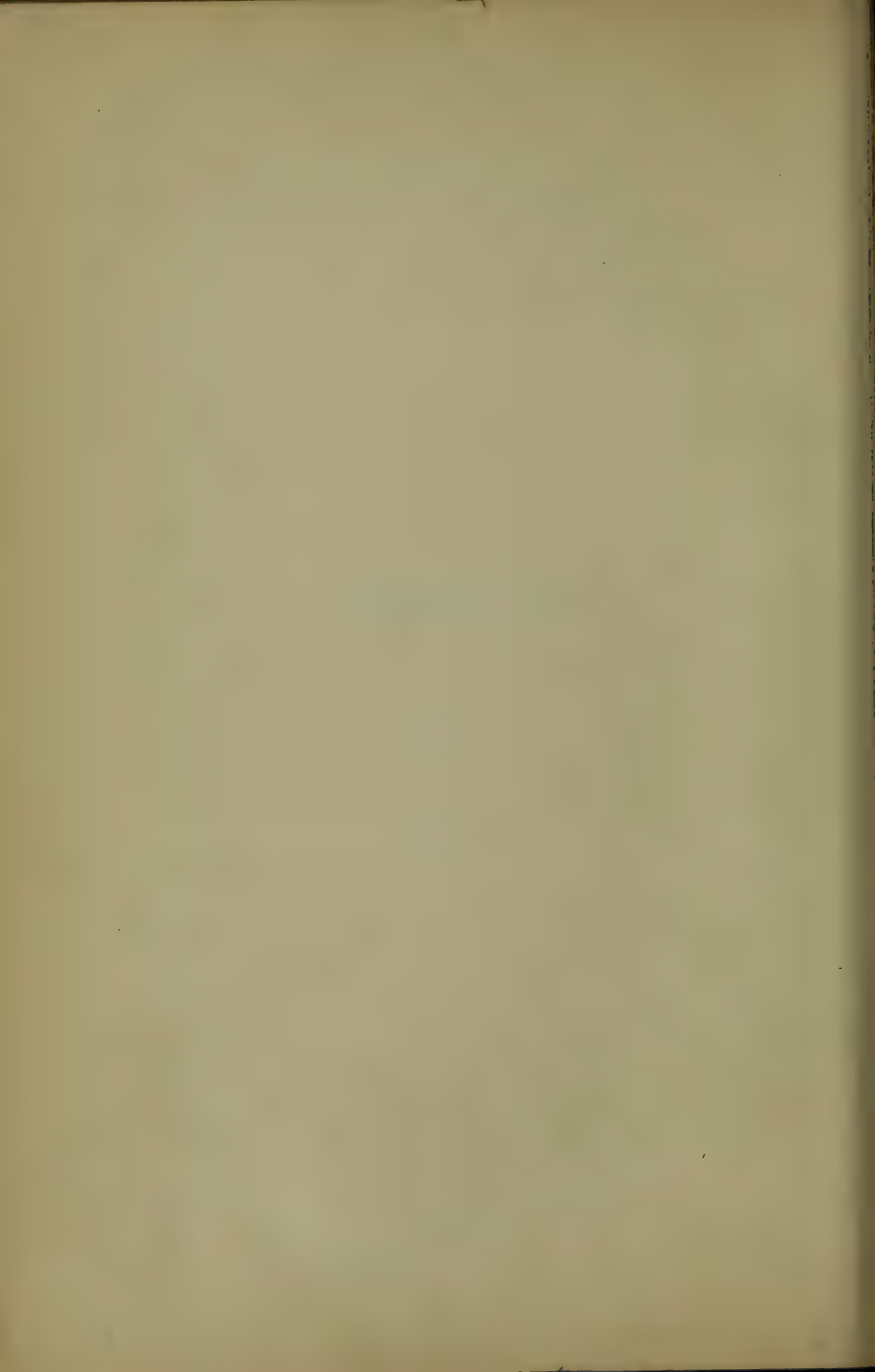
He went away. Later, it developed, he made six of the things. What is worse, he infected Doc, who also made six. I did not. I am without rhino arrows. But then, as I said, I am not an archer; I only shoot the bow and arrow a little.



But that is why, at the age of fifty-three, I am sitting here in a clay and thatched hut, in the wildest part of untouched Africa, joint king of the city of Nyumbo, somewhat chewed by a recent leopard, but still going strong.



NYAMA! NYAMA!





## CHAPTER III

NYAMA ! NYAMA !

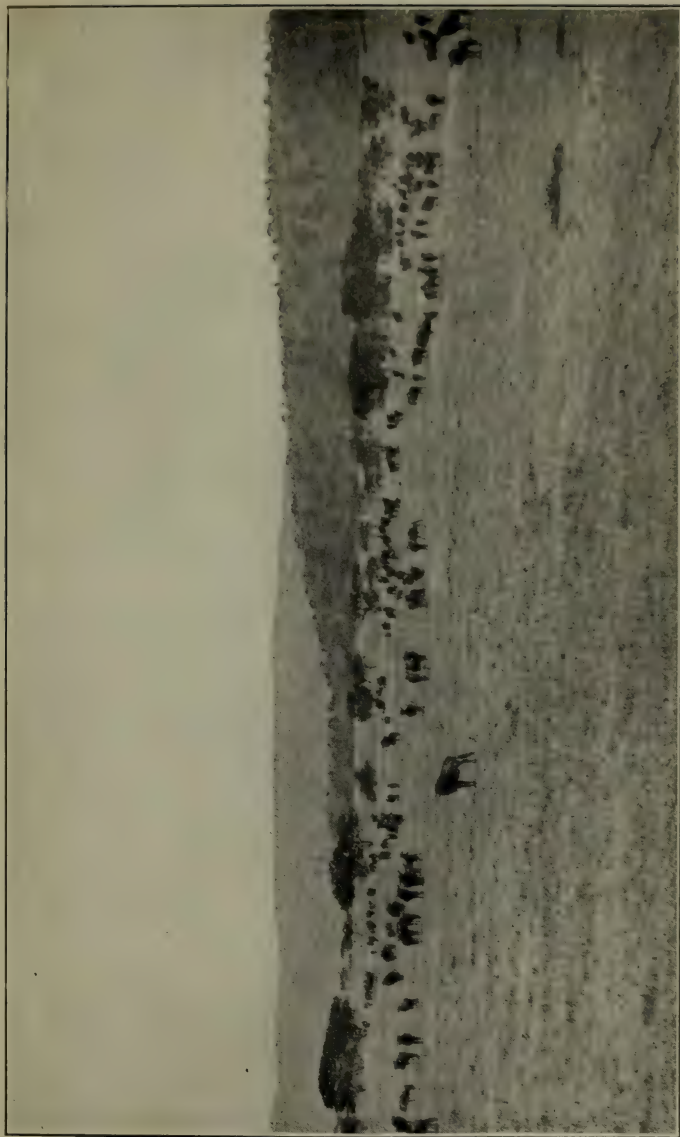
OUR little private village, which we have called Nyumbo, is a tiny island wholly surrounded by a sea of wild beasts. The tide of this sea ebbs and flows, draws near in long inlets and estuaries, or recedes in the ebb so that there are times when we must walk more than a quarter mile from camp before we see game animals on our side the river. Across the river, where we get glimpses of the opposite up slope, there is always plenty of game in sight; and there have been times when our men were taking a siesta and we ourselves were sitting still, when I have looked up, to see the backs and horns of gazelles within a hundred yards of the city limits.

This is during the day. At night comes the flood tide. Then we are sometimes actually overflowed. We hear the patter of soft feet on the plaza just outside our hut, where the flagpole stands and we discourse sweet music of evenings. There will be a sniffing and a low whine. Then pandemonium will break loose. Snarls, growls, long wailing moans rising in crescendo to shrieks; sharp quick barking; and over it all a volley of high, tittering, insane laughter.

We know then that the hyenas are in camp, together with a few contemptuous jackals; and that if we have left anything outside of a tempting nature, even to the extent of a bit of hide fastening, it will before morning be discovered and gone—and probably fought over. A hyena fight within ten yards of your would-be sleeping head is one of the most demoniac aggregations of sound you can possibly imagine—and then some. In fact, you cannot imagine it, unless you have been present at a free-for-all in a devil's insane asylum. We have killed more than a half hundred of these pests within fifty yards of camp, but the supply is unlimited.

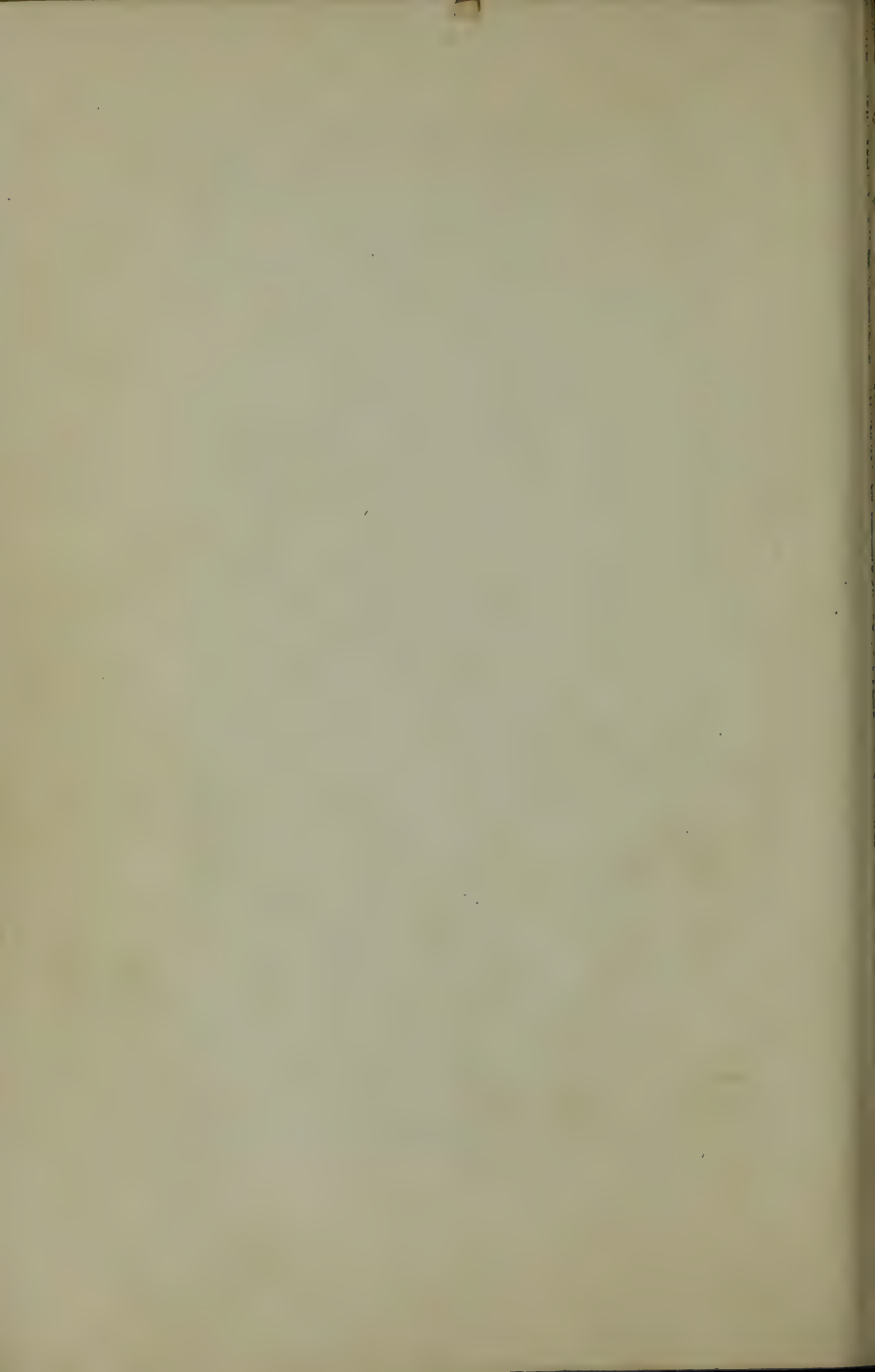
But there are pleasanter things to listen to, if we would lie awake. The grazing animals, little by little, feed nearer, so that we can hear them talking to one another. Generally they are silent, unless lions are working near, but *nyumbo* the wildebeest loves to pass the time of night. They have a strange, flat, raucous, blatting double note, the first half on a rising interrogatory inflection, the second with a strong downward asseveration. "Lions? N-a-w! Lions? Naw!" they reassure one another. This is by way of a general all's-well.

But when *simba* is about, a vast uneasiness informs the tenor of their confidences. There is now a great and swelling chorus, pitched in a higher key, quick and nervous. "Lions? Naw!" say they, but with a little grunt at the end



*Photo by Leslie Simson*

Wildebeeste





which undoubtedly means "not yet." And through this volume of sound we can hear the absurdly loud, puffing, single snorts of the gazelles, and the even more absurd petulant barking of the zebras like the yapping of lap dogs. Then there is a sudden rushing thunder of hoofs, and a scurry and a confusion, followed after a little by a dead blank silence.

Even the steady thin thread of shrilling made by the night insects intermits, so that for the first time we become aware of it, as one becomes aware of the ringing in his ears by its cessation. For some time this silence endures. Then at last it is broken by the tittering idiotic laughter of a hyena, now more distant. And later, much later, the night shakes to the vibrating deep roars of the fed lions, ready at last to stroll toward home, abandoning contemptuously their leavings.

Sometimes this nightly tragedy, repeated in many places, occurs only at a distance. Then we can lie and listen, if we are so inclined, to the roaring of the great beasts, at first faint and far off, rising in volume as they draw near, in crescendo as they pass, and diminishing again as they draw away to their daytime loafing places. A few weeks ago a band of lions actually divided around our camp. Part of them went by about twenty yards outside the house. They talked back and forth to one another across our very beds, so to speak.

Next morning, walking out, I overtook the rearguard within two hundred yards of our city limits. It was a lioness accompanied by her great hulking lubberly cub. Another lioness was in sight, leisurely making her way over the next rise of ground. I do not doubt the rest of the band were strung out ahead of her. The first lioness sat on her haunches and stared at me curiously; then realized I was no harmless wildebeest and crouched, switching her tail viciously. I had no desire for female lions so walked cautiously around her at about seventy yards' distance. She accepted the apology and we parted good friends.

This particular band lived daytimes in a very dense piece of jungle two miles from us, and as we lie in the general direction of their habitual hunting grounds, we heard them every night. They were headed by a big, fat, maned lion which we named Caruso because of his fine voice and his fondness for using the same. Most lions roar only on due and proper occasion, but Caruso roared "whedder or no." He began soon after sunset and he was at it until after sunrise. I surmise he must have been a nuisance to his gang at times, like the man who always wants to do a lot of talking when you are stalking game. But evidently his voice charmed 'em, for he had an adoring bevy of young lady lions always with him. The story of the wiliness of Caruso and how we matched wits with him, and of his end, is too

long to tell here. We will leave that until later and go back now to *nyama*—game.

I thought that on my previous trips I had seen some big game. Especially was this true of 1912-13, when, with R. J. Cuninghame, we entered and explored the virgin fields north of where we are now located. I remember describing in "The Rediscovered Country" that in one day I had actually tallied four thousand three hundred and twenty-eight head of big game, and saw probably several thousand more which moved off before I had a chance to count them. Why, that was only a picket, a skirmish line, an outlying fringe of what for the past seven weeks we have had around Nyumbo in a circle whose radius would be perhaps five miles. I am going to try to give you an idea of it, and I am going to lean over backward in my effort to be conservative; and when all is said you will probably have no adequate idea, and you will not fully believe the idea you do have. Nevertheless, here goes:

In one morning's drive, covering pretty fully one half of the five-mile-radius circle, we saw not less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand head of big game, and almost certainly as many more.

Those figures sound incredible and should be explained. First of all, we get a good start when I tell you that at the very beginning of the day we came upon a herd of wilde-

beest travelling—as is their habit—in column. The head of the column was just going into the hills to the west, and we watched the tail of it disappear therein. Therefore, since the rest of our journey swung away from the hills and to the south and east, there was no chance that the lot could break up into smaller bands later to be counted twice. They were kindly simplifying matters for us by betaking themselves elsewhere for the rest of the day.

That column was just three and a half miles long, by speedometer. It was not in single file. Sometimes it was as much as fifty yards wide; at others thinned down to a few animals; but an average of twenty yards was certainly not far off. It was a solid column, too; that is to say, there were no openings or gaps. The animals appeared to walk fairly nose to tail.

Now we are ready to confront some inescapable figures. Suppose the beasts to have averaged five abreast—they were, I think, closer together—and allow twenty feet fore and aft for each, though they seemed to us much more crowded. We know how many feet there are in a mile. Do a little computing; then, just to be safe, cut your figures in half. It makes more than fifty thousand in that one herd alone.

But in each shallow wave trough of the plain there were innumerable more compact herds grazing or loafing. These herds, of course, we could count. The numbers they each contained we estimated. But our estimates were not mere



guesses. By counting a few herds we soon got a very fair idea of what a given mass represented. Then we divided our result by two in order to play safe. There were by this calculation some ten thousand more.

Now, if there were sixty thousand wildebeest, there were at least half as many again of the pretty little Thomson's gazelle—the Tommies. Their numbers were incredible, miraculous. Unlike the wildebeest, which held together in fairly compact herds, the Tommies were everywhere. There was no acre in all that vast extent of territory that had not its scores, sometimes its hundreds. On slopes too distant for the distinguishing of separate figures, the shining white of their bellies glittered like a thin fall of snow. Or if we happened to look down upon them, the grass seemed fairly to be crawling with their brown backs.

We counted typical bands of from thirty or forty to several hundred, tried to visualize how many such units were in a definite area. Also we tried to imagine these trim little animals exaggerated to wildebeest size, and how the plains would look in that case. The figures staggered us and we gave it up, contenting ourselves with assigning them a like number to the wildebeest, though we knew in our hearts we were doing them a rotten injustice. If they had been population boosters in possession of a Chamber of Commerce, we should certainly expect to be waited upon!

These two species, by sheer weight of numbers, seemed to fill all the field. Yet, if we could by some magic have caused them to vanish, the plains would have been pretty well populated. Here and there the eye could catch the russet of bands of topi aggregating probably a thousand or so all told. The bigger Robert's gazelle also could send an even larger representation to a wild-animal congress. Kongoni there were, and eland and zebra; and in the bordering bush giraffe and large bands of the graceful red impalla. Not to speak of such lawless characters as the hyenas, which were here in great numbers in hope of easy pickings; and the lesser fry, such as jackals and foxes and wart hogs—and the lion.

It is only fair to add that this particular morning was one of those in the five weeks during which the wildebeest were "in." The great mass of this game shifts from time to time in accordance with conditions of water and grass. It is also fair, however, to our booster statistics to add that though the wildebeest were "in," the zebra were "out." The latter we saw only in isolated bands of a score or a hundred or so. A few weeks before, the plains had been alive with them, the brush full of them. They were somewhat harder to count or to estimate than the less mercurial wildebeest. As we progressed at the magnificent pace of five to ten miles an hour in our trusty flivver, the animals nearest us to right and left stared curiously a moment, then

kicked up their heels and trotted or galloped alongside a couple of hundred yards distant, occasionally putting on a spurt and crossing our bows, in much the same spirit as a small boy dashing in front of a street car. Those a little farther off saw these running, so they ran, too. Those still more distant joined in the game. Thus we swept the country clear for a few miles, until those deboshed zebra got tired of the sport and fell back to grazing again. Often thus we have gathered unto our royal progress not less than ten thousand head, and the dust has risen to heaven like unto the pillar of cloud by day.

All animals seem to like this cross-ahead-of-us sport. The heads of a herd will make it with ease at a trot or at most a dignified gallop. Those behind them, having a little farther to go—since we, naturally, have moved forward—are compelled to get more of a move on them. By the time the rear of the procession catches the idea, its members have to buckle right down to business, for they have to catch up before they can cross. How they do go, literally belly to earth!

When the going has been good, we have speeded up, sometimes to thirty-five miles an hour, just to give them a race. Then the tail-enders had to hustle; but they never failed to make it. It would have been perfectly easy for them to have crossed behind us, had they merely thought the other side was safer. They were already behind us.

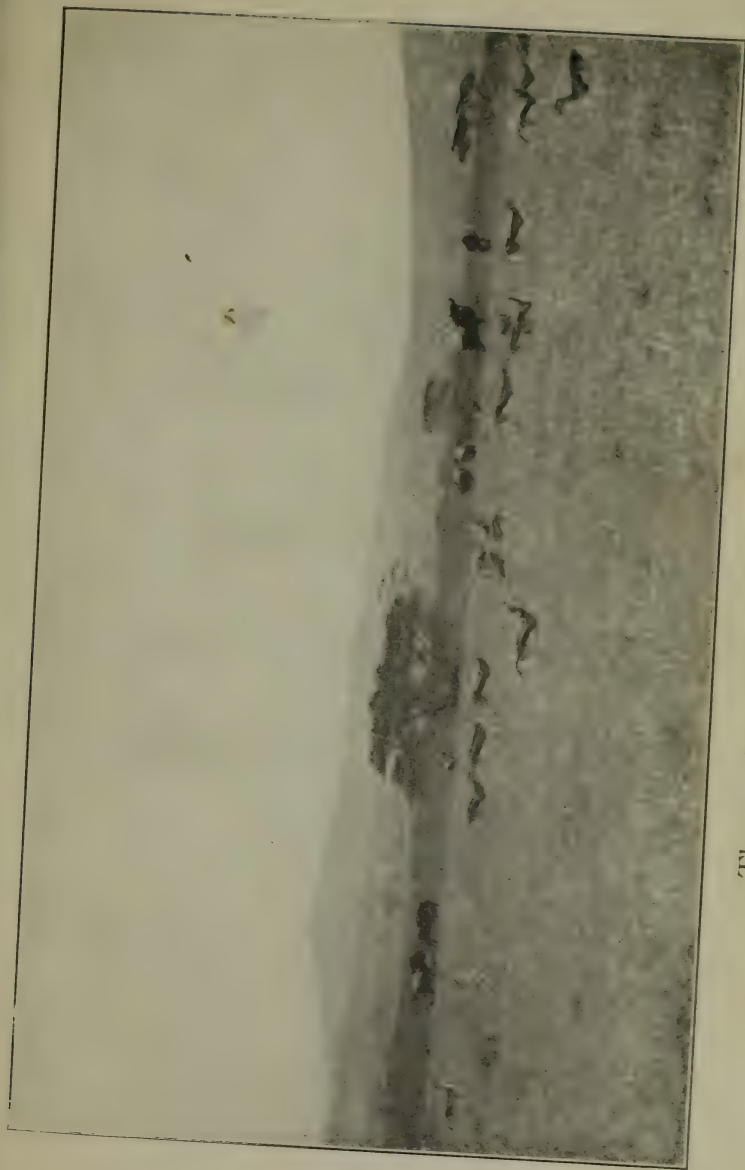
But not they! That would be equivalent to picking up the ball. Not even the tiniest *totos* would condescend to such a begging of the question. And when finally they *had* all got across, they would stop short and stare with a self-satisfied air as though to say, "There, maybe now you think you can run!"

This curious trait was solely a manifestation of the spirit of play. It was certainly no indication of fear. Beasts a thousand yards away would come on over to our immediate proximity just for the fun of licking the pants off us. Some early mornings, the whole veldt seemed to be spoiling for a run. It reminded me a good deal of dogs that love to take walks and are hysterically delighted when you reach for your hat, but never dream of going out by themselves. These animals love to run, but they need a good excuse. We furnished it. In the heat of noon, when they had no such inclination, they contented themselves at our passing with a more sober withdrawal to a safety-first distance.

But we were talking of when the zebra were "in." Then they were present in numbers almost if not quite equal to those of the wildebeest. At such times, the latter are here only in fair representation, while the Tommies also consist merely of a few thousand local residents.

Then, one fine morning, in some outlying block of our domain, we come across a compact black mass, like a corral of cattle; or a long galloping file of travelling wildebeest.





Thompson's gazelle, Tommies, and wildebeeste

*Photo by Leslie Simon*



This is the advance guard, and seems to be the signal for the zebra to move on. Almost overnight they disappear, leaving behind them a scattering few here and there. Within a few days the place is alive with wildebeest.

The latter know their own minds. When they travel, they travel; on a long easy lope, with rests every few miles. Thus they cover great distances in a night. No other animal I know of shifts its location in this businesslike manner. The others take it in a sober plodding walk. Then, about two weeks after this influx, come the gazelles in their tens of thousands. I do not know how they do it. Simply one morning they are there. For a period, the whole lot, with a few adventurous exceptions, graze in the open plain.

But finally feed begins to get short under the persistent grazing of so many. Then the wildebeest work back day-times into the thin cover of the hills; returning, however, for greater safety to the plains at night. If one is out by gray of dawn, one can see them standing there in what must be their defensive formation: a succession of long thin crescents like a series of single parentheses. This probably presents the maximum of front for the instant apprehension of lions and the conveying of that information to all individuals. At any rate, that is the way they stand. Shortly after daylight they file solemnly into the hills. They were doing just that the day we saw the three-and-a-half-mile procession.

But another fine morning, they, too, have disappeared. They leave more representatives behind them than did the zebra—perhaps three or four thousand all told. But the big mass has followed its turn and moved on. For sheer numbers we must now depend on the gazelles. Their huge ranks will remain undiminished for some time yet. They do not need their feed in such gross quantities as do their bigger relatives. Nor, when they depart, do they pull out all at once. Little by little their numbers diminish, until there comes a day when we record that there is no game. By that we mean that a morning's tour has shown us only five or six thousand gazelle, perhaps a thousand each of wildebeest and zebra, and some hundreds apiece of the other varieties. The cycle is complete. We must dwell in this comparative poverty until it begins again.

If a visitor, lured by our descriptions, in some fashion—perhaps from one of our men—should find the route to Nyumbo, he would now get no better shooting and would see only a little more game than in the old hackneyed *safari* grounds of Kenya, the former British East Africa. There he goes forth over established routes, to specified camps, with a standardized outfit. If he stays too long in one place, he hears the rifle shots of his successor, who is impatiently waiting for him to move on. He gets plenty of chance to peck away at the common sorts of game, and returns at night to his camp to live as luxuriously as though



he were at home. He gets his lion if he has luck; nine tenths of the time over a bait out of a *boma* at night, which is about as exciting and quite as safe as shooting a sheep. When he has made the round of Route Number 1, or 2, or 3, as the case may be, he returns home. He has shot a good variety of African big game; he has seen it in its numbers; he has visited a strange and interesting country; and presumably he has had a good time.

But he can get all that without venturing into uncertainties; a good deal as he would get his duck shooting at home from established blinds. His white hunter knows just where to take him. He knows the camp sites, where food can be had for the men, how to get it in. He even has his *bomas* all built, if he is that kind of a white hunter, for those nocturnal sheep—I mean lions. Why, then, should he fash himself to take his client farther afield? He has not the leisure, nor can he afford to explore out the possibilities and peculiarities of a new country on his own time; he has his living to make. He does not dare do it on his client's time. If, for example, he were to bring his men to Nyumbo at the off season, the trip would be, comparatively speaking, a frost. He cannot afford that; not with a man who is spending months of his time and thousands of his dollars for the one big trip of a lifetime. It would give him a black eye in his profession. Safety first; and I don't blame him.

Only occasionally does a sportsman come along who knows enough about it to want to go farther afield. Only occasionally do you find a white hunter—like Tarlton or Alan Black or Philip Percival—who discountenances lion shooting from *bomas* and is willing to push out into the comparatively unknown. As long as the route to Nyumbo is obscure; as long as the game migrations are mysterious; as long as plenty of ordinary shooting exists in abundance nearer home, so long will this district remain as it is now.

Of these elements, knowledge of where the game goes is the most important. There are times when around Nyumbo there is hardly an adequate meat supply. A newcomer would be absolutely at a loss as to where to look for sport; and he would have a blind choice of some 360 degrees of compass direction to guess at, and almost limitless country. Leslie Simson, by patient exploration, pretty well determined the general swing of the circle in ordinary years. We were there in a dry year, and had to do considerable searching in our own account to supplement the information Leslie so generously left with us. Once we missed the big herds for several weeks before we traced them to a district they had never before frequented, as the absence of old game trails plainly showed. No professional hunter could possibly afford to spend weeks of his client's time in such a blind search.

Of course, gradually, these things will become more

generally known, and as the Kenya country is settled and the game eliminated by fencing and crops, this district will take the place of the old *safari* routes. I see no reason, with proper game laws, why it should not continue to offer sport almost indefinitely. Until science finds a way of coping with the tsetse fly, settlement is impossible. And it is settlement rather than sportsman's shooting that drives out the game. Sportsman's shooting up to a certain point makes for conservation; for it more than balances the killing of its few game animals by the thinning of the immense numbers of lions and other predatory beasts.

As a matter of fact, in a game field such as this, shooting for the mere sport of shooting soon falls into secondary place. A man becomes interested in getting himself representative heads of each species, and as many species as possible; but numbers mean nothing, absolutely nothing. His interest is partly that of a collector, partly that of a hunter, but more largely that of an observer. His thrills he finds in the pursuit of the big cats, just to the extent and according to the manner he chooses to go after them. Lion hunting conducted in a take-it-as-it-comes manner is in the long run dangerous. Selective lion hunting may be made quite safe.

And lion hunting, within the ethics of sportsmanship, is a pursuit that calls out the best of woodcraft, hardihood, quickness, courage, and presence of mind that a man

possesses. The sentimentalist who indulges in armchair emotion over the pursuit of the "King of Beasts" simply does not know what he is talking about. A single morning's excursion over the veldt with its remnants of the night's kills, with its sights of crippled, mangled beasts, of deep gushed flanks, of guts hanging out; a single night's experience of the deep panicky dread that animates the whole world of beasts; a single understanding survey of the conditions of existence where since prehistoric times no human being dares—or has ever dared—stick his nose out of his hut after nightfall without the protection of fire, and then but rarely; a single experience with these great beasts when they mean business and it is a case of kill or be killed, and these armchair emotionalists would fall into a deep silence. Most of these people have never stepped an inch out of their sheltered lives, have never once been in the slightest danger. They eat their meat, which somebody has killed for them; they wear their leather shoes; their women wear furs of animals done to a lingering death in traps. Their sheltered existences have never sensed the amount of stamina and persistence and patience and hardihood and endurance necessary to carry them through a day of ordinary simple quail hunting in the hills. I've seen some of them try it. They have no conception at all of anything but the mere killing. If it were that, one would buy sheep and shoot them in a pasture.



For even in game fields such as these around Nyumbo, it must not be imagined that all one has to do is to saunter out in a bored fashion, pot a beast for camp meat, and saunter back. Far, far from it. These animals have been educated from early infancy to take care of themselves. They have to be, in a country abounding with hungry lions of an unkind disposition. Dodge first and inquire afterward as to what it is you are dodging is the one copybook maxim they are required to learn by heart and practise diligently.

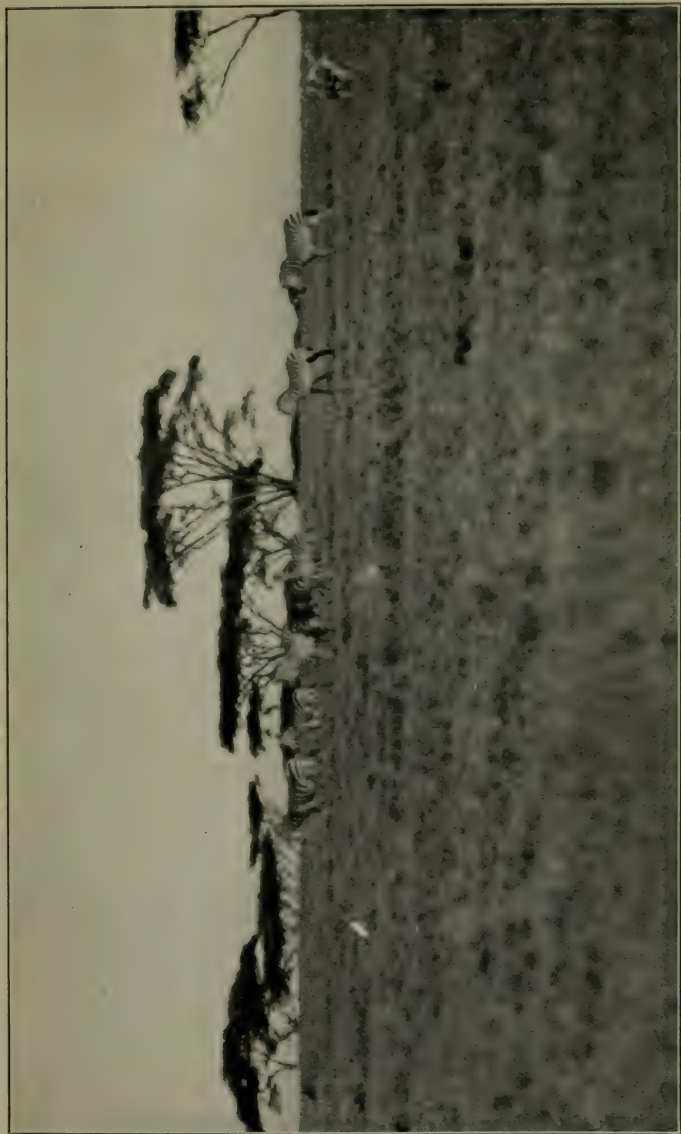
As a consequence, no animal, when startled, for example, ever runs straight away. He dodges first to one side, then to the other, sunfishes, makes short dashes to right and left, and only after he has gone fifty yards or so in this flashing and erratic fashion does he finally straighten out to direct running. These initial erraticisms are undoubtedly for the purpose of disconcerting, if possible, the lion's deadly rush and spring. And though he in his thousands may flirt with the motor car in the manner before described, just bring the thing to a stop and descend for a shot and see what happens! Or go forth afoot where you are clearly revealed for what you are. If you can, without considerable manœuvring, get within a long rifle shot of three hundred yards of the larger animals, you are playing in a lot of luck. It has been my experience that, take it as a whole, game here is much wilder than it is in a country where there are many shooters but fewer lions.

To feed ourselves and city, we require, on the average, one beast a day. That animal being shot and carried in, our shooting day, as far as meat animals is concerned, is finished.

Our great pleasure then consists in observing and studying the habits and personalities of the many creatures, little and big, that swarm about us. We have learned a lot that is interesting to us and some that may be interesting to you.

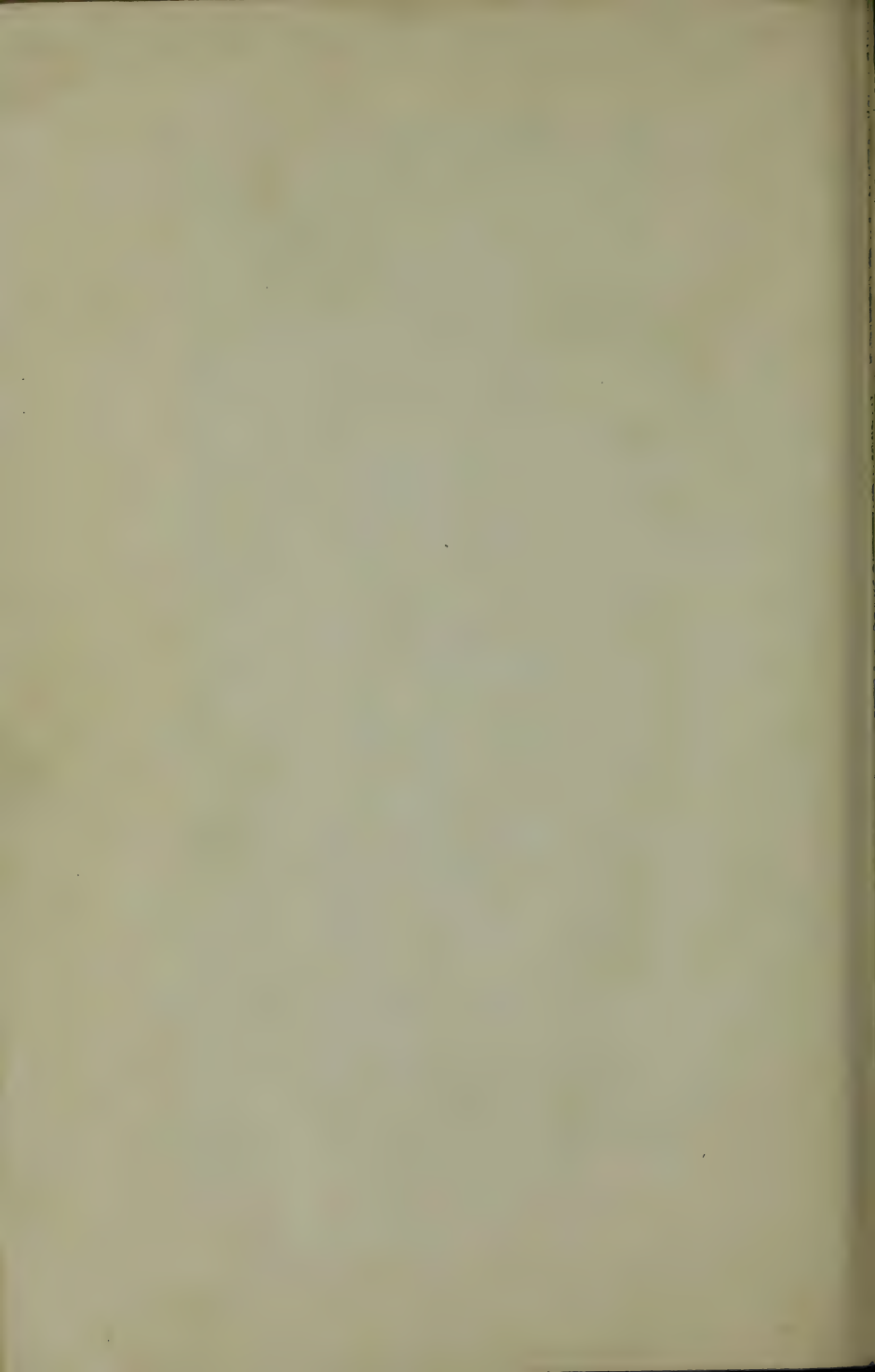
The wildebeest is probably our leading citizen, and we are the more intrigued by him in that elsewhere he neither occurs in such numbers nor in the sweet unsophistication that will allow him to be espied upon in his private and domestic affairs. Generally, he is to be seen only in small bunches and in the extreme distance as a dark, staid, and rather bisonlike creature. Then he catches sight of you while you are yet a long way off, and his dignity breaks up into the most absurd and clownlike caracoles, curvets, gambols, and prances. It is astounding, incredible, grotesque: like a Boston dowager breaking into a cancan. Then he departs. Not for nothing was he named wildebeest. John McCutcheon drew a picture of his experience with this animal. It consisted of a diminishing spiral of dust on a very distant sky line, with John himself in the foreground looking wistfully after.

"The only effect of my shot," he says in effect, "was to make him wilder and beestier than ever."



*Photo by Leslie Simson*

## Zebra





Most writers have commented in this vein.

But a close-up of the performance, such as we get from the car, shows a method in all this apparent idiocy. Old *nyumbo* is merely practising. His apparently aimless gambols resolve themselves into a savage kick to the right, another to the left, a sweeping hook of the horns to one side, then the other. All this at the time he is doing his twisting dodge, his high buck, and is getting off from the scratch in sprinting time. Some acrobatics! Then he settles down to his lumbering but swift gallop with an air of satisfaction that plainly says, "You bet your life that fixed him! Bring on your lions!" What price mere dignity when lions are about? Ask the Senate; it knows—since Dawes's accession.

Another thing one notices: The huge herds are in reality composed of a multitude of smaller bands. They are very slenderly divided from the main lot, but the division is there, marked rather by a thinning than by an actual segregation. These units run from four or five to twenty or thirty individuals. They are really family groups, consisting of the cows and calves and the younger males belonging to a big fine black bull. When the main herd breaks up for grazing, these families are quite apt to draw apart each by itself. Their size seems to depend on the personal prowess of the bull in winning to himself and holding against cruising love pirates as many fair ladies as he is able.

This is his chief business in life, and fills him full of care and responsibility and snorts. While all the rest are plodding lazily along, or feeding placidly, or resting in a grateful shade, father is right on the job. He is rather a fine taurine sight while he is doing it, galloping back and forth, head high, tail up, nostrils expanded. He tells the rearmost when to wake up and hustle; he rounds up the frail sex inclined to stray to tempting pastures; he gives the comeuppance to any of the younger bulls that try to get fresh. Also, I am sorry to confess, his morals are not above reproach. He is a very gay Lothario. If any of his less vigilant neighbours permits one of his harem to stray too far, he makes every effort to cut her off and force her into his own collection of wildebeest beauties. Once there, she seems to remain tranquilly enough. I'm afraid these wildebeest ladies like the cave-man stuff.

But he is at his most magnificent when a possible home breaker appears in the offing, either one of the single old bachelors that cruise about with an eye for flirtation or some other herd bull of piratical bent. Boldly he gallops forth, like a knight of old, to meet the challenge. The two rush at each other headlong; then at the last moment, before the impending clash, both simultaneously and with a swirl of dust drop to their knees, facing each other almost within touching distance. Thus they pose for several seconds, then scramble to their feet and back slowly away. Perhaps

the performance is repeated several times; perhaps one such encounter suffices, and the raider, with a rapid leap sidewise, trots off, defeated. I have never seen one of these combats come to the actual clash. It is probable that the dropping to the knees is an effective defense against a rip upward from underneath, and that, when the action is simultaneous, a recognized stalemate results. When the aggressor finds that father is on the job, he gives it up.

I think the mysterious signal for the general move comes from the individual enterprise of these heads of families. About forty miles from Nyumbo is a district of short sweet grasses which the wildebeest like above all others, and to which they resort from all points of the compass, so that when they are "in" they are there to be seen in even greater numbers than I have described.

But it is a dry country, dependent on rain-filled water holes. When these are drunk up, the animals must move out until the heavy rains come again.

Once, when we had had such rains in our own vicinity, we went out in the car on a scouting trip to see how conditions were out there. From the top of a hill we saw a wildebeest bull doing exactly the same thing. He made a wide circle of four or five miles out into the dry country, galloping rapidly for a mile or so, then lying down to rest before resuming his rapid pace, finally returning to the green country whence he had come. The probability is that, if

he had found conditions right, he would that night have brought out the family. And his next-door neighbour, observing the exodus, would have remarked, "Looks as if old Gray Whiskers must know something; he always was an enterprising cuss. Come, my various dears, let's up and follow him. Something doing." And so on right through.

If *nyumbo* is our leading solid citizen, Tommy is our most beloved. I defy any one to scrape even a passing acquaintance with his bright brave little personality without falling in love with him. His figure is so graceful and beautifully formed; his coat is always so sleek and shiny and well kept; the white of it is so snowy, the brown so warm and glowing; he wears the band of jet black on his side with so rakish and unmathematical an air; and he wags his little black-and-white tail so conscientiously and continuously and faithfully, just as he was told to do in the beginning when it was considered desirable that he thus be most certainly distinguished from his larger cousins, the Robert and Grant gazelles, which do not wag their tails at all. Standing, walking, running, even fighting, he keeps it going as a brave little banner of duty and of pride in being a Tommy. Everything about him is so dainty and well kept; his slim little legs and the way he picks up his hoofs and plants them again, the way he looks at you with his wide and intelligent eyes, the manner in which he will reach forward the sharp



tip of one hind foot and just flick one little spot on his ears. His run is a poetry of motion, as though he flowed along, touching the ground merely to assure himself it was there. He must have very quick eyes, for he goes sometimes at a most tremendous pace over the roughest sort of country, covered with rocks and tufts and pig holes, and he never stumbles and never seems to deviate or hesitate as to where his foot is to fall.

And his family life is so admirable. Tommy is always around and about his little flock, not with the vulgar predatory idea of the wildebeest, but apparently solely to see that all is well. He is the first to give warning and the last to leave when danger threatens. Often I have seen him taking the most solicitous care of one or more youngsters while the mothers fed or gossiped at a distance; and he is very fond of the company of wife and the latest baby.

One day, I came upon two babies that were so overcome with curiosity at my strange appearance that they stood side by side in goggle-eyed astonishment, quite heedless of Tommy's frantic efforts to make them come away. He ran back and forth in front of them, giving them the example by dashing off fifty yards or so, but returning promptly when he found the example was not followed. Finally, when I was within twenty yards, and still those babies remained spraddle-legged and dumfounded, he could stand it no longer. He withdrew a short distance, but there stood his

ground, and if ever a beast showed agonized anxiety it was that Tommy buck. I'll bet those *totos* got a good Tommy spanking after I had moved on.

Usually, while mother is feeding, the babies are instructed to lie perfectly flat on the ground, their necks stretched out in front of them, and to stay that way.

We have come upon a number of them in that position, and have amused ourselves stroking their backs, patting their noses, tickling their ears. The little fellows never stirred a hair; merely looked up at us with their big soft gazelle eyes. One day, we had a discussion as to whether in this situation the little beasties withhold their scent; and Doc bent over to take a smell. This was too much. The infant was off and away, proving that he had perfectly good legs and knew well how to use them.

I like Tommy, too, because he has such a sense of humour, especially in the early morning, when most people have no sense of humour at all. Then, for the moment, he ceases to wag his little tail and to run in his graceful fashion. Instead, he sticks the said tail straight up, stiffens his legs, and proceeds by a series of high resilient jumps almost straight up in the air. Barely he seems to touch the ground, so that he gives the comical effect of a sort of toy suspended from above on an invisible spiral spring which some unseen god of Tommies is dandling. And as he goes along he quirks his head first one side, then the other, as though with

a deliberate effort to be grotesque. When two of them thus bounce along, side by side and in perfect unison, we have often burst into laughter, although we are serious people bent on serious business.

But if Tommy is all good, the hyena is all bad. Albert Paine, in his "Tent Dwellers," expressed complete bewilderment as to why the mosquito had ever been invented. Let me add the hyena. If he has one redeeming point of any sort, we have as yet failed to find it. My own theory is that he is the Hyde to Tommy's Jekyll. All the evil of the animal world was drained away from the other creatures of the open veldt and concentrated in him. Thus you know where to find it.

His appearance is decidedly against him, to start with. He is high in front, slopes off behind, has an inordinately long neck, an ugly, snarly, evil-tempered face, and a dirty and generally mangy-looking coat. He has no atom of self-respect in his demeanour. When he walks he slinks; and when he speeds up he looks exactly like a man trying to run with his trousers coming off. His voice we have already noted unfavourably. Altogether, in a classification for pulchritude, he would stand about forty.

Nor are his moral qualities out of correspondence. He is a big, powerful, well-muscled brute, with strong teeth and powerful jaws with which he can and does crush the biggest bones. His skull compares favourably in structure with

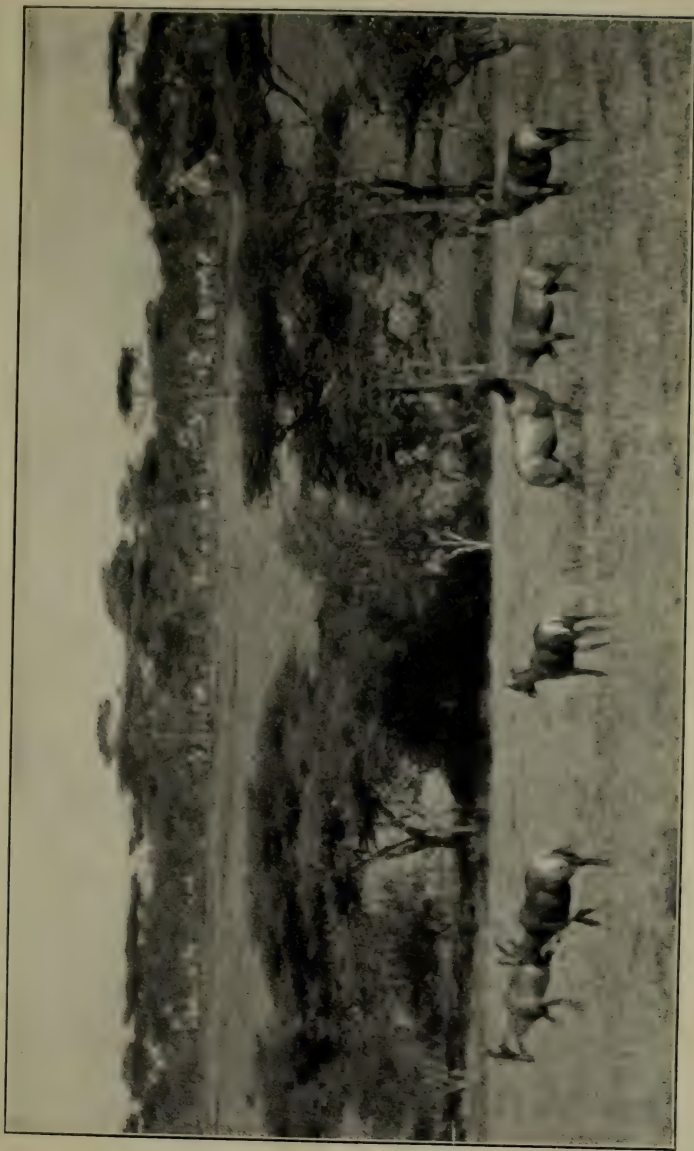
that of a full-grown lioness. He has the equipment to be very formidable. But he is the most abject coward in the world. Nobody is ever afraid of a hyena in any circumstances. The rest of the animal world holds him in the most utter contempt. We once saw a jackal—a trim and gallant little chap about the size of a fox, and with a quite undeserved reputation for sycophancy—walk right up to one of these great hulking creatures that had possessed itself of a titbit from a recent kill, and snatch it from under the hyena's very jaws. All the latter did was to back off and snarl.

To his other vices he adds gluttony and laziness. He never kills on his own account, but hangs about for leavings—any old leavings, putrid or otherwise. When he gets a chance, he makes a hog of himself, so that his distended belly actually almost drags on the ground. The stomach of one we examined contained more than a bucketful! And he is never so full that he is not looking for more.

I said that he never hunted on his own account. I will take that back. He does. If he happens upon one of those poor little baby Tommies lying, as he has been instructed, close to the ground, he gobbles it up. In that manner he destroys a great many of his betters.

Some might argue him as a scavenger and thereby assign him a reason for being. He is not even good at that. The innumerable carrion birds take care of that job completely





*Photo by Leslie Simon*

Topi



and promptly and with plenty of hungry ones to spare. I have some respect for a good honest buzzard.

This is not a natural history, but an attempt to show you that the wild citizens of Nyumbo are a very interesting lot indeed. There are plenty of others. Our giraffes alone are worth the price of admission. We have them in great abundance, and they are very amusing; and wild dogs and monkeys and baboons and parrots and secretary birds and ostriches and hyraxes and wart hogs—to mention only a very few of the non-game creatures. They are all amusing. There's never a dull day in Africa!





QUIET AFRICAN DAYS



## CHAPTER IV

### QUIET AFRICAN DAYS

ONE part of our life—that in camp—is an almost perfect routine; we know to a minute and to a detail just what we are going to do and what will happen. The other part—the outside of camp—is a wholly unknown quantity. Resolve we ever so firmly as to our projected activities, the gods of circumstance are almost certain to take matters out of our hands and shape them to their own whims or desires. Should we gird our loins for lion hunting, we return with a dik-dik, a little fox, and some glittering shell of knowledge as to the habits of hyraxes. And just as sure as we decide on a quiet little stroll——

The day begins somewhere about four o'clock with the clear melodious piping of the Dawn Bird. I have never knowingly seen a Dawn Bird, so I am ignorant of what he looks like; but he has a very beautiful and mellow series of notes, and there are a great many of him. His sense of time is admirable. How he knows it is almost twenty minutes before the first faintest hint of gray in the east is beyond my ken. But he does. While it is still black night he lifts his voice in full and absolute confidence; and when his joyous prophecy has been fulfilled, and our vainglorious

chanticleers try to persuade us they are on the job by calling vociferous attention to a perfectly obvious lucence, the Dawn Bird falls contemptuously silent. Almost immediately after, our boys come in to light the camp and pour us warm water for our morning ablutions.

We eat breakfast by lamplight and are well under way before the sun comes over the horizon. This occurs, here under the equator, with praiseworthy regularity within ten minutes of six o'clock. At one season it is ten minutes before and at another it is ten minutes after. It sets with the same mathematical precision, and at the same time. This is very handy; we can regulate our watches by it.

There is an African god of sunrises, and he offers us some very gorgeous shows, especially when he has a few clouds to work with. If it were not for the African god of sunsets we should have more to say of him. His copper and purple effects are wholly admirable. But mature deliberation has convinced me that he is a sort of apprentice god. After he has succeeded in producing a sufficient number of acceptable sunrises, he will probably graduate to sunsets; at first in some obscure and little populated region. Our own sunset god at Nyumbo is one of the best. I do not know whether he was especially assigned because of our presence or not; but I like to think so.

Yes, we are already at sunset. The curtain has fallen, not so much to indicate the passage of time as the passage



of events. They are not routine events—far, far from it; and routine events are to claim your attention for the moment. Hot from the day, we are softly besought to the effect that “*bathi tayiari, bwana,*” and we go to stand on a piece of canvas while our boy kneels to unlace our boots and pull off our breeches and perform similar services to which we as free-born Americans would nowhere else submit, but which here we accept with comfort. Comfort, too, is in the piping-hot bath and the assumption of pajamas and mosquito boots, and the comforting softness of a buckskin jacket. Then, with a tumbler of mixed vermouth and soda water in hand, pipe in mouth, we sit in canvas chairs to westward of our dining house and enjoy what the sunset god has prepared for us.

Do not be alarmed; I am not going to describe sunsets to you. It has been tried, and it has never been done. But I want to go on record as claiming that our sunset god is the best in the world. I’ll back him against the whole theocracy. His triumph is that he makes them all different. With him it is not a case of a little more gold or red, or what not, or a little less. He presents us with an entirely new scheme each evening, in arrangement, in the materials used, and in the production of soft pastel tones that are nevertheless of an unimaginable depth of richness and lucence. He makes use of everything—veils of mist, the straight gray slant of rain squalls, powder of gold and

of bronze, sharp clear edges or mysteries of light dust. He opens strange small portals through which we may look a million miles into a lucence of pale green or amethyst. Never does he fail to win from us the difficult applause of fresh astonishment. His only fault is that he is an impatient god. Ten or fifteen minutes is all he will allow our appreciations. As though his hand had crossed the firmament, the lovely colour is wiped away. It is dark.

Then, again by lamplight, we eat. I mean we Eat! We live in gastronomic luxury. Our cook is a big native of Uganda, and there are not blue ribbons enough in a milliner's shop to give him his just due. No rough camp fare is ours! Soup made from the richest and strongest meat, with onions and seasonings; guinea fowl, or chicken, or that delicious turkeylike bird, the pau; chops, or a roast or tenderloin, or tongue from one or another of a great variety of game; no lack of potatoes and vegetables and macaroni and rice and such things; and a wonderful dessert which is always *m'pishi's*—the cook's—great pride and on which he expends his whole tremendous skill. Gorged with such a meal, we stagger to our chairs out there in the dark near a leaping fire.

It is time for smokes and reflection and perhaps a little music. Doc is a surgeon and likes to cut things up. He operated on a mandolin and produced a tiny little oblong box. He gave a violin an anæsthetic and it came out much

reduced in size but with faculties unimpaired. He took an old guitar neck and some strips of veneer and produced a thing that fingers like a guitar and sounds like a guitar, but looks like a lute, I imagine, mainly because I do not know what a lute looks like. These instruments all have a sweet miniature tone. They are known as the camp mosquito, the katydid, and the doodlebug. With them we discourse rare music, to our own great satisfaction and amusement, to the extent of some seventy-odd pieces. Occasionally we keep quiet to look and listen.

Beasts are growling and whimpering and snarling in the darkness. Occasionally we see the shine of their eyes. The men's little fires leap and gleam, and the soft minor cadences of their chantings rise and fall. N'dolo materializes at our elbow, inquiring, "*Shauri gani kesho?*" ("What do you wish to-morrow?") We tell him.

Good lord, eight o'clock! There's that bunch of lions tuning up again! Time to turn in.

That is our routine, repeating itself with almost unvarying regularity. Gauged by it, the days go by with incredible swiftness, their passing marked by these things as by the spaced tolling of a bell. Already we have been here months; and the time when we shall go, once lost in the obscure perspective of the future, is now beginning dimly to shine in the darkness ahead. For it the Dawn Bird has already begun to pipe its first clear notes.

But we do not measure our time thus, but rather by the events between the spectacles offered us by the sunrise and the sunset gods; and so we seem already to have been here for years.

A few paragraphs back I spoke of the rashness of pre-determining the course of one's day. It is my personal belief that a very powerful god sits around here somewhere—probably on top of Kubukubu, where I have never been—whose disposition is informed with a spice of malicious humour, and whose pleasure it is to set our plans at naught. Twice only have I announced firmly what I intended to do. Never again! Hereafter I shall play the game as it lies.

The first time I remarked that I had a slight headache and did not feel like doing anything. I would, however, go along with the archers and sit in the car and watch them shoot arrows at flying reedbuck. The reedbuck is a pretty and graceful red animal, about deer size, that lies doggo in high grass until you fairly step on him, and then goes bouncing and cavorting away at a high rate of speed and with a most disconcerting gait. The archers first shoot arrows at him and then hunt for the arrows in the high grass, which is an amusing spectacle.

We sent the gun bearers on afoot to meet us at a certain point. After a suitable interval, we followed with the car. A mile out, we saw a lot of big birds sitting rather grumpily on the ground, and as we stopped to examine them, became



aware of the gun bearers about half a mile away and not at the appointed place. They seemed excited, so we drove over to investigate. They reported that, as they had approached the spot where we had seen the birds, eight lions had withdrawn slowly in the direction of the river. In earnest of their tale, a lioness came into sight on the opposite bank and stared at us.

We all ran as far as we could go in that direction and counted four lionesses and their three-quarter-grown cubs, all moving quietly away. We did not especially care for lionesses, so we contented ourselves with counting them. Our strong impression was that this was a part of a bunch of ten well known to us, and always hanging around in that vicinity. They were more or less of a nuisance to us, as several were always showing off and threatening attack when we happened near them. We had nicknamed them the Ten Foolish Virgins, and strongly suspected that some day they would force us into battle. Only the week before, Art, coming to get the car where he had left it for a short while, looked up to find the Ten Foolish Virgins not fifty yards away and his rifle out of reach. Art hid himself promptly into the car and tried to look peaceable. They switched their tails and growled and generally bluffed at him for a while, and then withdrew. Art felt relieved.

So we listened with considerable doubt to the gun bearers' positive statement that there had been two fine maned lions

with the lot when first they had seen them. Natives are always eager to tell a tale that will please. Still, they insisted so strongly that it seemed worth while to take a chance. Reaching out from the river like long fingers into the plain is a series of dongas, or narrow bushy and wooded ravines. They are a mile or so apart and from two to four miles long. One of these was just opposite us. If there were two lions, it was as likely a direction as any for them to have taken.

So we worked that donga. That is to say, we walked slowly up its edge, throwing stones and opprobrious epithets into bits of likely cover. We flushed all sorts of other game, but no lions. Near the end, and sitting under a tree out in the plain, we did come on five; but these, too, were all lionesses. It seemed to be ladies' day on the veldt. This lot, after looking at us all they wanted, trailed away across the open plain. They went in single file, evenly spaced, about five yards apart. A hyena joined the procession on speculation, walking also in the line, but at a very respectful distance in the rear. He didn't know where they were going, but it looked to him like a good gang to follow; there might be something doing.

So we were that far, three or four miles from the motor car and the sun getting stronger. We consulted. The chance of meeting these two maned lions had gone, but we might as well do something. So we agreed to strike across

country to the head of another donga and along it return to the river. But when we were about halfway, and at the head of a small stringer, Doc thought he had had about enough. This was his first expedition since a bout of fever, and it was well to be careful. Art went with him. Suleimani, my gun bearer, and myself continued on to the other donga. You see how already this "quiet day" had acquired a ten-mile walk.

We worked down this donga rather listlessly. It was only a way back to us just then. It produced nothing but the usual reedbuck, monkeys, dik-dik, and parrots. We were almost back to its junction with the river. And there in the open, along the delta, sauntered those two fine maned lions, one behind the other. They were a royal sight, walking with the loose-muscled, easy swing peculiar to these animals, their maned heads high. Apparently, they were just strolling along. At the moment I caught sight of them a reedbuck jumped up just ahead of them and dashed frantically away. Now, lions do not kill in the daytime, but here the temptation was too great. The one in the lead made three great springs. It was a wonderful exhibition of suddenly unleashed power. Then, realizing what he was doing, he stopped short and looked back at his companion, I thought a trifle foolishly. The latter had not altered his slow and stately pacing. When he had caught up, the two proceeded as before.

Suleimani and I plunged hastily but cautiously into the bushy bed of the donga and out the other side. We found ourselves about a hundred yards directly behind the lions. They had not seen us.

It now became a question of hustling to catch up. I had come out for a quiet day, it will be remembered, and was armed only with the .30 Springfield. The .405 was in camp. Therefore, it would be well to get as close as possible and to deliver as accurate a shot as possible. The rear end of a lion is not a particularly happy choice as a mark. Hitting it annoys but does not seriously damage him. When I had shortened the distance to seventy yards, however, I realized that they were nearing a jungle of waist-high grass and something must be done about it. So I shouted, "Hullo!" at them.

At the sound of my voice, they both turned broadside to look back. Instantly, I shot the nearer just back of the shoulder. The bullet knocked him flat, but he bounced to his feet, lowered his head, and charged.

I have been, many times, at the receiving end of lion charges. There is a great thrill in it. The instant the beast starts, you realize fully two things: One is that he has made up his mind to get you and that he's coming to do it just as fast as he can; and the other thing is that it is now up to you and to you alone. If you don't stop him in the next four seconds, he is going to do just that thing. Further-



more, he is not going to change his mind about it. And still furthermore, he is a cat weighing somewhere near five hundred pounds. There is no chance, absolutely none, for fumbling or wavering off the mark, or snatching at the trigger or doing any of the other fool things that ordinarily with a rifleman result merely in a temporary mortification. This mortification is going to be permanent. Your job is to shoot; to shoot quickly and to shoot very straight. There is no good in "shooting at the whole animal."

The lion is very heavily armoured forward. His brain is protected by bulging masses of muscle and plates of bone. I have seen a heavy bullet apparently in the centre of his forehead do little more than daze him for the moment. I have seen a 220-grain bullet, misplaced by an insignificant six inches in his chest, shatter itself to pieces so small they could hardly be dissected out, against the massive bands of muscle and the heavy shoulder bones. You must pick your exact spot, and you must hit it.

My second shot caught him favourably, and again he went down; but again he got to his feet, this time pretty groggy. Down once more to the third shot, roaring and growling. All this took place very quickly. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the second lion stop at the edge of the tall grass. Urged by an irresistible impulse of battle, I swung the sights on him and let drive just as he turned away. We heard the bullet tell and saw his tail switch—

sure sign of a hit—then the grass closed around him. The first was by now again showing signs of life, so I gave him his quietus with one more. I slammed open the bolt of the rifle.

“*Risasi!*” I snapped to Suleimani, and reached up my hand for the cartridges.

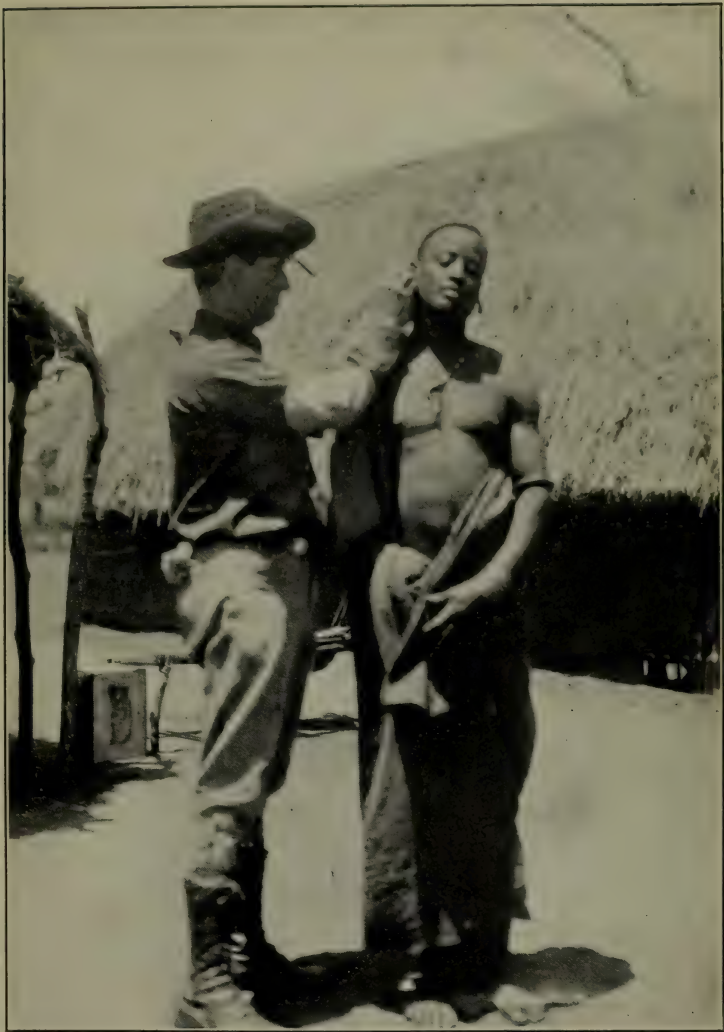
But he was better than that. A brown arm shot over my shoulder. Chik! Chik! Chik! Chik! The cartridges shot home into the magazine. We were ready for another round.

We walked over to where the other lion had been last seen, and found ourselves on the edge of a waist-high belt of coarse bunch grass. At its farther side lay a jungle of small bush, thorn trees, and palms which formed the river belt. It seemed most likely the beast must have taken refuge there; and it looked to me absolutely certain that it was no place for one man alone armed only with a .30 calibre rifle. I so expressed myself to Suleimani.

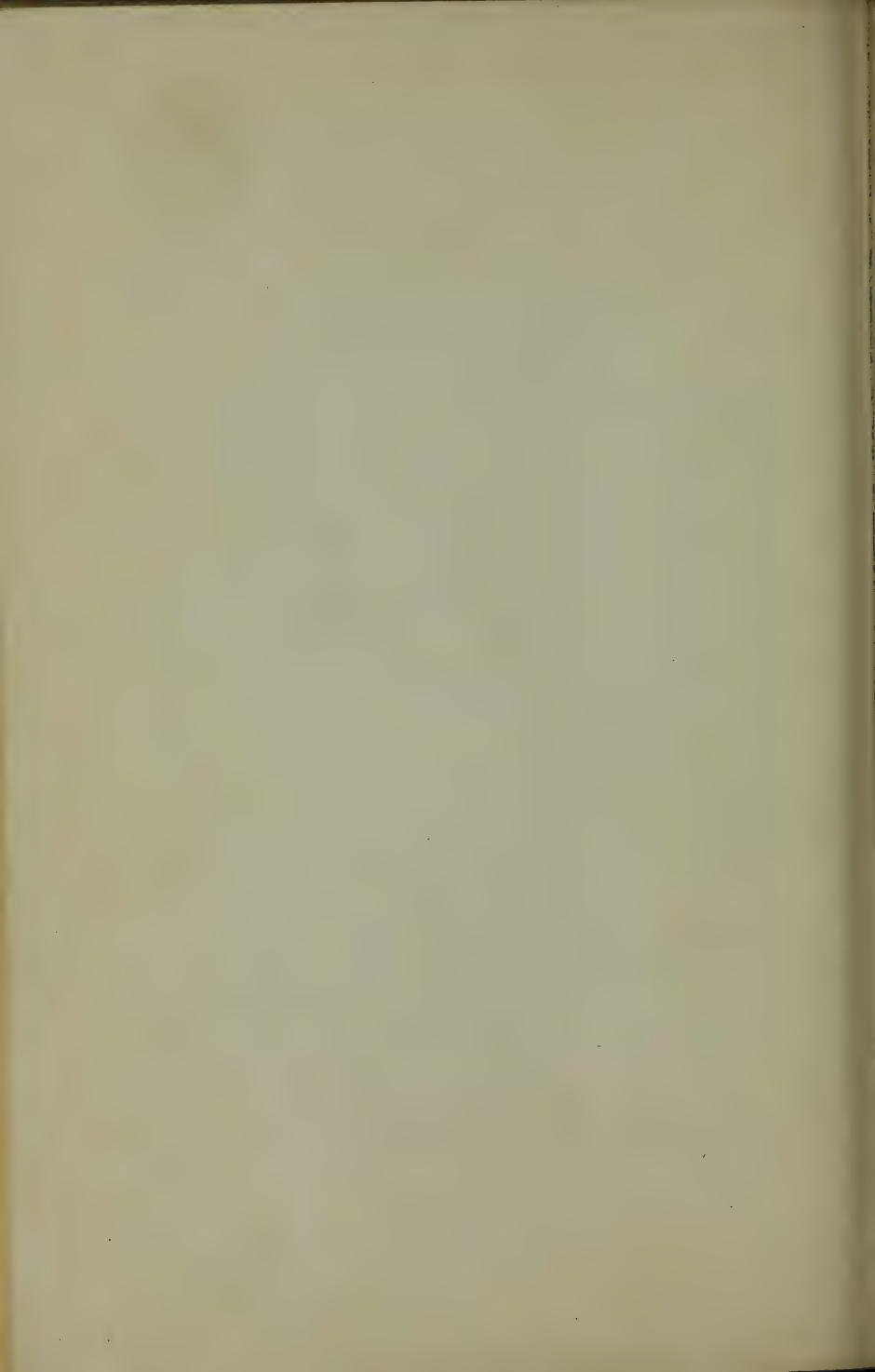
“Bwana Young has heard the shooting. He will come. We will wait for him,” I concluded in Swahili.

But though we were willing to wait, the lion was not. He had not gone to the river jungle at all, but was lying in the grass about fifty yards distant. At the sound of my voice, he uttered a roaring growl—which Doc and Art heard a mile or so away—and charged.

This was a more difficult situation. The grass did not



Doc holds his clinic





in the least interfere with the lion's movements, but did obscure my sight of him. All I could see at first was the violent movement of the vegetation and an occasional glimpse of the top of his head. For this reason my first shot missed him. The second, however, was a hit; and the third stopped him just fifteen paces from where we stood. He was coming very fast; so fast that his momentum caused him completely to change ends when the bullet put him out, so that he came down flop with his tail toward us.

The next time I called for a quiet day, I meant it. I meant it so firmly that I stayed in camp and let the rest of them go out. That humorous god on Kubukubu could not get at me, but here is what he did to the rest of them:

They drove out over the open plain and came across a lioness. Her they approached. The idea was to give the archer—meaning Doc this time—a chance to launch a broadhead or so at her. Leslie was driving, Doc, with his bow, was in the seat alongside, ready to hop out, while Art sat on a box in the open truck-back with his rifle—just in case. The lioness trotted slowly away. The car followed as slowly. When she stopped and squatted, as she surely would, the car would swing to one side, Doc would hop out, and the programme would proceed from that point along schedule plans.

By an unfortunate oversight, the lioness had not been sufficiently instructed. Also, Leslie pressed her much too

close. She stopped, the car swung, and Doc stepped blithely off the running board prepared to do his stuff. She charged, and very fast. Leslie turned on the gas with the mistaken impression that a flivver can run away from a lioness. It cannot. If the flivver had been standing still, she would not have overhauled it any the more quickly; she would merely have been saved a little extra exertion. And Doc, in his leap for the running board, had caught one of the awning supports and was hanging on by two fingers only, in that exact state of equilibrium where the pressure of an additional ounce—which he could not command—would have pulled him into the car; and the drag of another ounce of gravity would have dumped him off on the veldt straight into the lioness's jaws. In that case, he would have been gone, for these animals tear and maul with incredible ferocity and fury.

It was entirely up to Art, and nobly did he acquit himself. He had no easy job, trying to shoot from that bumping, swaying car. It was not a case of sighting; no man could even look through a pair of sights in these conditions. It was not even a question of pointing the gun by instinct without the sights; the jolting threw the muzzle to cover twenty feet of ground. He had to snap-shoot. His first shot missed. His second killed her dead as she took her next to the last spring. The following leap would have

landed her in the car, and then there would have been a mess!

Immediately after that, we constructed a very comical mannikin of sacking and grass which we resolved to throw overboard to the next lion that tried to eat our flivver. We named him after a notorious liar and faker. The idea was that, for once in his life, he would force a lion closer than in conversation. Unfortunately, no lions happened to charge when we had him aboard, so his record remains the same.

Even this did not reveal to me the existence of the Kubukubu fellow. I was very stupid. For the third time I arose on my hind legs and decreed a quiet day.

"I'm not going hunting to-day," said I; "I'm just going to take a peaceful stroll up the river to see if the wildebeest have gone that way."

So myself, Suleimani, and Kisumu strolled up the river, with a savage to carry anything we might find desirable. He returned to camp shortly bearing a very beautiful type of stork, which I shot with the .22, as a specimen. It was an ideal day, not too hot, and all the bright sunbirds and parrots were astir and voluble. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers that followed a recent rain. Then we looked across the little stream, and there, on the opposite bank and about forty yards away, sat a very fine

large male leopard. So close was he that I resolved to give him a sure shot through the head, and drew a very careful bead for that purpose with the Springfield. Just as I took up the slack in the trigger, he turned and bolted. A brief half second later the bullet would have sped and this tale would not have been to tell.

I fired as he ran, and hit him. He turned to the left, swam the river, and emerged on our side about a hundred yards away. I got a snap-shot as he plunged into the grass, and both men were positive I had registered another hit. A trained gun bearer is pretty expert in identifying hits and misses, even to the exact spot where an animal happens to be struck. I did not know myself whether I had hit or not—it was snap-shooting.

We worked out his trail in the grass very cautiously, throwing stones ahead and shooting it up with the .22. This little magazine rifle is invaluable for this purpose. Thus we found a blood trail which we followed to the point where it entered a small patch of thicket situated on the slope toward the river, and perhaps seventy yards long by thirty wide.

This was serious, and it behooved us to go about matters in a systematic way. So the boys gathered stones and we peppered that thicket thoroughly from one end to the other. Invariably, in the case of a lion, wounded or otherwise, a stone falling near him will elicit a growl and probably



a movement. The movement may be away from you and out the other side, in which case you have him located and may get a shot; or it may result in a charge. In either event, you at least have him in the open. The men threw the stones, while I covered them with the heavy .405. No results. Next we shot up the whole thicket foot by foot with the .22. Still no results.

Our next procedure was to look the ground over to see whether he had come out on our side. He had not. We now crossed the river to assure ourselves he had not done the same. When this was finished, we knew certainly that the leopard must be in that limited area, hit once and perhaps twice. As the river was very narrow here, we again stoned and shot up the cover from the far side. The opportunity was very favourable, for the ground sloped toward us. We must have thrown two hundred stones and certainly fired nearly a box of .22's, so that it seemed there was hardly a square yard untouched by some sort of missile. All remained quiet.

The men were by now absolutely certain the beast was mortally wounded and had died. I thought so myself, but reflected that he would be just as dead two hours from now. So I ordered Kisumu to return to camp and bring back two men with *pangas*—a sort of machete. Safety first.

While he was gone, about two hours, Suleimani and I

twice more volleyed that tiny thicket with stones. Suleimani insisted that my second bullet had passed broadside through the beast's lungs. In that case, he must certainly be dead. Nevertheless, when Kisumu and the *panga* men returned, we went about things properly.

The thicket was of the sort whose top is thick, but underneath one could, by stooping, see through bare stems for ten or fifteen feet. This was quite far enough to permit of an effective shot, especially as those stems must hamper any animal's free movements. The only problem was to move forward among them one's self. Here is where the *panga* men came in. I got to a good position, squatted to where I could see, and covered operations with the heavy rifle. The *panga* man cut out a clearing to my left and a yard in advance. When that was finished, I moved over to it, and the *panga* man repeated operations on my right.

Thus we moved forward by a series of staggered steps. It was slow and laborious, but it was at least comparatively safe.

Now my job was one of intense alertness and concentration. I had to catch the first glimpse of that leopard before he could get into effective action. Naturally, I had no eyes or ears or attention for anything else. Therefore, I did not notice that Suleimani, whose position with the other rifle should have been immediately behind me, had been overeager and had worked his way out on our left

flank. He was beyond the *panga* man, beyond our painfully acquired little clearings. He had no vantage ground from which to spy through the thicket stems, but was facing a dense leafy screen not four feet in front of him. I did not know these things until afterward. All I knew at that moment was that the leopard uttered a roar, and as I levelled the rifle toward the only spot from which harm could come to us, there was a flash of yellow as the beast leaped, bearing Suleimani down. He let off the Springfield, but of course missed.

There was no chance for me to shoot, although they were by now fairly at my feet. Rolling over and over as they were, I should almost certainly have killed the man with my heavy bullet. It was a horrible sight. Never had I imagined such fierce, quick ferocity. The beast tore and bit and scratched at him as you may have seen a domestic cat in the height of its greatest ecstasy worry a catnip ball.

And all the time Suleimani was crying out, "*Piga, bwana ! Piga !*" ("Shoot, master, shoot!")

All this was incredibly fast. I don't suppose he was on the man more than ten seconds. Kisumu, who was at a slightly different angle from myself, either saw an opening or—as I strongly suspect—took a chance. He barged off with the poor, futile, inadequate .22. The leopard leaped without pause or transition straight at Kisumu. It was a flash, but it was a fractional-second opportunity, and I

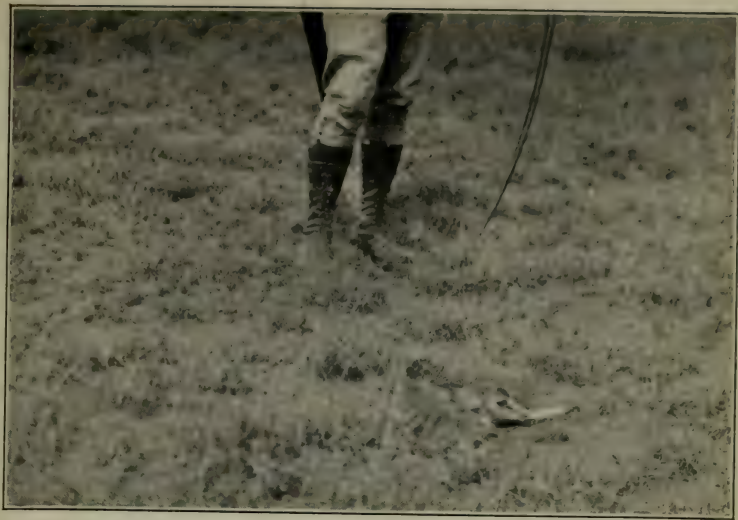
fired as he sprang. The bullet, we found afterward, passed through the chest only just above the heart. For the moment, it seemed to have no effect whatever. At the instant the gun went off, the leopard had seized Kisumu's forearm. Again without pause or transition, in one great cat spring, he was on me. I had no time for a second shot. The one vivid recollection I have is of the pinned-back ears and the absolutely demoniac fury that blazed in the beast's eyes. Then we went down together.

Doc subsequently asked me what were my psychological reactions when I realized I was "it." The only thing I thought of was to fight that leopard. It was a sort of answering fury that rose to meet his own.

So, as we closed, I reached for his throat—and luckily got hold of it with both hands—and drew my knees up to protect my belly against being ripped by his hind legs. My last shot had weakened him. Indeed, it is my belief that this was a dying flurry, and that the bullet wound, rather than my own earnest efforts on his windpipe, was what really killed him. Be that as it may, we had a very lively tussle there on the ground, he trying to get at me and I holding him off and squeezing for all I was worth. To my great relief, I felt him weaken, then relax to limpness. He was dead.

I got to my feet and looked about me. We were scattered, as the cowboys have it, from hell to breakfast—guns, hats,

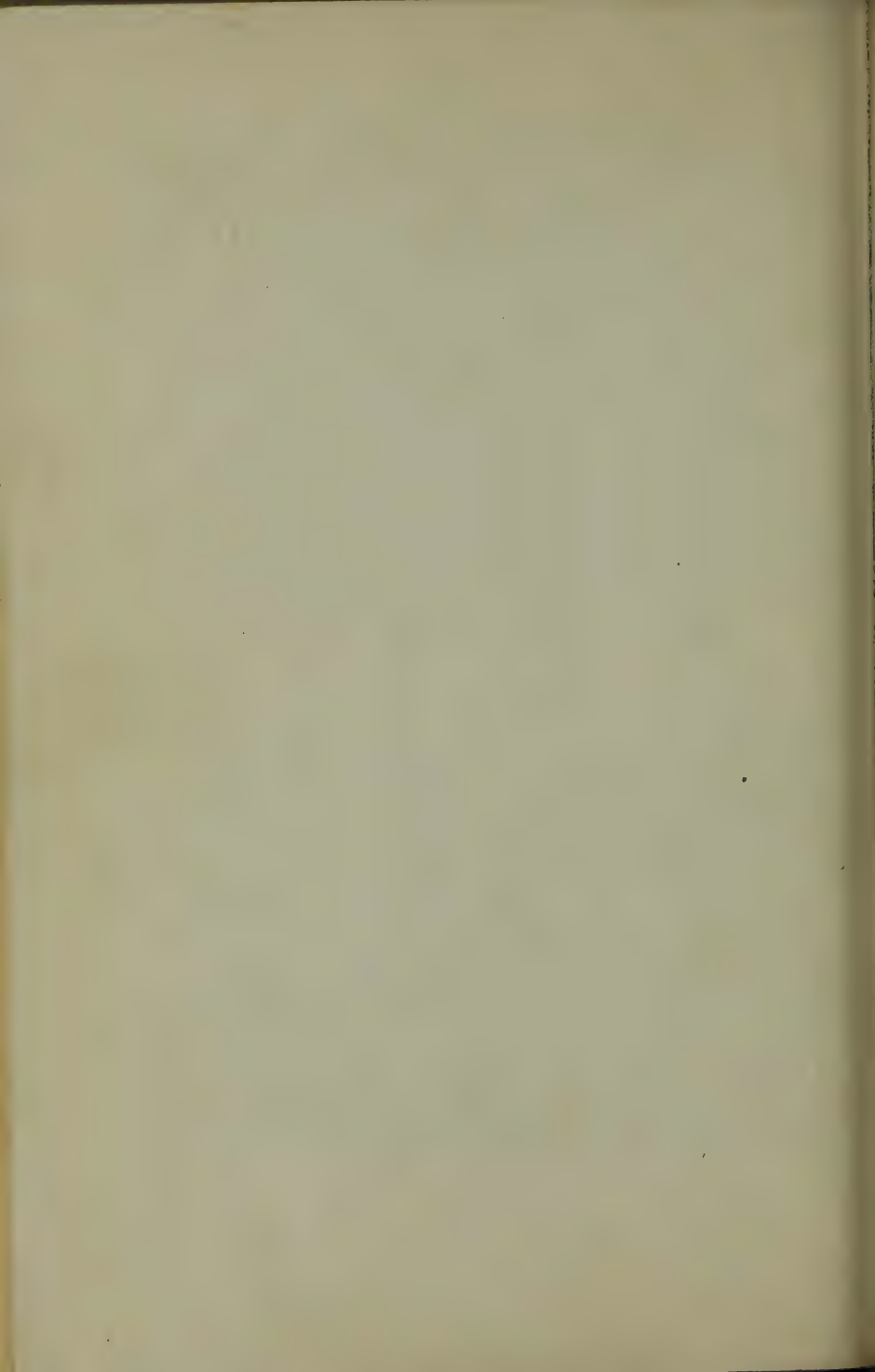




Baby Tommy lying doggo as his mother commanded



Suleimani two months after the leopard fight



knives, cartridges. Suleimani half sat up, covered with blood, his scalp half off, apparently one eye gone. Kisumu was afoot, nursing an arm. I was no picture gallery myself, from what I could see, for both the leopard and I had contributed to a gory effect. The *panga* men were just venturing back from whatever justifiedly remote position they had without hesitation assumed.

My first care was to find my hat—bareheaded under the equator is worse than leopards. My next was to hunt up the Springfield and from under its butt plate to get a .405 cartridge case full of permanganate crystals which I always carry there. The danger from a peculiar sort of fatal septic poisoning is very great in the case of wounds inflicted by any of the large cats. With this I went over Suleimani thoroughly. His scalp was torn and furrowed by a dozen long gashes down to the bone, and was in one place ripped loose. A fang had gone in next the eye socket. A flap of flesh hung down his cheek below the eye. His arm was torn and mangled. I did the best I could with bloody, sticky hands to get at least some of the crystals into each wound. Kisumu's injuries were confined to his forearm. He had there several deep fang marks. These also I doctored. My own injuries were fang wounds on my left forearm and right shoulder, and claw wounds on my right hand and my face. The limited amount of permanganate in the little cartridge was now exhausted, but I managed

to collect enough that had stuck to my bloody fingers to get some into each cut of my own.

Here Suleimani first showed his quality. I had stripped off my shirt to doctor myself. Bleeding profusely and in great pain and shock, he lay on the ground. His one good eye saw what I was doing. Feebly he began to fumble at his shirt pocket.

"What is it you want, Suleimani?" I paused to ask him.

"*Yko cigaretti qua bwana*," he gasped feebly; "*hi mizouri kama uma sana*" ("I have cigarettes here for *bwana*; they are very good when one is badly hurt.")

He certainly had enough to think about for himself, but his thought was for me.

The two *panga* men half supporting, half carrying Suleimani, we made our way out of the thicket and to the shade of a tree about a hundred yards away. There he asked for water. I gave him my canteen and he drained it to the last drop. One of the *panga* men I sent to camp for Doc and some more men. That seemed to be all for the moment.

But Suleimani roused himself to ask if the leopard was dead. When informed that our late antagonist had passed on, he expressed great satisfaction. I have heard some very worthy people claim that the savage African is callous, utterly incapable of sympathy. It would have done me good to have them present to witness the solicitude of the native wild *panga* man. He supported Suleimani in his



arms, waved off the flies, eased him in every way possible, and a beautiful and tender concern transfigured his countenance. Nor was the other *panga* man a laggard by the way. He ran to camp and had the relief party back in an hour and a quarter, though the distance each way was three and a half miles.

There was nothing to do but rest. We did so.

I bound up Suleimani's head as well as I could with my handkerchief, then sat with my back against the tree trunk.

"*Bwana ! Bwana !*" Suleimani at length called my attention.

I looked. He was feebly holding out toward me his good arm. I went to him and held his hand. This seemed to give him great comfort, for he perceptibly relaxed. After a few moments, his poor mangled face contorted in a grin and he chuckled.

"Ah, he was a very bad leopard!" said he.

Next he inquired what had been done about the leopard. I replied emphatically the Swahili equivalent of "To hell with the leopard!" This aroused him to vehemence. He insisted strongly that that leopard must be skinned, that it would be very bad luck not to skin him, and both he and Kisumu worried so about it that to quiet them I sent the *panga* men to attend to it, and also to collect the various articles from the scene of battle.

In the meantime, Doc was lying down in camp. By the

## LIONS IN THE PATH

time the news came to him diluted through several translations, all he got was that I had a wounded leopard in a thicket, that one of the men had scratched his head and that he was to come to help me get the leopard out. He took his medical bag almost as an afterthought. So when Doc came to our trees and found us tattered and torn and covered with blood from end to end, he had quite a little surprise.

Nothing like a good surgeon. He went at things in the most businesslike way, without a superfluous word of inquiry or comment. That could wait. He mixed a permanganate solution inside a rubber glove and went at Suleimani with a syringe. When he finally got through with me I realized thoroughly what Suleimani had had to stand. If you want to know what raw permanganate feels like in a deep wound, try it. Don't attempt to get the idea by applying a red-hot iron to yourself, or some such feeble subterfuge. The Spanish Inquisition certainly missed a trick there. Then he offered me a drink. Once upon a time he had given me a beautiful yew bow and a boxful of arrows, and I thought I was as grateful to him as mortal well could be. But this drink of warm canteen water proved differently.

Suleimani was carried to camp on a litter made of poles and coats. The rest of us made it afoot. Once in camp, Doc had a little field day of his own, sewing, splinting,

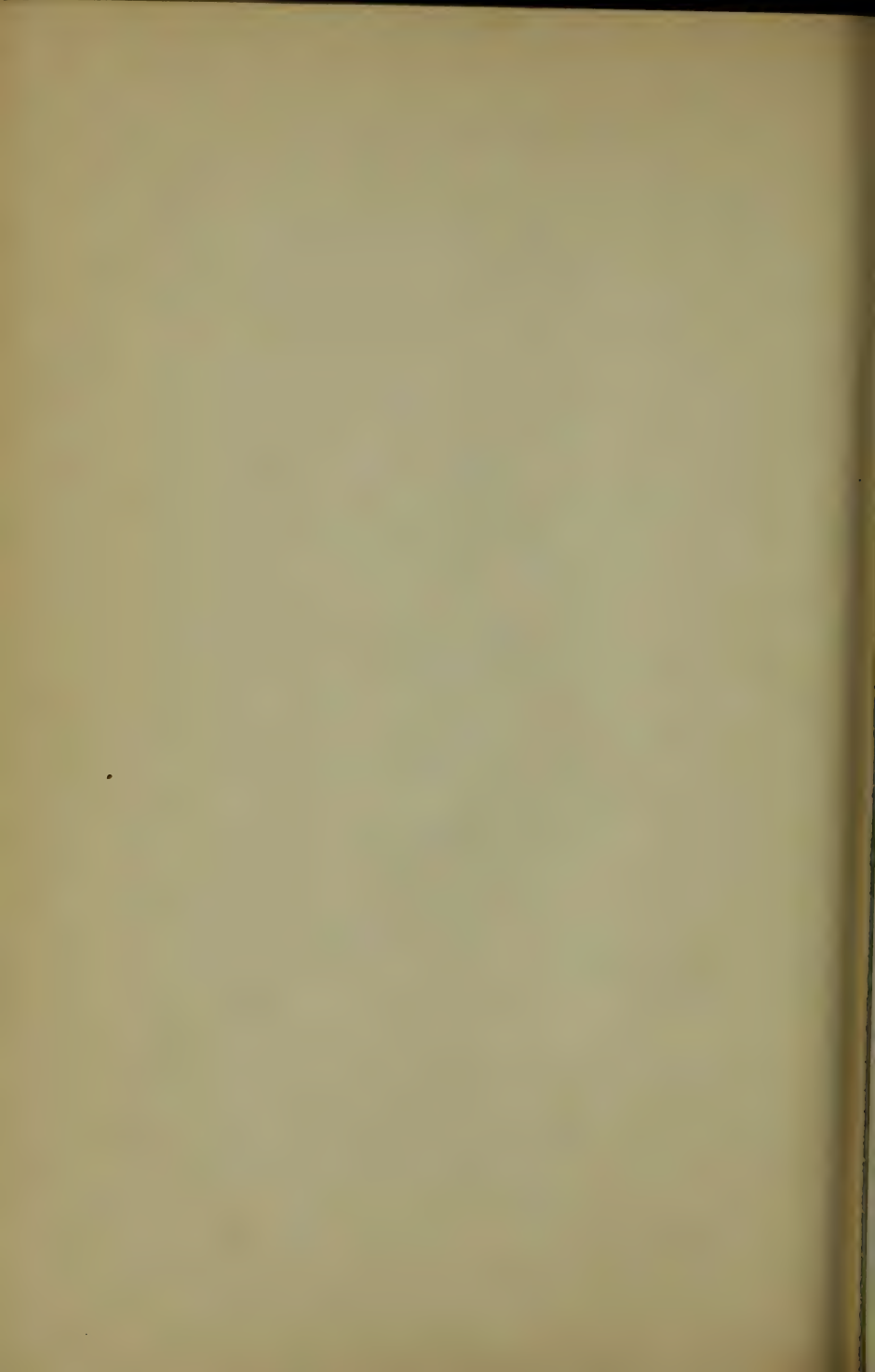
and compressing. This is being written on the sixteenth day after. Suleimani is still groggy, but is going to be all right except for the loss of one eye. If it had not been for Doc, he would most certainly have lost his life. Kisumu and I are practically healed.

Kisumu rather loves being an invalid, and I strongly suspect his exploit with the .22 may be ascribed to the valour of ignorance. But Suleimani's spirit is unquenched.

The very next day, while he was, of course, in great pain and still sick from the chloroform, he looked at me bravely and said, "*Bwana*, soon I shall be well; and then we will go kill another lion."

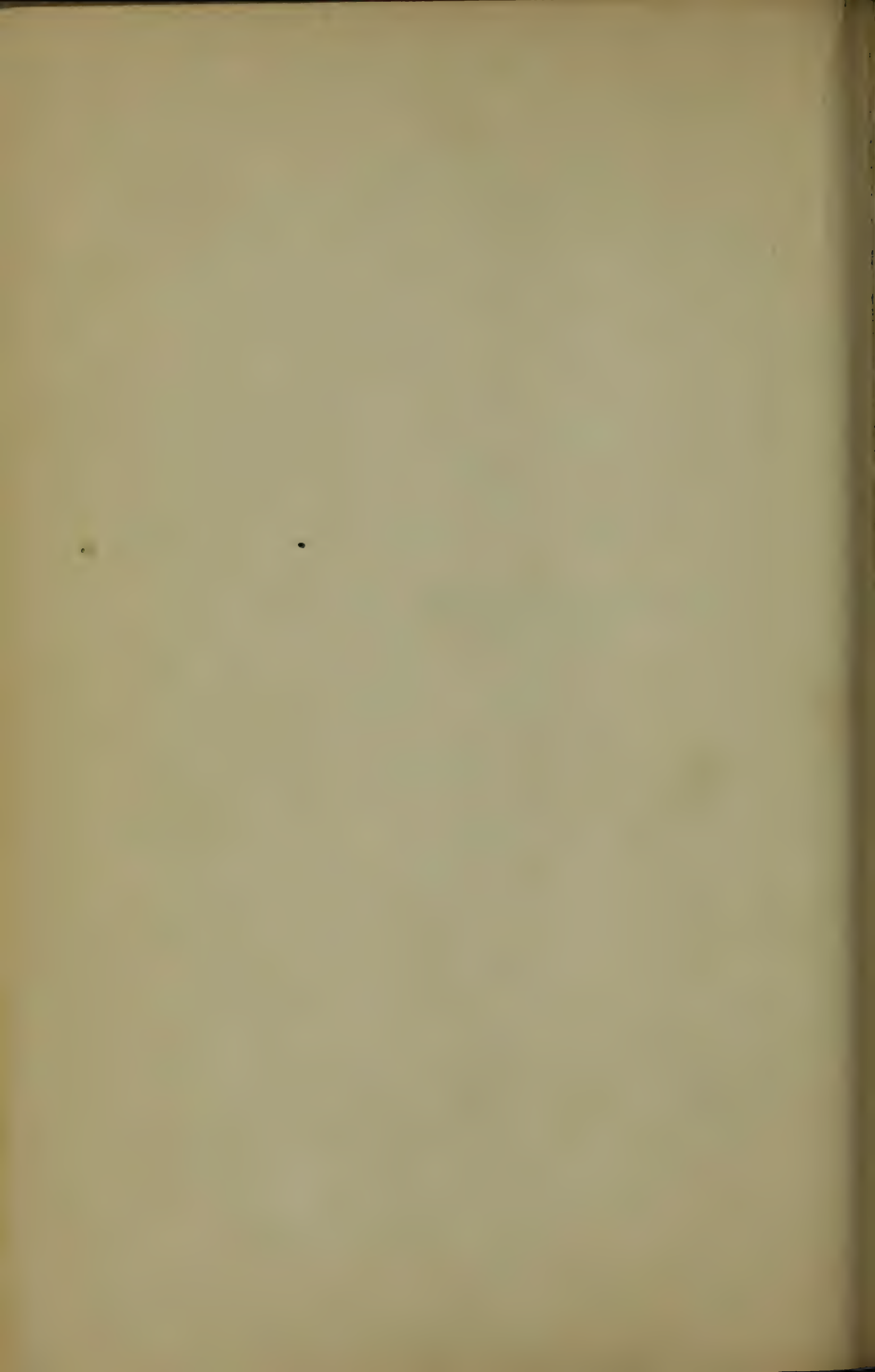
So three days after the fight I bandaged my shoulder with a heavy pad and did go out and kill one lion and got the first bullet into another. It burst open the shoulder and bloodied my shirt, but it was worth it. Suleimani and I wanted to show those damn cats!

But now I'm on to that Kubukubu god. Never again will I state that I want a quiet day. On the contrary—and I announce it in tones loud enough to carry convincingly at least as far as Kubukubu—I want 'em rough!





LIONS WITH THE BOW AND ARROW



## CHAPTER V

### LIONS WITH THE BOW AND ARROW

THE photographs of lions—and of the other wild animals—that appear in this book are all genuine, taken with a hand camera, and of beasts uninjured in any way. I want to proffer this statement here and now, because, some time since, an article of mine on “Dangerous Game” was illustrated by a picture of a fat man aiming a rifle in the general direction of a stuffed lion. It was nobody’s fault. I had not sent in any pictures; and the art editor had procured this one innocently enough from a photo news agency. Not only was the lion stuffed, but the bold figure within a few feet of the ravening beast had not even thought it worth while to put his hand inside the trigger guard. I trust this explanation will reach the eyes of the few people who did not write me on the subject.

But these pictures are the real thing. They are by Leslie Simson, and we were there to see him do it. He has taken a great many others even more beautiful, especially of lions, when we were not with him, playing a lone hand and running some desperate chances.

He uses an aëroplane camera with a shoulder piece, pistol grip, and a trigger. He shoots this contraption as he

would a gun. Such is the size of the lens tube, and such is the general awesomeness of it all, that, when he pulls the trigger, one rather expects a commensurate and devastating explosion. Its only drawbacks are (*a*) that one must get pretty close to his object, which may be peevish; and (*b*) its depth of focus is so short that the said distance must be estimated to within about five yards or a blurred image results. It is very difficult to estimate distance within five yards, especially in rough open country, and when one's sitter is inclined at any instant to come on over and eat one up. Let me tell you how two of these pictures—entitled *Travelling, With Game in the Background*, and *Lion Roaring in Objection to Our Presence*—were taken.

Doc was down with fever. With Leslie at the wheel, we ambled out on the open plain that constitutes our up slope to the westward hills. It was still early morning, with the sun only just up. The dew was wet as rain on the grasses, and the game looked sleek and shining. We had driven only about two miles when we caught sight of a lion and a lioness sitting side by side and staring in our direction. We drove slowly toward them. As we drew nearer, their curiosity as to this queer large black beast that moved and purred—and also rattled—overcame them, and they arose and sauntered slowly in our direction. In so doing, they became slightly separated, and Leslie managed to insinuate the car between them.



Deprived of her liege lord, the lioness turned and moved away, slowly at first, then at a lope, and finally disappeared in a donga a few hundred yards distant. This relieved our minds—we did not wish lions on both sides of us—but it annoyed the gentleman very much, and he stopped short and told us so in no uncertain terms. This was our chance; we instantly became very busy. Leslie swung the flivver sideways, and with a rapidity that enlists my admiration, wormed his way from among the steering column, two levers, and a flock of pedals, bearing his formidable camera and muttering over to himself, "Fifty yards! Fifty yards!"

Art slipped over the tailboard and I over the seat on the lion side of the car, and we both placed our front sights on his chest. We heard the camera click once, and then again. As though the second click had been a signal, the beast rose and made two great bounds toward us. It had been agreed that we were to hold our fire as long as possible so that the photographer would have his chance. Just as our fingers crooked on the triggers, the lion stopped and crouched, lashing his tail and growling savagely. We could hear Leslie swearing steadily and earnestly behind the hood of the car, and managed to sift from his variegated remarks plain English to the effect that he had not pulled the slides from his plate holders.

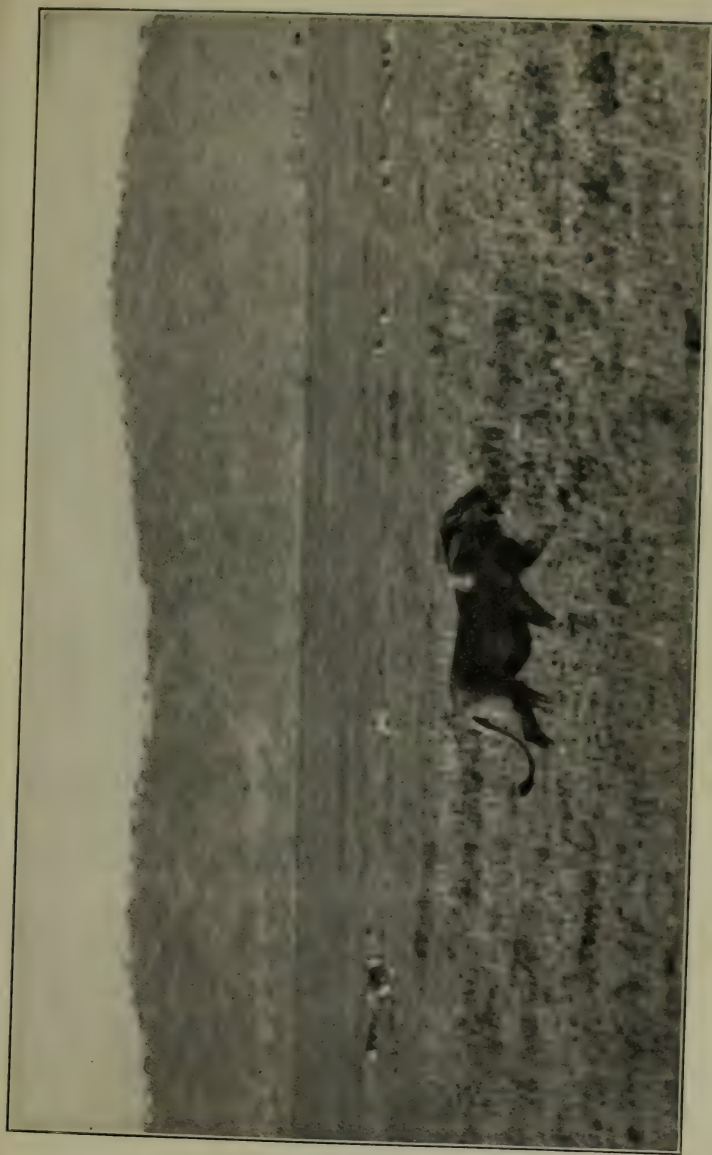
There are about eleven things to do on that *aéroplane* camera before she is ready to shoot, and all these have to be

done on the spot, according to circumstances. Leslie had remembered to do ten of them. I am sure that, in face of a lion as angry as this one, I should—perhaps—have done about five.

In the meantime, the lion had begun looking anxiously over his shoulder in the direction of his vanished lady love. Finally, he must have concluded that this large rhino-like animal was not worth bothering with any further, especially as it did not do anything but stand there, and had stopped its idiotic purring—and rattling. So he arose with dignity and walked slowly toward the donga. Leslie, having drawn the slide, got the picture called Travelling.

By the time we had cranked the flivver, he was about a hundred yards distant. We tagged after. As soon as he found the large black creature actually had the nerve to come along, too, he whopped around instantly and charged in our direction. Leslie jammed on the brakes. When the beast saw he had stopped us so promptly, he again crouched and made a number of emphatic remarks. We were once more in battle array, being careful, by staying within the outline of the car, not to show any detached human figures to provoke a charge home. Leslie, over the hood, shot the second of these two pictures. After giving us our instructions, the lion again arose and walked away.

This performance was repeated three times. On each occasion, he bounded toward us, his head up, reminding



*Photo by Leslie Simson*

Travelling. Note game in background





us a good deal of a big farm dog bouncing down the garden path to drive away intruders. When a lion charges seriously, he drops his head as he starts. But he was getting angrier and angrier at this persistent large black beetle; more and more on the hair trigger. What he wanted was to get rid of us, not to eat us. Possibly he did not fancy our smell, which was largely burned gasoline.

Then, the fourth time, just as Leslie was bringing the car to a stop, he lowered his head and charged in good earnest. This, he had concluded, was the moment to abate the nuisance once and for all. There was none of the bouncing farm dog about him now; he meant business, and he intended to get it over with in the quickest manner possible. He ran straight and like a streak of light. We had no time to get out of the car and deploy; we had to shoot as best we could and from where we were. My bullet rolled him end over end, and Art finished him as he attempted to struggle to his feet.

Sometimes our photographic adventures were more peaceful. The next day, we drove through a gap in the hills. There we found a family group of giraffes and edged up near enough to get some beautiful exposures. They looked pleasant for half a dozen sittings, then ambled off with the peculiar flowing gait so astonishingly beautiful in so apparently awkward an animal. These unbelievable creatures are extraordinarily abundant hereabouts. We see them

singly, in threes and fours, and in dozen lots, gazing at us chuckleheadedly over the tops of the low thorn trees. Sometimes, when the tree is a little too tall, they stretch their necks out horizontally and look under them, when they are even more comical than nature made them, which is unnecessary.

Leaving them, we rolled down one side of a shallow, grassy ravine. Near the edge and on the opposite side lay two lionesses, spread out luxuriously and sleepily, enjoying the morning. We crossed the ravine a hundred and fifty yards above them, and made the devil of a noise doing it, with our bumping in and out of the shallow watercourse, the rattlety-bang of various loose things, and the extra popping of our exhaust as Leslie turned on the gas. They paid no attention to us whatever. Nor did they do more than stare at us sleepily when we drew up grandly alongside them, about forty yards away, and piled out ready for battle. Battle? They hardly deigned to glance at us! Leslie made a half-dozen exposures. Finally one yawned, stretched, got up, and walked over to where the other was still lying down, and stood broadside over her. Leslie used his last plate on this beautiful pose. Then, having looked as pretty as possible, they paced slowly away at a walk, never once even looking back at us. The illustration, *Taking It Easy*, is one of these pictures.

Before we came, Leslie got his pictures alone, except for

his native gun bearer; and he had some exciting times exchanging camera for rifle when his sitters got too uneasy. Once he had not time even to do this; but with great presence of mind hurled his sun helmet at the charging lioness. She stopped to demolish that, which gave Leslie his chance.

I suppose our archers are the only people who have ever killed lions with the English long bow and the broad arrow. Of course, I cannot be certain of that; but of one thing I am sure—only in the peculiar conditions here obtaining and in the precise circumstances in which we find ourselves would that feat be possible. As lions are ordinarily found, and with the education they have elsewhere acquired, it would be entirely out of the question.

There are a great many lions near Nyumbo. We have, in four months' time, seen three hundred and eighty-four different individuals. Then, we have, of course, encountered the same ones over and over again, so that the times we have been in contact with these great animals are very numerous. It is even probable that some of these supposed repetitions were in reality fresh lions that we had not seen before; but unless we could identify them positively as strangers, we did not count them. Some—like the Ten Foolish Virgins mentioned in the last chapter—got to be old friends.

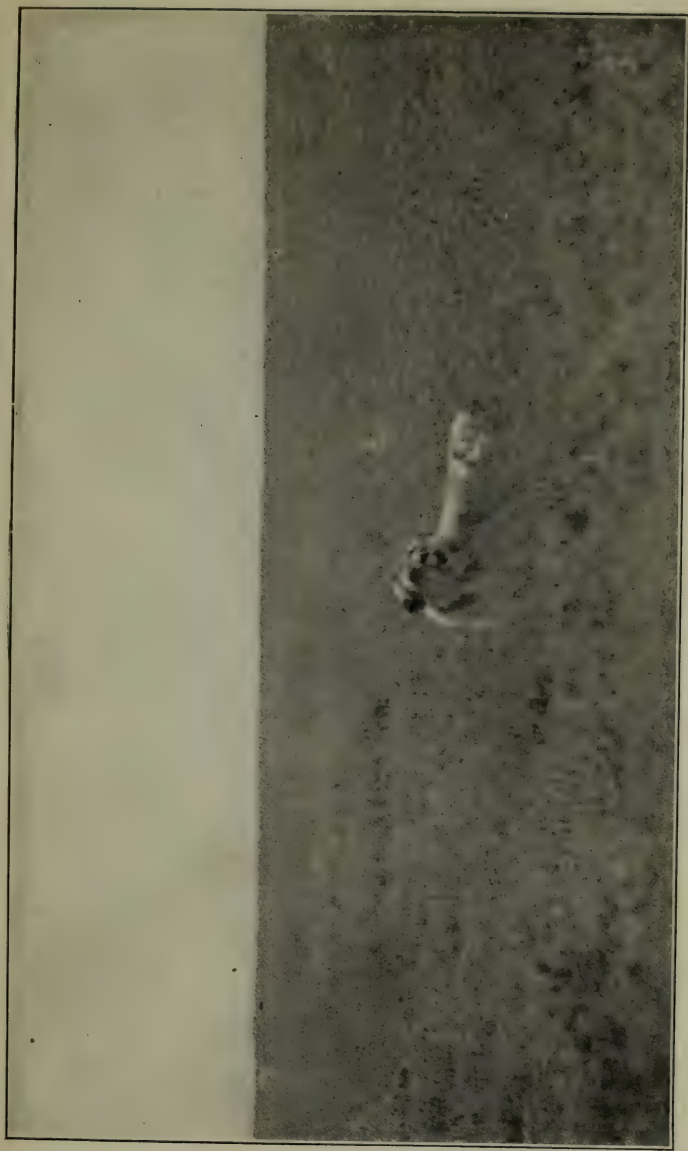
These lions are unsophisticated. They know nothing of

rifles. Heretofore, there has been no living thing they have had cause to fear. As a consequence, they do not always take cover early in the morning, as is the habit of lions everywhere else, but are to be seen roaming the plains until the day gets hot, and then lying down under the nearest lone shady tree. There they can be approached in the flivver to just as close as we—or they—think desirable. Thus is afforded an opportunity to loose a shaft at selected range and in such surroundings that, if wounded, the beast does not instantly plunge into dangerous cover. A wounded lion in cover is the one complication every hunter, rifle or otherwise, prays devoutly to avoid.

Nowhere else, in known hunting territory, at least, does this combination exist. It is a peculiar one: many lions out in the open in daylight; the possibility of a short range; and country over which a car can be driven. This lion killing with the broad arrow, I must repeat, is a stunt, owing to the especial conditions. Barring them, lions cannot be fairly so killed except by lucky accident. And even in these especial conditions, the game is a chancy one.

By actual statistics, sixty per cent. of lions hit by arrows charge home and must be stopped by the backing rifles without which your archers would soon have been mincemeat. The other forty per cent. did not run away; they were merely so busy pouncing upon and chewing up the arrows





*Photo by Leslie Simon*

Lion roaring in objection to our presence



that fell near them that a charge did not occur to them. If the archer could, while the beast was so occupied, get a shaft into the chest cavity, he killed the lion without the help of the rifle. The broad-head is fatal when so placed; but not instantly. There were also a large number sure to charge, and hence to be stopped by the rifle, before they were touched by arrows at all—merely because they were angered at being disturbed.

So I want to make it clear that, although the archers slew five lions in the open with the long bow—besides one from a *boma* at night—that weapon can hardly be considered a legitimate lion killer. It is feasible only as a sport when heavily backed, and can in no sense stand on its own feet as it does with American heavy game.

That being understood, I can state that, as a sport, in these conditions, lion shooting with the long bow is packed about as full of thrills as it will stick.

Our first effective day is a fair sample. We started out across the plains before sunup; and for several miles had nothing to do but admire the dawn and marvel at the hordes of game which grazed everywhere or raced alongside of us or across our front. Then, in the distance, we caught sight of the unmistakable leisurely free movement of lions. We made out three of them. Leslie speeded up and we rapidly drew near. Then they turned out, not three, but six.

This was a lot of lions to face—about five too many—so we trailed along at a slow gait, hoping one would separate himself from his friends. They were moving at a dignified walk and had not seen us. Suddenly, two lionesses looked back, stared a moment, then turned and began deliberately to stalk the car. They came sneaking along, belly to earth, cat fashion, taking advantage of concealment just as though we were some sort of new game they wanted to catch and take home to the children—as, indeed, we were.

While we waited, ready to go into action if need be, we had a chance in imagination to appreciate the state of mind of the selected zebra, only the zebra is defenseless and we were not.

When they had approached to within about sixty yards, they stopped to take another look, then decided they did not want that thing after all, and turned slowly away to follow the others. By good fortune, they separated. Leslie took instant advantage of the chance to push the car between them and to edge off after the outside one. A lion does not like to be followed about and will stand just about so much of it. He is willing, nine times in ten, to go away peaceably; but he will not go far if you tag after him. He will squat, facing you, warn you off by voice and switching his tail. If you disregard this hint long enough, he will come on over to see about it. Sometimes he will do this two



or three times before bringing matters to an issue, and sometimes he will argue quite a while before getting action. It was by taking advantage of this trait that we hoped to get the archers their chance.

So we followed off her flank, keeping about her speed. She led us out on to the open plains, at first at a walk, then at a long, easy lope. We, coursing alongside and about sixty yards away, had every opportunity of admiring her; and she was certainly a beautiful sight. Finally she approached a good-sized tree and checked. We supposed, of course, she would lie down under it; but, as she neared it, she made a mighty spring for the lowermost crotch, about ten feet up. She landed clumsily and fell back. Thereupon she went around to the other side of the tree, got a better start, and landed.

This was a unique sight—an African lion in a tree. I never heard of a case before. It is not by habit or instinct a tree animal. As far as I know, no other such instance has ever been recorded. Yet there she was, ten feet up, and offering a beautiful mark.

We pulled up at thirty-three paces and the archers began to shoot. Now their mark at thirty yards is a nine-inch bull's-eye, and they can hit it practically every time. Nevertheless, at this—and subsequent lions—their shooting was very bad. There was no theoretical reason, so far as their skill was concerned, why they should not have hit

any of those lions practically every time. But it proved far otherwise. In a subsequent experience, as high as seventy-odd shafts sped made from three to seven hits. Even at this stationary lioness up a tree, at thirty-three paces, some twenty-nine shafts were launched. Nor was this the effect of buck fever, or nervousness in the presence of dangerous game, or anything like that. They shot deliberately enough. It was due solely and simply to the delicate coördination required by archery technique.

There are, you will remember, some seventeen things that must work together for accuracy. In order to get them to work together, the archer must centre his attention on them. The major portion of his consciousness must be with his bow and not with his mark, whatever it may be. Until he can think of his game as impersonally as he thinks of a straw target, he will miss. With ordinary game, he can do this; but it is beyond human nature for a man, unless he has had long experience with them, to think of an angry and restless beast as a straw lion. His attention and consciousness are at the wrong end. He is thinking of the lion and letting his technic take care of itself. It does not do so. Therefore, his release is creeping, or his bow arm jerks, or his back muscles spring, or something else; and his shaft flies just wide enough to miss.

The arrows flew thick and fast. The tree around that lioness began to look like an erection of porcupine quills. A

few shafts struck her in out-of-the-way places, but inflicted only slight flesh wounds. She was very angry about it. Gladly would she have charged to put an end to this nuisance, but she was ten feet up in the air, and she was not accustomed to being up in the air, and she did not quite know how to jump down. Time and again she gathered herself together to spring, but could not figure it out. She reminded me of a boy afraid to dive. Then two arrows almost simultaneously pierced her ribs. She sank slowly into the crotch and died.

We approached the tree and took pictures. At the same time, we became aware of the fact that this was a bee tree, and that the bees were home, but perfectly willing to emerge if urged. This looked like a problem. We were considering it when Leslie happened to glance up and, on the sky line about a mile away, caught sight of a very fine maned lion. Hastily piling into the motor car, we turned on the juice and rattlety-banged off over the rolling plains in his pursuit. He was large and lordly and indolent, and disinclined to exertion. Nineteen hyenas attended him—at a safe distance. He did us the honour of jog-trotting for about half a mile, glancing at us in an annoyed fashion from time to time. We had a wonderful chance to look him over, to admire the lithe grace of his movements, the rippling of his heavy mane in the breeze. Then, suddenly, he stopped and faced us, somewhat out of breath. We drew up exactly

forty-seven paces distant, as it afterward proved. The archers hopped out; we went into action.

But he was a dignified person, and his dignity was badly ruffled. He paid no attention to the arrows, which whizzed near but did not touch him. Suddenly, he was on his feet and at us.

His first few leaps, before he settled into his stride, were comparatively slow. I said "comparatively"; by that, I mean slow for a lion. At forty yards, I fired a bullet from the .405 straight into the point of his shoulder. This should have put him down, but it never even checked him. Leslie's big double .577 roared immediately after, the bullet hitting him in the face and ranging back into his body. This should have blown him sky-high, as the .577 is no child's toy. It, too, failed even to shorten his stride.

He was now coming great guns. I had just time to yank down and back the lever before he was right on us. My bullet, delivered at about ten feet, hit him in the air in mid-spring, in the chest just forward of the diaphragm, ranging slightly back and out the other side. Leslie fired his second barrel at the same instant straight through the beast's forehead. The lion was killed stone dead in midair.

Standing just to one side of his direct charge—he had elected Leslie—I saw his great head drop straight down between his outstretched forepaws. Nevertheless, his spring, being started, carried through true to the end; and if



Leslie, after firing, had not side-stepped hastily, the dead mass would have bowled him over. The body hit the ground ten feet the other side of him and rolled over and over. If Leslie had not shot very coolly and accurately, he would certainly have been killed. The three other hits were all or any of them fatal enough, but they did not suffice to stop that tremendous vitality soon enough to prevent his getting through.

We agreed that this was a close one, and proceeded to skin that lion. Then we returned leisurely toward the tree to get the arrow lioness. Over the crest of the gentle slope we ran smack into six more lions travelling in the opposite direction. We continued toward them to within about eighty yards, when two became so belligerent that we decided ourselves outnumbered.

"One lion, all right; two lions—well, maybe; six lions—no, that is to say not!" we remarked.

But there seemed to be, as yet, no law against tagging along after; the hyenas seemed to be doing it. So we fell in discreetly in the rear and joined the procession. They moved at a walk, not only unafraid of us, but completely ignoring our existence. Heaven knows, I would never ignore a flivver behind me!

Finally, one dropped a little behind. We spurted and by a masterly manœuvre insinuated ourselves between him and his friends, who paced solemnly away, bless them!

Art hopped out and at fifty yards placed a broad-head through his hind foot. The shaft stayed there, and this engrossed his attention for a moment or so until he had broken it off and chewed it angrily to bits. Then, just as he faced us again, another from the volleys of arrows launched at him flicked his haunch. He seized upon this, too, and chewed it.

Then, several times, he prepared to charge, and once came part way; but on each occasion an arrow falling close to him attracted his attention. He would rise up and pounce upon it as a cat pounces on a ball it is playing with. Evidently, he was beginning to ascribe most of his troubles to arrows rather than to flivvers, as he had been inclined to do at first. This was a very good example of that forty per cent. I mentioned, of lions that will stop to fight the arrows rather than charge. As long as we had arrows to feed him, he stayed right on that job. Nor was he getting off scot-free. One of the hits pierced his body back of the diaphragm. It would have killed him in time, probably of peritonitis. If it had been six or eight inches farther forward, it would have killed him almost at once. But it wasn't.

Then, suddenly, Art—or Doc—remarked: "Gosh!"

"What is it?" we muttered from within our close attention to that lion.

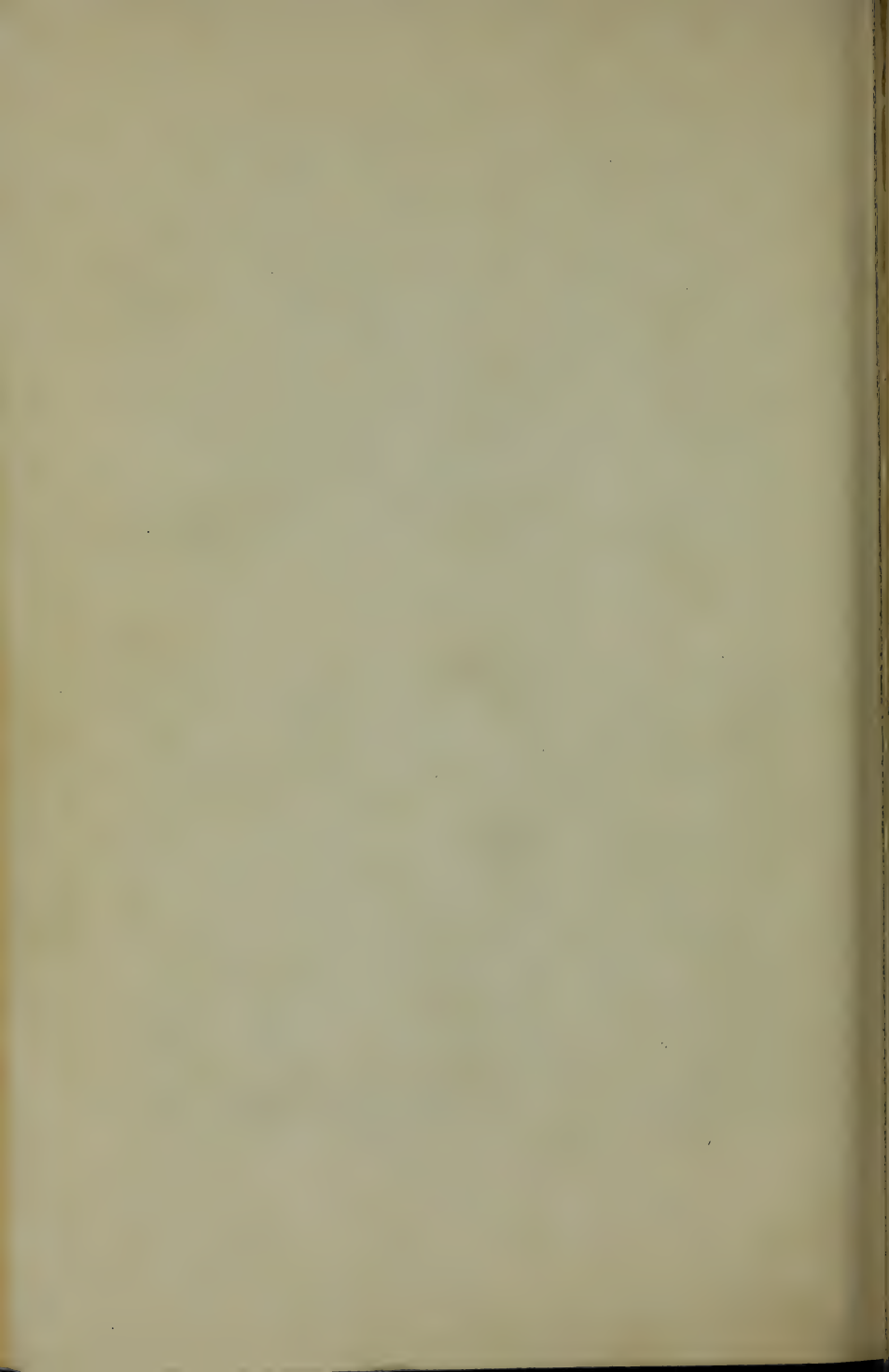
"Quiver's empty."



Left to right: Doc, Leslie, and Art



Stewart Edward White





We had no more arrows to supply that arrow-fed lion. And he had eaten all within reach and he was beginning to focus his mind on us again. A hasty exchange of words found us in agreement that only one thing could be done. The .405 settled him before he could start our way.

Leslie then saw four more lions in another direction, but we passed them up. We had to go get that lioness out of the bee tree. But that made seventeen in the open in a space about a mile square.

That is a not untypical day after lions with the bow and arrow—except that they came thicker and faster than usual. And right here, mainly because nobody else is likely to do it, I want to say just a few sad words on behalf of the lowly supers in this drama. I refer to the life-insurance fellows—Leslie Simson and myself. Our job is a humble but very necessary one. Between us, we are supposed to get the car up very close to the lions and then to see to it that the said lions do not puncture a tire or something. Furthermore, we are supposed to do nothing about it until the last possible moment. Otherwise, we earn silent but heavy disapprobation; or else we are quite likely to be told that the beast was not really coming in that time, but only started toward us as a bluff and would have stopped of his own accord if we had let him alone.

Ours is a waiting game, in cold blood. It is one thing to corner a lion and then shoot him at your own moment,

charge or not. It is quite another to stand waiting within fifty yards of a beast angered by being chased, and wounded by arrows, sometimes for five or ten or fifteen minutes on end, without being able to relax the tension for a fraction of a second. The archers are at least busy doing something. And when the thing breaks, our responsibility is absolute. If the beast gets through, someone is going to be killed. The archers are privileged to miss; we are not.

It is for this reason alone a highly dangerous game to play. Standing at acute tension over a period of time is not conducive to the necessary accurate shooting except by a distinct effort of the will. Two experienced backing guns is the minimum with which it should be attempted. One gun, no matter how many lions he has killed afoot and by himself, is not enough. This is for the above-mentioned reason solely.

But there are other elements of danger not comprehended in the usual lion shooting. It is necessary to bring the car to a stand and to disembark at a very short distance from the beast, which is already angry at being followed. Now, unless you have tried it, you will never be able to realize how much sway and oscillation the springs impart to a motor car for some few seconds after it has been brought to a standstill. So great is this, especially when people are hastily getting out, that it is extremely difficult to shoot from the car. It is wise for everybody to get out at once.

That necessarily leaves several seconds unprotected, no matter how expeditiously the manœuvre is carried out.

If the lion selects that precise time to come in, it is bad. And there is no way of telling when he will do so. On several occasions, the riflemen have been forced to get busy fairly before the car has stopped. In one instance, the lion was stopped three paces from the radiator. On to the dead body of another we could have stepped from the running board.

In the first five days of actual arrow hunting, we were charged eight times. Two lions fell to arrows alone; nine were killed with the rifles. Of these latter, five had been hit by arrows. I instance these statistics as fairly typical. One of the arrow-killed lions started toward us but was diverted by a rifle shot that just singed his skin. It did him no damage, but did return his attention to chewing arrows. He had been doing this, and evidently ascribed his annoyances to them. Whether without the rifle shot he would have come through or not is a moot point. On the other hand, one of those killed by the rifle might have died of his arrow wounds. We killed him because the supply of arrows was exhausted. Whether he would have charged or lain there and died—and how soon he would have died—is also a moot question. It is my opinion that moot questions have small place within fifty yards of a wounded lion. It is only my opinion.

Later in the game, we modified conditions somewhat. No longer did we get quite so close. We let the archers open hostilities at sixty yards. That gave us a little more room for action. We also cut out lionesses and confined our efforts to males. The females are much quicker to make up their minds to charge, they start faster and are harder to hit. That helped some, but not too much. When Leslie departed at the end of a few weeks, we called the arrow stunt on lions finished. One backing gun is not enough.

Although I am not an archer, but only shoot a little with the bow and arrow, I tried it twice to see how it seemed. Art is an excellent rifle shot, and after he had seen a few charges and knew what to expect, he and Leslie did the backing to give me a chance. We bayed one up at just sixty paces. I managed to get my first arrow in the top of his head. An arrow there does no damage, but does stick deep in the large muscle. He reared mightily, trying to get at the arrow with his forefeet, then dropped to face us. I shot twice more, one arrow to the left, the other falling in front of him. He pounced upon the latter, tore it to flinders, and promptly charged. Art's bullet merely cut the skin of his ear. Leslie's .577 was also a trifle high, grooving the muscle on the top of his head so deeply as to daze him, so he stopped twenty-five yards away. At this short range I put an arrow through his heart; that killed him. Now, this lion was undoubtedly killed by an arrow—Leslie's bullet inflicted no



real damage and would have had but a temporary stunning effect—and yet it was the rifle that made his killing possible.

This satisfied me for a while. I went back to the life-insurance business. Then, just before Leslie went, and as my left wrist had partially recovered from a slight sprain, I tried it again. This time we cut out a young lion from a bunch of five and bayed him up at about ninety yards. It was pretty long range, but, from the way he acted, we did not think we could get nearer without provoking a charge and so being forced to shoot him with rifles. However, he acted like a gentleman, got interested in chewing arrows to slivers, and so gave us a chance. Once he did start to come toward us, but saw one of Doc's nice white-feathered shafts and stopped to eat it.

Finally, he lay down to face us, and as we were out of arrows, it looked like a stalemate, with final recourse to the gun. Leslie wanted to try something, so he sat down where he could get a good sight and put three .22 bullets accurately into the sticking place. They killed that lion! We found one of my arrows through his shoulder and into his chest cavity. That would have killed him inside a minute. If we had known, we would have let him alone.

But this brings me to a few words of wisdom I should like to address to the fathers and mothers of juvenile America. They concern the .22 calibre rifle. I mean the sort they fondly give little Willie at Christmas and turn him loose

with all his ten-year-old judgment. They think they have done something harmless because it is a little gun. Let me tell you something of that little gun.

We have one in camp. Its original purpose was guinea fowl, marmots, and such small game. Now we use it also for supplying our own table. With it we kill the gazelles, including the big Robert's gazelle, which is about the same size as our deer. Furthermore, it is sure death to the hyena, a big strong beast. To accomplish this result, the tiny bullet must be accurately placed, either sidewise in the neck or through the heart. Unless it can be so placed every time, it is unjustified. No man who is not thoroughly in command of his weapon every time should ever pop the thing at anything bigger than a rabbit. Cripples are inexcusable. Nor should even a crack shot ever be tempted beyond the range at which he is sure. Art and I find this limit about a hundred yards. We never shoot farther than that with the .22, and, so far, we have had no cripples. I am thus emphatic because I do not want any one to think I consider the .22 a proper rifle for big game. It is not. We use it carefully, as a meat gun, to save big cartridges.

But the point I am trying to prove is that the thing is a deadly weapon, capable of killing instantly in their tracks—and not by accident, but repeatedly—beasts much more tenacious of life than is man. Yet you will see small boys by dozens roaming the fields, armed with the “little” .22,

without the slightest bit of supervision or instruction, popping away here, there, and everywhere. And at home sits papa, fatly and fatuously thinking what a good, careful parent he is.

All of which is not what I started to say at all. What I started to say is that this bow-and-arrow game with lions is one of the liveliest and most exciting I have tackled yet. It is grand sport. But it is not, like all other sporting field archery, a gunless game. Just as to play tennis you need certain implements—a net, a court, a racket, some balls—so in this game certain implements are necessary.

Some of these implements are not included in field archery. Perhaps this is not field archery, but a new game entirely, requiring a new name. What you need for it are one motor car, bows and arrows—and two proper rifles with cool and experienced men behind them.

With the last lines of the preceding paragraph, I intended yesterday to end this chapter. This morning, however, we took a forty-mile drive in the car, and the results thereof are so important to the vital statistics of our province of Nyumbo that I am moved to add a paragraph or two. We are no flamboyant boosters, but we want to do ourselves full justice.

Our population, in short, is much larger than we had thought. We drove through a low pass in our westward mountains, to find ourselves in a new country. It might

be described as a diversified circular area surrounded by mountains. The diameter of the circle might be fifteen or twenty miles. The diversification consisted of a complicated series of low, gently sloping hills that crossed one another to form a great number of miniature shallow cups or valleys. These varied in diameter from one to two and a half or three miles. They were open and green, and were separated from one another not only by the low ridges but by the fact that the upper slopes of these ridges were grown with thin mimosa forests. We drove along the slopes and looked down upon the wide, shallow saucers.

In each of these saucers were game animals in what I fear will be to you incredible numbers. We had from our unseen elevations every opportunity of examining and counting and estimating them as they stood motionless or grazed slowly. Beginning at one end, we counted one by one the beasts in certain typical herds. Then we measured how many such herds the valley contained. We did this fairly. That is to say, we did not count where they stood thickest and do our estimating where they stood thinner. We are boosters, but we do not do our claiming on the basis of the telephone book, or the school directory, or some such thing. Furthermore, we confined ourselves to wildebeest, because wildebeest are black and show up well. We ignored the swarms of gazelles, semivisible at a distance. We overlooked the fact that there were at all times in view—and in

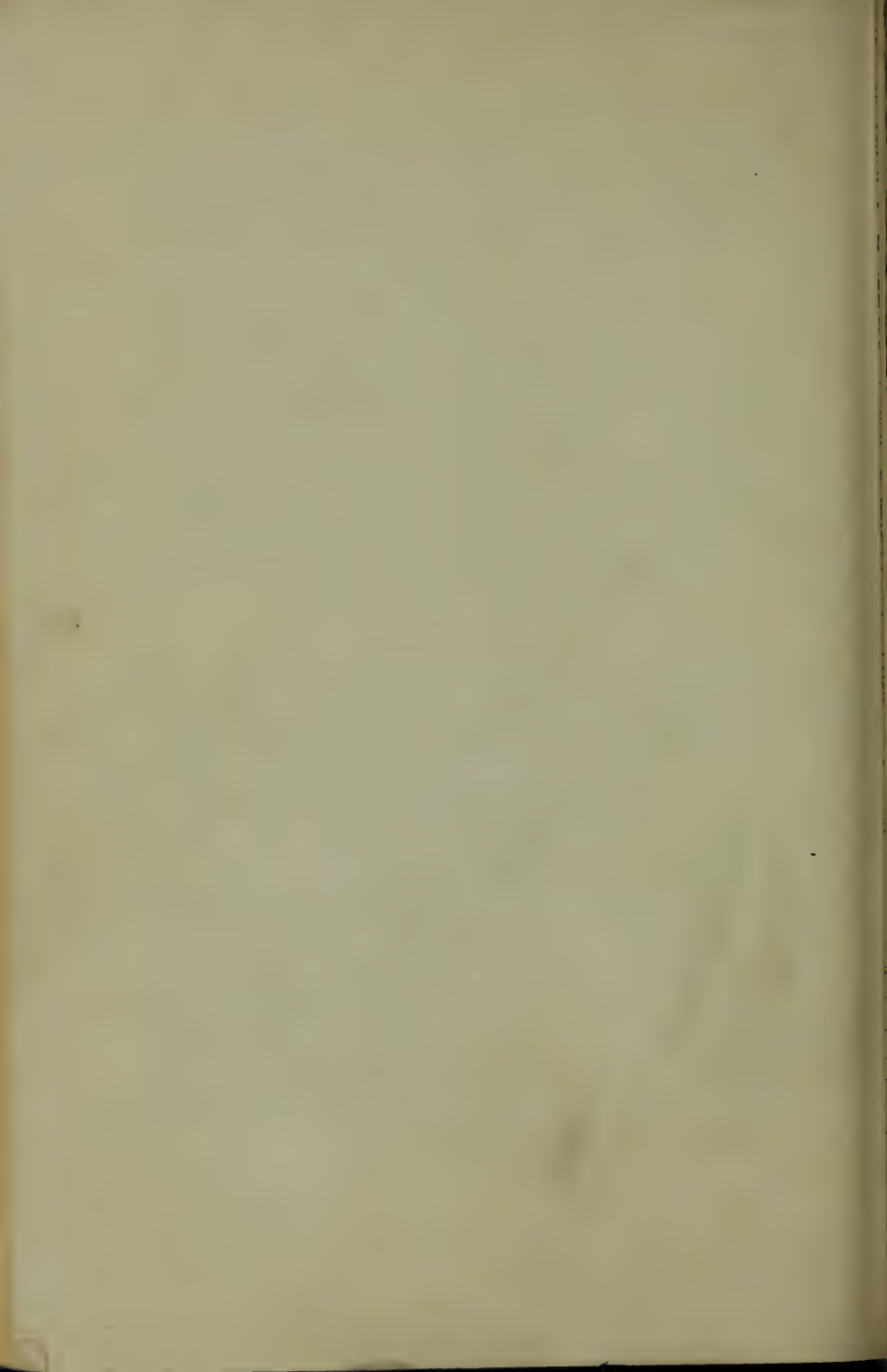




Art's lion shot from the boma



The lioness that climbed a tree

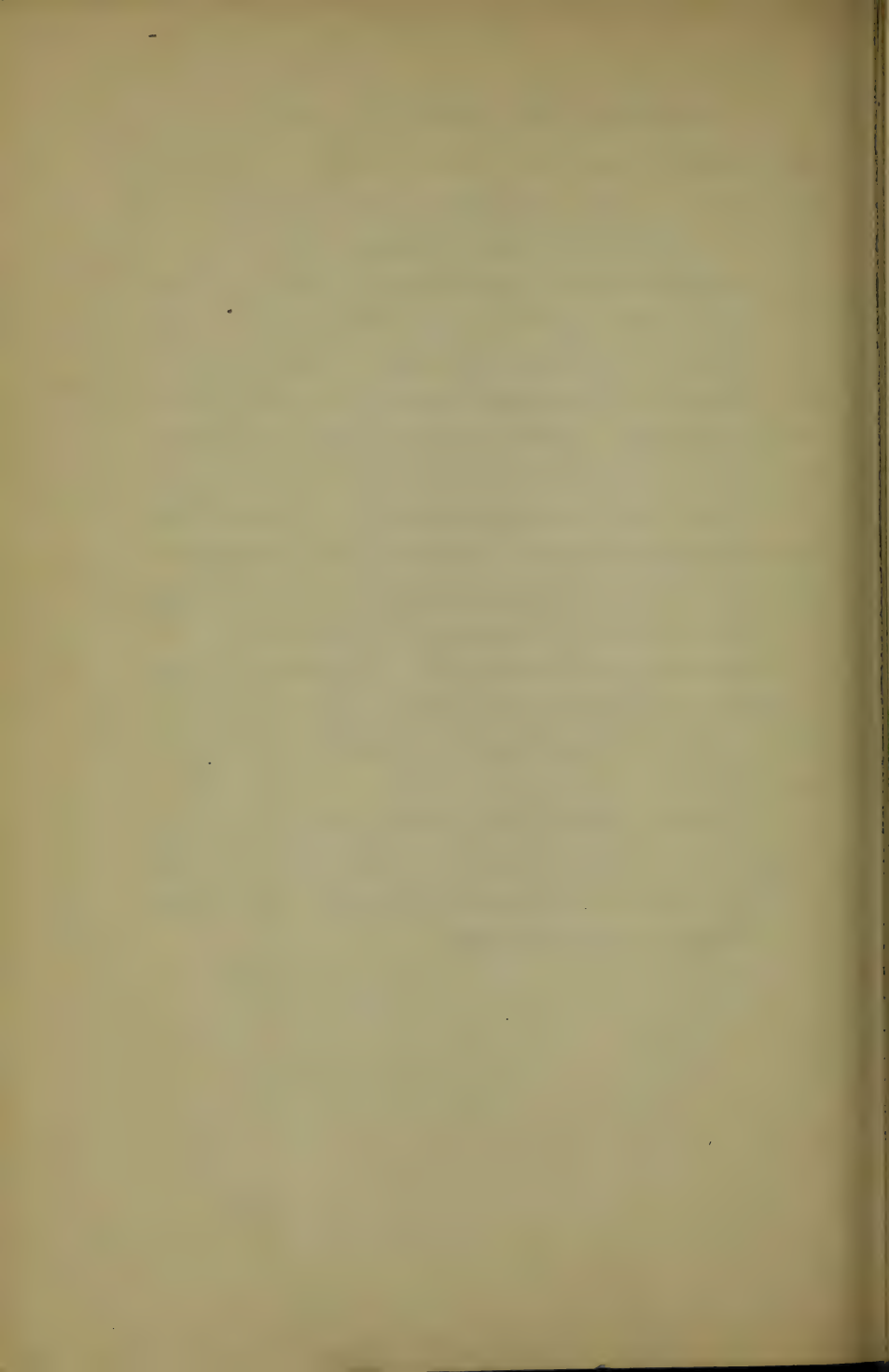


large numbers—hartebeest, topi, giraffes, and the like. Our results we could not believe ourselves until we had checked and rechecked them and thought them over.

In one cup alone were ten thousand. When we moved the car, it seemed that fully as many more poured out from the mimosas to the safety of the open. There were many such cups, and each and every one was for its size fully as thickly populated. In that one district there were certainly not less than three hundred thousand wildebeest alone. Doc claims a full five hundred thousand. Those are large figures, but they will hold. I have seen things in aggregate: cattle by thousands in the big round-ups of old days, men by tens of thousands in the army and in crowds.

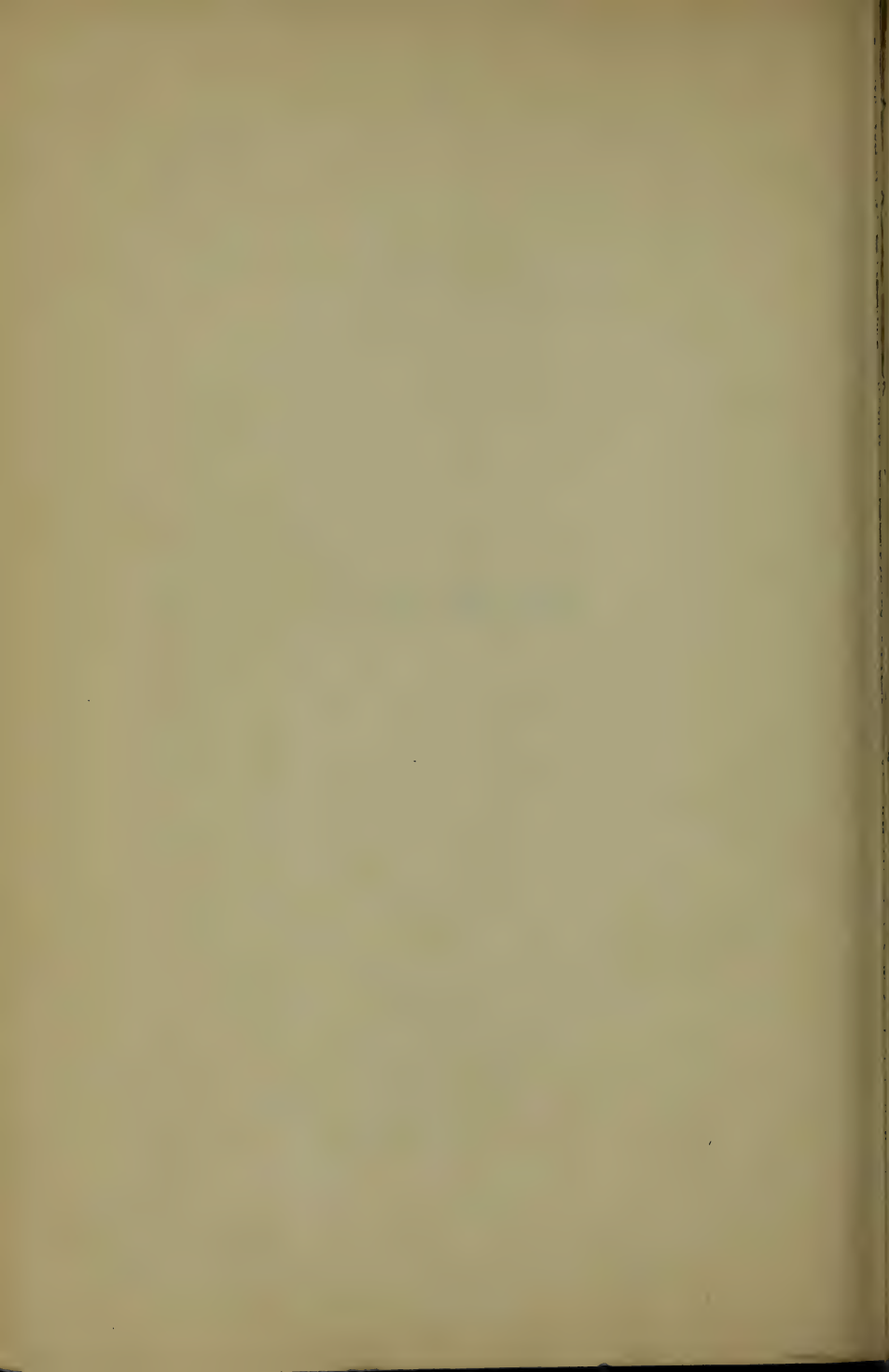
Furthermore, three men we sent out yesterday to scout in another but equally distant direction, this noon returned. They report, "Grass and water, and game like the blades of grass."

If ever before mortal eyes have beheld greater multitudes of wild animals in a like space, it must have been here. The classic descriptions of the game fields of old South Africa make mention of no such hordes.





## LION HUNTING



## CHAPTER VI

### LION HUNTING

ONE must confess to rather mixed feelings as respects lions, and one never quite succeeds in straightening them out. Thence arise inconsistencies of conduct which cannot be gainsaid. Before the bar of strict justice we cannot help but condemn him from almost any point of view. He is probably the most single-minded and effective destructive agent in the world. He is a killer and nothing else; and he kills for the sake of killing. He is fierce and relentless and exceedingly dangerous. The death of one of him means an immense conservation of innocent and interesting animal life. It is safe to say that each lion unit accounts for three hundred head a year of the larger game animals. A lion unit may mean from one to four individuals. That is to say, one of these beasts may hunt alone, or he may join with a number of his like. But he is going to eat his fill every night if he possibly can. If more than four are in one band, they do not content themselves with one kill.

Even ignoring the solitary hunters, or the twos and threes, and adopting three hundred kills for every four, the destruction in a year is appalling. We have seen near Nyumbo

three hundred and eighty-four different lions. It goes without saying that, in the case of a beast nocturnal in habit and habiting thick cover by preference, we have seen but a small proportion of those within even this limited district. It is evident that at the very least those we have seen destroy, every year, somewhere about twenty-seven thousand game animals; and undoubtedly a great many more.

They are classed as "vermin" in the game laws; and a bounty is paid for their killing. Their victims are all of the larger sort. The lion scorns the small fry, but will take on anything up to and including eland and giraffe. And the amount of mortal terror the mere possibility of his presence injects into an otherwise peaceable community can be gauged only by one who has camped on the veldt and sensed the vast uneasy panic that pervades the whole night world. By the same law he metes out to others, it should logically be thumbs down for the lion. And yet——

He is a fine and noble beast in appearance, an ornament to any community. He has fierce and uncompromising courage. He is a bonny fighter, and if you take issue with him you must be prepared to see it through. Without him, this world of ours would lose much of its colour. I admire the lion. I should very much dislike it if he were to be wiped out.

Of the latter event, however, there is no danger. The



lion is in no peril of extinction, or even of becoming scarce. He has been hunted by many sportsmen for twenty years on the Athi plains only just outside of Nairobi itself; yet he still frequents the Athi plains in numbers. It is no longer as possible to get him as it used to be, because he has grown wise and avoids the first signs of trouble, however grandly he may fight if trouble forces itself upon him. He has not become a coward—a lion is never a coward—but he has learned discretion, and he has learned something of the sportsman's methods and how to frustrate them. But he is there; and he will continue to be there until the country becomes settled and fenced. That, rather than shooting *per se*, is what really cleans up the game of any kind. The same may be said of all the trodden *safari* routes. To get from one to four or five lions has always been considered the crowning glory of an ordinary sportsman's *safari*. Even in the old days, they rarely got more. That was not then, any more than it is now, due to scarcity of lions, but to inexperience, and also partly to the wisdom of the white hunters in charge of the expedition. The latter are always exceedingly anxious that their clients shall get their lion, and zealous to bring that result about. But they also realize the danger of the game, especially to inexperienced men, even with good backing. A killed or mauled client is not a desirable thing to have on one's hands. Indeed, one of the best white hunters I know never allows his client even

to remain in the field once a lion has been wounded and has taken cover. He must go back to camp while the hunter attends to the situation. This man gets his clients their lion, but it is done with a minimum of danger—or thrill. And after the thing has been pulled off successfully, he—like his confreres—is quite content to rest on that, and to occupy his employer with the collection of more peaceable trophies. And quite right, too.

Of late years, in the beaten *safari* routes, the self-education of the lion has taken care of that problem. By far the majority of the lion skins brought home by the returned "African big-game hunter" have been shot from *bomas*. A *boma* is either a platform built in a tree, or a small corral of strong timber covered with thorns on a level with the ground. An animal killed for bait is tied to a tree eight or ten yards distant. The shooter enters his *boma* about dusk and stays there until full daylight. When, by the sounds, his white hunter knows things are ripe, he presses a flashlight and the sportsman cuts loose. It is an easy and a perfectly safe method of getting a lion skin or two.

It is doubtfully legitimate. Perhaps it is allowable for the sportsman to kill one that way, provided he does not appropriate a home reputation for something he has not done; but nothing more. Many of the best white hunters will not permit it at all. After all, the man has not hunted lions: he has merely shot lions.

These conditions obtain, mind you, in much shot-over country comparatively small in area. It is a mere pinhead on the map of Africa. The moment you get away from it into the back country, then the lions are—well, as they are here at Nyumbo.

In general, there are two ways really to hunt lions. You can go out afoot into likely places, approach as near and as best you can, and go into action. This may involve still-hunting, or tracking, or the working out of cover in thickets or dongas; the precise method will depend on the particular circumstances.

The other way is to look for them with glasses, from an eminence. When you see them, you go over and chase them until they stand, and then go to shooting. You will not have to chase them very far, as a usual thing! They do not take much following about. The chasing may be done on a horse; or, as we do it, with a flivver.

Each method has its advantages, as well as its especial dangers. Up to the time the first shot is delivered, the man on foot is not likely to be charged. He can pick that time, or he need not shoot at all. Unless he happens to suffer an attack due to his stoning a donga, he can select his field of battle or decline battle altogether. He must make his decision as to that. For example, it is unwise to shoot, at any range, at a running beast if cover is near. No man can place his shot in those conditions. The chances are eight



to ten that he will merely wound the animal, which will promptly take cover. For the same reason, he is well advised not to shoot at a lion seated or lying on the edge of a thick donga unless he has an absolutely sure shot for a vital point.

For, and here is the point, up to the moment he pulls the trigger, the decision is his; but after that, if he is a true sportsman and not a welsher, the decision has been made and he must abide by it. He must play the cards as they lie. He did not need to start this thing; but having started it, he is bound in honour to use his very best efforts to finish it. A pretty fellow he'd look in his own eyes if he took all the good luck, and then, when bad luck came his way, he should repudiate it and take his dolls and go home. The man who hits his lucky lion stone dead, but who then leaves his unlucky lion in cover without having done everything possible, is not playing the game. He should not even be permitted to hold cards.

And that is where most of the time the trouble comes in the foot hunting. One minute you are walking along in a perfectly peaceful world without a care on your mind; the next minute you have an angry and wounded lion in a dense thicket, and it is up to you to do something about it.

The chief advantage of the chase 'em up with horse or car method is that you'll almost certainly get your shot out on the open. The disadvantage is that, since lions are very



touchy about their dignity, you are quite likely to be charged.

In illustration of the foregoing I will detail, as in an earlier chapter I said I might, the story of the death of Caruso. Caruso, it will be remembered, was the leading and vocal spirit of a band of lions that used to hunt out on the plains and return past our town more or less early in the morning, roaring vociferously at each other. We became interested in them because of the amount of noise they made. Otherwise, they were just one lot among many. They always took the same route in the same direction, and our curiosity led us to make one or two excursions into that part of the country just to see what they looked like.

But we seemed always to be too late. By the time we got there, nor hide nor hair of them was to be seen; they had all taken cover. After this had happened two or three times, it began to dawn on us that it was not merely accidental; that we had to do with a settled and crafty policy of avoidance. Our curiosity was really aroused; our skill seemed challenged. We began to devote time to Caruso; much more time than would probably have been sufficient to find us several other lions.

At first, we simply got up earlier and earlier and followed their line, thinking thus to come up with them. In this manner, I did, one day, catch up with the feminine rear guard, as before described, and saw others stringing away

over the hill; but Caruso himself, heading the procession, had gone on. Then I tried getting up even earlier, traveling by lantern light, and making a wide circle to try to cut in across the line of retreat. This was a winner in that one morning I did get a sight of Caruso. He was down the ridge about three hundred yards, walking slowly home. A hyena attendant paced behind him. Every twenty yards or so he roared. He would drop his head down close to the ground between his feet, raising it slowly as the roar increased in volume, until at the last it pointed to the sky. I was glad to see this, and he was a magnificent sight with his mane swelling in the morning breeze, but before I could make my way to him he had gone. However, I found out where he lived and where this band returned each day after their night's kills.

Down a shallow valley meandered a dry narrow stream bed between perpendicular banks. Its whole length was, of course, masked by a strip of trees and bushes, and its edges in most places were grown with high grass. This strip averaged perhaps only fifty yards wide. In some short stretches it thinned out merely to a few low bushes, and here the game trails crossed. But for a quarter of a mile it enlarged and spread and flattened out to form a spacious thicket or jungle. This was composed of a few scattered large trees, and an interlacement of the large stems of bushes, fifteen to twenty feet high, whose tops made a leafy

canopy impenetrable to sunlight. The edges also were a wall of leafy screen; once this was pushed aside, one could peer for fifteen to twenty feet into the barred dim coolness, until the crisscross of the thick bush stems closed the view. Not that I did this. The place was the house of Caruso and his interesting ladies, and they were at home.

But the experience seemed to promise well for the cut-in idea; and now I knew where to cut in. Doc and I got up even earlier and walked even faster on the necessary half circle, and sat us down in front of Caruso's house to wait. We knew from the absence of fresh spoor they had not yet returned; so we had hopes.

We waited for some time. Then over the sky line of the slope before us, and pell-mell in frantic terror, came a rush of game. They did not stop to look back, as game generally does when alarmed, but stampeded by us and across the donga and out of sight as fast as they could run. Even the little Tommies came flying along like a white cloud; and Tommy is an imperturbable chap who takes care of himself but is not subject to flurries. One not fully experienced in the ways of African game would probably have concluded that the Caruso family must certainly be close behind, but this did not seem likely to us. In the daylight hours, game animals are not particularly afraid of lions; nor do lions bother them. The beasts will draw respectfully fifty yards



or so to right and left in order to afford their lord clear passage; but that is all. We were puzzled.

Then on the sky line appeared just one silhouette with up-pricked ears, then another, then two and three, until ten stood there gazing out over an emptied landscape. The mystery was solved. These were wild hunting dogs.

There is no agency more destructive of game, not even excepting the lion. They kill by coursing, day or night. Furthermore, they kill, not merely to eat, but also for the fun of the chase. Once they have fixed their attention on a beast, that beast is doomed, for they will follow it to the death. And, to give the devil his due, they are very clever at relaying one another and in cutting across the arcs of circles. From these, their original ancestors, does the modern domestic dog inherit his passionate love of the chase. Not only are they fearfully destructive in their indefatigable coursing, but they will clear a district of game. Each individual beast knows only too well that, once he is marked by the pack, he is doomed. His only safety is to keep out of sight. No wonder even the Tommies fled in abject and headlong terror. Fortunately, these dogs are rather uncommon.

Here was my chance for the one good deed of the day. I sat down, with Suleimani crouched beside to feed me cartridges, and opened rapid fire with the Springfield. They were at one hundred and thirty-three paces when we began



on them; and I am glad to say I killed the whole ten before they could get over the hill, the last at two hundred and forty-four yards. I was able to do this because, when one fell, the others would hop and dance up and down about the body for a second or so before running on again. When the battle was over they lay in separated groups of twos and threes. It was, too, one of these rare mornings when I was shooting "away over my head," as I used only eleven cartridges.

Of course, that finished Caruso chances for the day; but we considered the morning well spent. These dogs are a little smaller than police dogs, yellow in colour, but with large irregular black patches on the body and with black heads and tails, the latter tipped conspicuously with white. They carry bat ears like a French bulldog.

So we withdrew for that day. And thus it went. Every once in a while we would think up a new scheme and try it out, but it never seemed to work. We began to respect Caruso's strategic ability, but by the same token my resolution grew.

Then, one morning, persistence had its reward. This time I got up long before dawn, went down our own river with a lantern, hung the lantern in a tree when daylight permitted me to do so, and sneaked down the bank to the delta formed by it and Caruso's donga. There, sitting on her haunches under a tree, her back toward me, surveying

the landscape before retiring for the day, was a lioness. She did not interest me, but she was a good indication. And then, through one of the breaks or thin places in the donga, and on the other side of it, I made out Caruso between two bushes. The chance was not the most favourable. He was right next to cover, and about a hundred and forty yards away, and I was forced to shoot offhand and in a bad light. However, I had been at this Caruso business a long time, so I took it on and did my best. The bullet knocked him right off his feet, but he was instantly up again with a growl, and loped away parallel to the donga and in the direction of the big thicket.

Suleimani and I ran down as fast as we could, dashed through the thin place in the donga, and out the other side. In the high nettles next the donga, and in the general direction of Caruso's flight, I caught sight of a long gliding yellow body. Had I had the slightest idea that this was another lion, I should not have dreamed of disturbing it. However, with a wounded beast it is wise to shoot at any glimpse, provided he is not too close. So I snap-shot. As the bullet told and the animal reared to the impact, I saw, too late, that it was a lioness.

So there we were in just the situation I outlined a while ago. Two short minutes before, we had dwelt in a nice safe world with no responsibilities. Now we had two wounded lions together in as large and thick a piece of cover

as you could wish to see in a day's walk. And it was up to me to do my best to kill them. I did not have to start that show; but I had started it, and unless I wanted to stultify myself utterly, I must play it out.

The preliminaries of the case were soon run through. That is to say, we followed Caruso's spoor and determined where he had entered the thicket. Then we sent our one porter up a tree—he selected a high one and ascended it to the top—to spy whether or not one or both of the beasts might emerge on the other side, while we methodically stoned and shot up with the .22 down one side of the jungle and up the other. This elicited at one point a series of terrific growls and the violent shaking of low bushes. We stood to arms, but nothing more happened. In our slow trip around the cover we discovered the lioness's spoor and found out where she had gone in. Thus we knew the two wounded lions were there. Whether any more of the large and interesting family had also gathered to condole, we had no means of telling.

Next, I called the boy down from the tree. He displayed no remarkable alacrity in the descent. Him I dispatched to camp with instructions to collect all available boys, all available empty gasoline cans, and some firecrackers we happened to possess. Pending his return from this enterprise, Suleimani, Kisumu, and I sat under a tree to wait. Waiting idly is irksome under such conditions. After a



time, we got tired of it and proposed to one another that we follow out Caruso's spoor a little farther, just to see what was the condition of the thicket where he had gone in. Therefore, we crossed the donga at a favourable spot, took up the trail where we had first found it, and retraced it rapidly. It led well outside the thicket, past a large tree grown high with nettles beneath, and across a little flat. Thus far we had followed it before. But when we were halfway across the nettles, walking confidently toward where we had left off, Caruso's great maned head suddenly reared up to my right and about six yards away. Willy to the last, the old chap had doubled back on his own trail and was there, lying in wait. Before he could move, I shot him dead.

This was the end of Caruso. We had him skinned by the time our emissary returned. The latter now reascended the tree. Myself in advance, our procession took up a noisy march. Some banged tin cans with sticks; others rattled more tin cans full of stones; others threw stones and yelled. Suleimani lighted firecrackers and threw them according to his judgment as to the length of fuses. This was, for one, superoptimistic. The cracker exploded close to Suleimani, to the great delight of all but himself. Thus, once more, we grandly circumnavigated that jungle. It seemed to us that any lady whose musical ear had been educated to Caruso's magnificent vocalization should have



done something in protest to such a racket. She did not. We withdrew discomfited. The usual confident predictions were made that she was surely dead by now, and that all we had to do was to walk right in and drag her out by the tail. Experience has shown that these predictions have about the same chance of verification as the weather forecasts in an almanac; so I declined the suggestion.

There remained only one thing left to do—go in after her, should that prove possible. So we retired the Wakoma to a safe distance well grown with good climbing trees, and returned to where the spoor entered the cover. The point of possible greatest danger lay where we should have to push through the screen of outside leaves into the thicket itself. That screen grew right down to the ground, but was very narrow; and once inside, as I before described, one could see for some short distance between the intercrossing stems or trunks of the high bushes. We were moderately certain that she was nowhere near this danger point. In the first place, we had earlier raised a growl farther down; in the second place, the screen was at the edge, and our pandemonium procession should have caused her either to move in or to come out. Nevertheless, we gave the place a liberal dose of .22's. Then, as one jumps into cold water, I thrust through the screen and squatted, peering intently about me.

After the strong sun outside, it was nice and cool in that dim, high-vaulted green room. The trunks of the bushes,

from one to three inches in thickness, upsprang from common centres to spread fanwise. This made various low arches and vistas with always the aggregate mass of them closing the view. We could move—and see—only by squatting or kneeling and stooping low. Our friend was nowhere in sight.

We breathed more easily. It was now a question of moving forward on the spoor slowly enough so that she could not surprise us. In order to press her attack, she must look at us, and in that case we should see her. She could not make a direct spring from concealment because her movements must be necessarily hampered by the growth. We hitched ourselves forward, stopping every foot or so to spy keenly in all directions. It was tense but very interesting work. Then we came to the stream bed, which must be crossed.

It was a narrow affair between almost perpendicular wooded banks, and about six feet deep. The bushes along its bank hung over at an angle. We slid to the bottom, then found we should be compelled to follow down a short distance in order to get out the other side. This was not so good, as we had to squat and hitch along below the overhanging brush.

Suddenly, the lioness thrust her head out just above us, staring down at us with round yellow eyes. She was about six feet away. She had heard us, but required an instant or

so to focus her attention on us visually. That was my own especial and private instant, and I took full advantage of it by boring a hole neatly just between her eyes. She reared high in the air with the shock. Though she was undoubtedly killed, I gave her another in the neck. She fell prone, with a magnificent crash that shook the loose earth from the bank in a miniature avalanche.

This is an example of taking the rough that justifies taking the smooth when it comes your way for a change. Several days later, early in the morning, I came across a fine lion lying near the edge of a thick donga. I stalked cautiously, manœuvred to get behind him, and at thirty paces made a very careful shot to break his back. I did not want him to get into that thick cover, and he did not, but died where he lay. A little of this sort of smooth is as balm to the soul of the lion hunter after a few trying experiences of the other kind.

Like all codes, the one formulated above must not be carried to a fanatical extreme. It is up to no one to commit suicide. There are times when bad luck may bring about a situation when one is perfectly justified in withdrawing from the field. This need not happen often. Many problems that look absolutely hopeless may be solved by a little time and patience. In general, a man who is sure of himself as a marksman can go on as long as he can see twenty yards ahead in the open, or ten feet in tangled cover. That

gives him room for a placed shot. An unplaced shot is no good; if he cannot see that far, he should not go in. But often and often he will find that repeated and patient trials of apparently stubborn conditions will enable him to see that far from a somewhat different vantage point.

Art had slightly wounded a lioness which dashed into a small bush patch. It did not look too difficult until we approached. Then we found it to be entirely surrounded by waist-high nettles in a band from ten to twenty yards wide. It was idiotic to enter that nettle patch. The only hope seemed to be to induce a charge. We used all our usual provocative methods to this effect, but failed. She was lying doggo, in a selected position of her own, and intended to maintain it until she saw just the chance she wanted. Then, of course, she would attack. We had worked on her for an hour and a half, and were actually about to give her up, when Cholo, a gun bearer, noticed what was so obscure that we had passed it over in our numerous circlings of the thicket: that at one small point the nettles receded so that, to one lone bush of the thicket, a clear approach was offered. This bush had a number of heavy stems spreading upward and outward from a common centre, and through them, by stooping, we might be able to see into the thicket. Therefore, Cholo and I crept up to the bush. Hardly had we reached it when the lioness rushed us from the other side, where she had been



lying in the shallow watercourse. I shot her, at the range of a few feet, through the head.

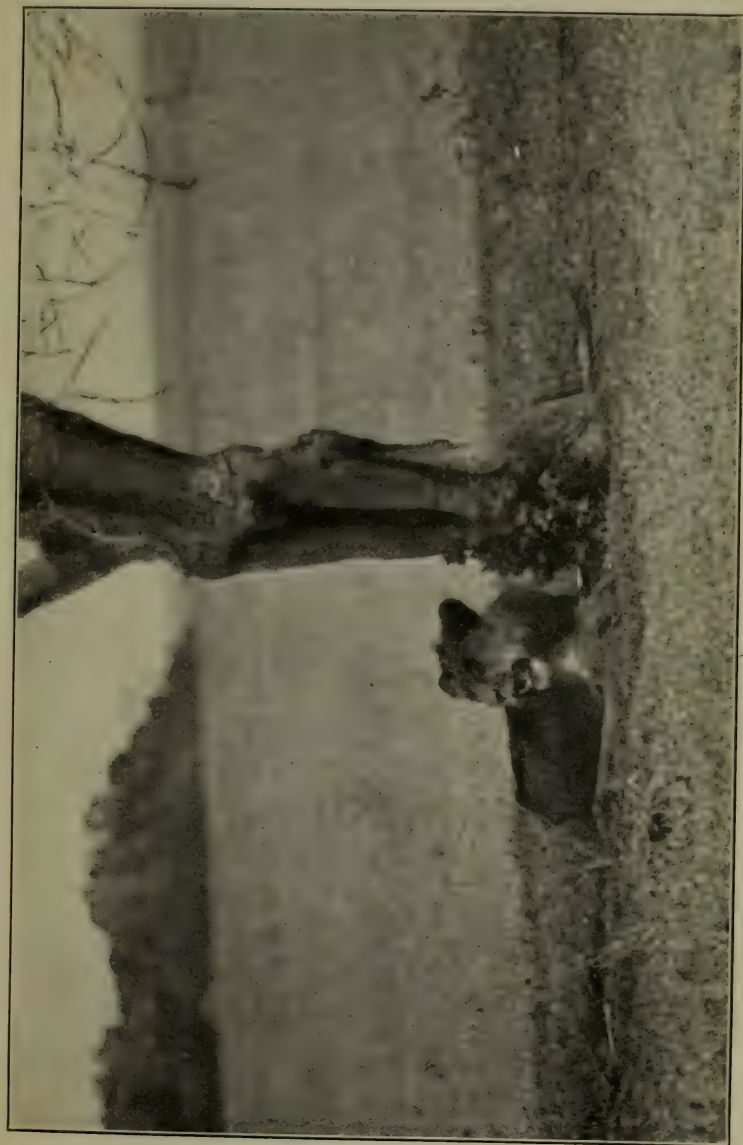
All sorts of strange expedients are possible. On one occasion, we drove a leopard into a thick sisal patch. It was a small, compact affair forty or fifty feet across, but was so dense that all our efforts failed to start him. Finally, Doc backed the flivver right up to its edge and to windward and opened the throttle. The leopard stuck out the fumes from the exhaust until we had withdrawn a trifle, but then had to come out. This leopard wanted very much to change its spot. We were thus enabled to kill it.

Hunting afoot is to my mind the most sport. One cannot cover so much country or see so many lions in a given time. But one must spy closer, use more skill. A lion lying down will rarely show himself for the man afoot. He is accustomed to seeing the natives, and he has no curiosity whatever. But the motor car is different. That is outside his experience, and he cannot resist sticking out his head for a better look. Therefore, one travels more rapidly in the car and looks more casually. The man afoot must see his lion before it sees him, if possible; and, in any case, must really examine every foot of the landscape as it reveals itself to his progress.

Very few people know how to look. They think they are looking because they make their eyes rest on every detail in turn. But nine tenths of what their eyes rest upon does

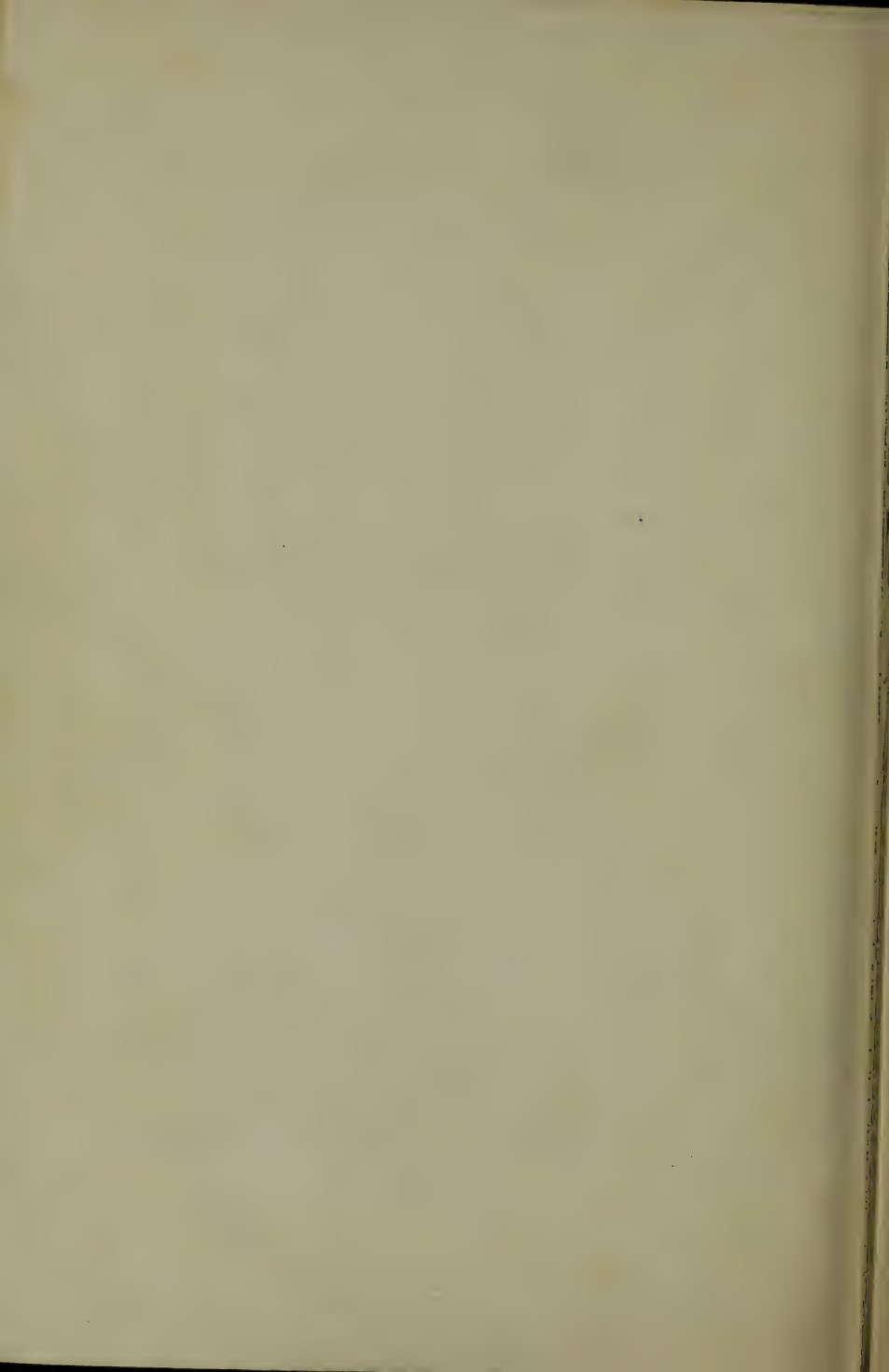
not register at all. Why? Because they are thinking also about something else. It is a centring of consciousness, so to speak. One's consciousness, nor any part of it, must not be inside the head. It must be actually out, for the moment, under that one distant bush, as really as though the body were there, too. In a sense, the hunter is actually under the bush, and if a lion is there he promptly knows it. Thus, the eyes are not instruments for reporting back what crosses their vision, but a mere means of this projection outward of consciousness. Furthermore, the entire personality must be for that few moments of examination in that one bush. Too often, in sweeping a wide landscape, one gets ahead of one's self. Part of one's attention is anticipating the next shift of eyes, already relinquishing the place in focus in expectation of the next beyond. Only a part of the man is under that bush, and the part that registers lions—or whatever—may be the very part that is absent. Until you have had one or two experiences, you cannot appreciate how easy it is to be absolutely blind to an animal that a second and better look shows to be in plain sight. You simply were not there with that beast.

This necessity of the foot hunter carries with it a rather beautiful mystical by-product. Such a forced emptying the mind, not only of all thought, all introspection, but also of all imaginings, all daydreams, even the most vague and fleeting and ephemeral; such a projecting of one's real self



*Photo by Leticia Simon*

Just waked up





outward from one's physical shell into one's surroundings, ends by putting one into a curious unity and harmony with those surroundings. One is no longer a sort of self-contained separate unit. One is an integral part of the whole. No longer confined to the physical shell by the power of thought, which is in abeyance; no longer hampered and tied to a place by physical limitations; one's consciousness, wandering thus far afield, blends with and becomes part of one's surroundings. It is acted upon and responds to the influences to which all nature responds. It does so instantly and naturally without the interfering and limiting and personal intervening judgments of the mentality. Thus, it would seem, do the birds and beasts live, a part of their surroundings a part of themselves. Their responses, their feeling of consciousness and location and individual identification, must be very much like this. Of introspection none, but of outward-flowing delicate antenna responses to what is about them, more than we can ever know fully.

I said, a moment ago, that the lion is curious about the motor car and cannot resist showing himself to get an eyeful of this new and strange beast. There are exceptions. Some are superbly indifferent. Such were the two lionesses who posed so nicely for their pictures, as described in the chapter before this one. Another blasé old chap who had no interest whatever in motor cars was the subject of the illustration with this chapter entitled *Just Waked Up*. Simson

found him under this tree sound asleep, just as he and N'dolo were returning from getting an ostrich for the museum. The car passed within a few yards of the beast. He merely raised his head sleepily, took one look, and flopped back to a recumbent position to resume his interrupted slumbers. Leslie had not his camera with him, so he drove into camp—about five miles—and had lunch with us. After some time, Leslie began to speculate on just how lazy that lion was, and after the discussion, he and Art decided to go find out. So they took the car and the camera, drove back the five miles, found old sleepyhead under the tree and took this picture. Then they came home. They did not have to shoot him.

Which brings me back to the beginning of this chapter. On any fair and dispassionate argument we ought to feel it our duty to shoot every lion we get a chance at, and should be doing game conservation a tremendous favour if we did so. As I have said, the government of Tanganyika thinks so, for it offers a very substantial bounty for each lion killed. But we do not. Furthermore, if we were to do the greatest good, we should be especially keen for the lionesses. They are the really active killers. Caruso was as fat as a seal. I doubt if he bothered to do a lick of work. He took it out in singing and let the ladies hustle for him. Yet I never shoot lionesses unless forced to. I have a sneaking admiration for a good antagonist and a bonny fighter. The lion's

pluck is undoubted. It takes nerve to charge a strange large thing like a motor car. There is no back-up to him once he takes the aggressive. But his crimes, to my mind, do make him a fair object of chase. When a big maned chap comes my way, I like to tighten my belt and play his game. There is no sport like it, and he has given me many a close call. Inconsistent, yes; I told you that he mixes one's feelings. But any soft sentimentality about killing "the poor defenseless, innocent lion" is pure tommy-rot.

There are two schools of armament when it comes to lions at close quarters. Equally good men adhere to each. One believes in a heavy smashing double rifle carrying an enormous bullet. The other clings to the comparatively small-bore repeater. One relies on a single knock-out punch; the other on repeated hard jabs. Both of them work most of the time. If they did not, there would be many more dead or mauled lion hunters than there are—and there are a good many. I am no authority on the subject. I do not believe in the nature of the case there can be any authority on lions; they are too variable. Unless it might be Leslie Simson. He uses as court of last appeal a big double .577, but I think he would acknowledge that this is a matter of personal preference with him rather than an example he believes should invariably be followed by everyone. However, I have had enough experience to settle upon what I like. In my various African sojourns, covering a period of



nearly three years in all, I have killed seventy-three lions, and have been among those who put in a bullet on perhaps a score more. My own preference is the lighter repeater.

This must not be so light as to be ineffective. Even the high-velocity 180-grain open-point bullet for the Springfield rifle, good as it is for side shots, four times in five will shatter to pieces against a lion's frontal armour before it reaches the chest cavity. And frontal shots are the important ones. The 220-grain delayed-action bullet for the same weapon is much better. It penetrates well, and then breaks up, but any bullet that flies to pieces is rather chancy. A bullet that penetrates well and mushrooms is what is wanted. The old 220-grain soft point mushrooms, but does so too soon. There is now made, however, a bullet described as the "improved short exposed point" of 220 grains. It penetrates first and mushrooms later. For lions it could hardly be improved on. Indeed, it has made of the Springfield quite as good a lion gun, even for close quarters, as the .405, which has heretofore been my main reliance.

My reasons for preferring the light guns are purely personal. I can handle them more certainly and accurately than the comparatively clumsy twelve or fifteen pound double. I like to have more than just two shots at my disposal. Once I was charged by four lions at once; 'nuff said on that point. I do not always expect to stop them with one shot, unless they are so close that I can hit them



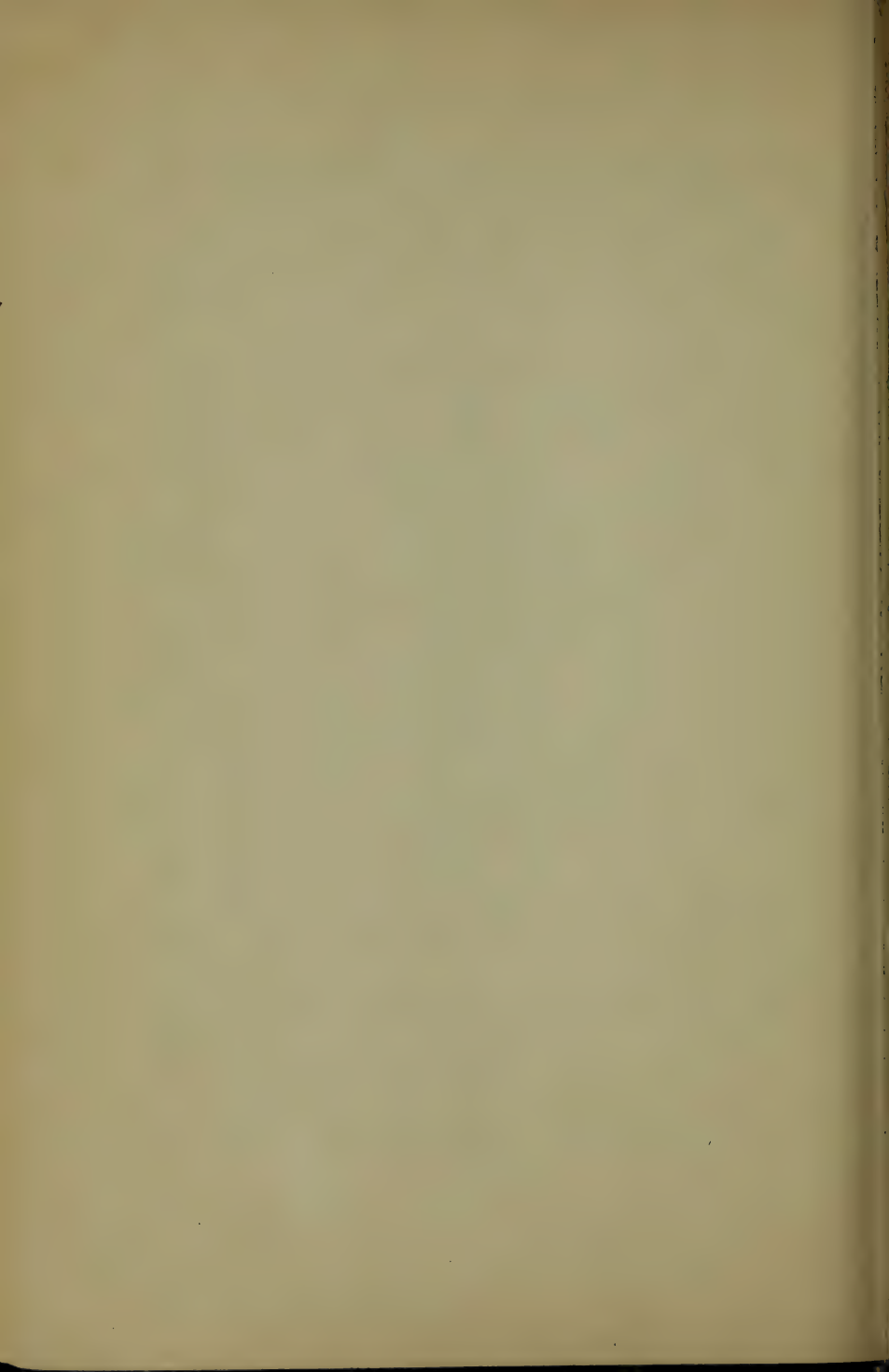
in the brain; but I do expect to knock them down or check them. Then I can shoot them again.

The feminine reader—if any—will kindly excuse and skip the above two paragraphs. All men, I find, are interested in such technicalities.

And speaking of shooting males only, reminds me of an anecdote with which to bring this chapter to a close. It must be premised that under the game laws of Kenya Colony the killing of most female animals is prohibited.

A certain gentleman absolutely green to African shooting went afield with a soft-voiced person of colour who had recommended himself by the sweetness of his manners and the quaint precision of his English. Coming about a big bush, this man met a rhinoceros face to face. The beast was about ten yards away. It pawed the dirt and blew off steam like a locomotive. The stranger was appalled. He had not the slightest knowledge of rhinos, or what he should do, except that he should shoot, and he did not know where to shoot. He heard a slithering noise behind him. Tremblingly he presented his gun. Then above him, from a high branch of a tree, came the mellifluous tones of his gun bearer's voice.

"Oh, sir," it said politely, "do not shoot. He is a woman."



## THE "MOTO" CAR





## CHAPTER VII

### THE "MOTO" CAR

**S**UPPOSE you, as a species, have lived on the grass veldt or the bush veldt for the past hundred thousand years or so. In that time you have acquired a considerable experience of a valuable nature, which has enabled you to save your collective skin from a great variety of constant dangers. Individually, you do not always succeed, to be sure, but as a whole you have the thing down pretty fine; as witness the multitudes of you abroad in the land.

This wisdom of experience is not only fairly effective, but it has tended to refine itself to the point of utmost utility. Thus you will expend any amount of nervous energy in alertness during the night hours in order to keep clear of even a shadow that might look like a lion; but you trouble to do little more than move aside a few yards when in daylight the lion himself passes. You are extremely skittish at the remotest sight of a pair of rounded ears that might belong to the biggest of the bats—or to a wild dog; but you hardly lift your contemptuous nose from grazing when a beast three times as big as a grand piano snorts ill temper and defiance at you for no reason at all except that since pre-

historic times he has nourished a congenital grouch. You hardly bother to glance at the most awesome appearances as long as in them your quickened and observant eye catches no faintest hint of movement; but you will without inquiry depart precipitately from the choicest feed or the sweetest water if any one or anything anywhere makes an unidentified hasty motion. It does not matter how young and foolish is the any one who so moves, or how far away that anywhere is. Hasty motions, you have discovered by centuries of observation, are in many cases the heralds of danger; and at even a hint of danger it is better to act first and inquire afterward. With you the cry-of-wolf fable has little if any weight. Better respond to a thousand false alarms than be eaten by the one true one.

But, as I have said, you have learned not to expend yourself uselessly. The lion does his hunting only at night; therefore, when he saunters by at day, you and your like merely draw to one side and permit him the unobstructed passage that is his by right of royalty. On the other hand, the hunting dog courses at any and at all times, and keeps everlastingly at it until he pulls down his chosen quarry; so a glimpse of his bat ears is sufficient hint to absent yourself instantly. As for the grand-piano person with the safety-valve snort and the prehistoric grouch, he is merely a rhino whose ill-tempered rushes may be skiptiously avoided by the merest tyro. By the same token, that is why absolute

immobility of the most fearsome appearance spells safety to you.

Long observation has taught you that, except in the case of the almost negligible rhino and his brother pachyderm, the elephant, absolute immobility is impossible to any living thing. Certain twitchings of the skin, movements of hair, eye winkings, and the like, are out of the control of even the most patient of watchers; and these you have become past master at recognizing. Of course, you get fooled occasionally—who does not?—and you get caught and eaten; but in your numbers you have gone triumphantly into an increase that has peopled the plains.

So likewise with your own kin, from whom you have nothing to fear. You know and recognize and learn to interpret all their comings and goings, and the speed and gait of them. The grazing walk, the travelling speed of even the rapid wildebeest, the playful chasings about of your little friends, the Tommies, all these and others are familiar and pass over your attention, unmarking, as a breeze over ice. But let even a *toto* topi on a distant sky line so much as toss his head to a fixed gaze, your head, too, jerks up to the alert. And if then your eye anywhere catches motion rapid beyond the customary and usual, you are off, too. You do not know what it is all about, but someone is running, and from distant dark past ages thronging ghosts rush to this pin point of the present to fill your soul with the

simple dear-bought wisdom of their dead selves—if somebody runs, it is well to run, too!

Thus it has been, unchanged from a past so distant that we conceive of it as the beginning. And then along comes our flivver!

Now, what is the gathered wisdom of centuries to make of that? It moves; therefore it is alive. That much is absolutely definite. Animals can have no notion of anything mechanical. If it is mobile it must be an organism and must be treated as such. What are we to make of this new and queer beast? It is obviously a quadruped horizontal sort of creature; not a biped vertical sort of creature. Therefore, the set of concepts species wisdom has learned about quadrupeds is to be applied to it rather than the set it has learned about man. If, of course, it has yet learned anything about man; the beasts about Nyumbo know very little of the genus homo and nothing at all of the white species and his engines of destruction.

Very well, it's a new sort of four-footed animal, to be considered as such. What about this new sort of animal? At first glance, it looks to be something after the order of the rhino. It is large and black; it moves with a sort of ponderosity and it does an awful lot of snorting and puffing and blowing. Furthermore, it is clumsy, though at times rather swift. If it is anything like a rhino, it should be treated with a certain amount of respect; but it is nothing to be



particularly afraid of. If we keep fifty or sixty yards away from it, that should be sufficient.

It must be either much keener sensed than the ordinary rhino or much more timid, for whenever we see it, nine times in ten it is apparently running away from something. At any rate, it is going at running-away speed. Furthermore, the thing it is running away from must have given it an awful scare. It was running away when it first came in sight; it continues running away; it must have been running away for some time before we saw it. Else why should it be so short of breath? Listen to its panting! Perhaps the beast is ultra timid, to be sure; but, on the whole, perhaps also we'd better run, too. Run first and inquire afterward; that's the only safe rule. So off we all go; not because we are afraid of it, but because we are, so to speak, afraid with it.

And when we all get really going, we find that this new strange beast is not really much of a runner at all. It makes a lot of fuss about it and gives the impression of enormous speed—remember this is a flivver we are talking about—but we can beat it with one leg tied behind us. Come on, we'll prove it! We'll not only beat it, but we'll add the final insult by crossing its bows, even to the very last *toto* of us.

That, I conceive to be about the mental attitude of game in presence of our *moto* car. They fear it little or not

at all. Beasts in droves will come from a thousand yards away just to race alongside and cross in front of us, kicking up a most annoying dust. Having accomplished this feat, they will wheel and stare at us—unless, indeed, some illy inspired idiot elects to race back again. Then, since evidently they won't take a dare, everybody else in the vicinity follows. We have had wildebeest run back and forth thus three and four times to the great detriment of our eyes, noses, and tempers.

One fine morning, we came out of the scrub into a wide grass opening below some mountains. Far to our left grazed a lot of wildebeest. Immediately to our front sat three perfectly good lions, pausing to look back at us on their way from last night's kill to their day lairs in the hills. Having gathered a good eyeful and not fancying our looks, they proceeded on their journey. We opened up the throttle to the widest in order, if possible, to head them off before they entered the brush. Our speed was not tremendous, for the preliminary slope below the mountain proper was just at that aggravating grade where the widest throttle opening barely keeps one chugging along on high gear. A breath of wind or a field daisy would be almost enough to force one into low. Still, as the lions were only sauntering, it was perfectly adequate. All we could do was to sit back and do a lot of heavy mental pushing. Then one of those somnolent wildebeest raised his foolish head,

sized us up, and started over to repeat that worn-out joke of crossing in front of us.

Fervently we prayed that nobody would notice him; or if they did notice him, that he would prove to be one of the unpopular Doctor Fell sort of people whom nobody would think of following. Vain hope. Solemnly, in single file, one by one, they fell in behind him, bearing down upon our labouring flivver in the conscientious but extraordinarily swift gallop peculiar to the species. Even the smallest infants came along. The *toto* wildebeest does not look like anything young. He is like Niobe's children in the statue, who are, you will recall, not children at all, but small adult Greek women. So with the *toto* wildebeest. There is nothing calflike about him, either in look or in action, and he has exactly the same fool ideas as his elders concerning *moto* cars.

The head of the procession swept scornfully across us about a hundred yards away—and saw those lions! The latter had stopped in astonishment. Between us and the lions was a space of perhaps sixty or seventy yards.

Now those wildebeest were here offered a plain choice. They could either abandon the enterprise and turn back to where they belonged; or, if they persisted, they must pass through the sixty-yard space between us and the lions. Furthermore, that space was being steadily diminished. They never seemed even to contemplate quitting the game.

I shall have to admit that *nyumbo* is a good sport. Nor did they break formation; that would evidently be equivalent to picking up the ball. In spite of the growing imminence of dangers to the right of them and dangers to the left of them, the tailenders held their places without attempting to crowd up on those ahead. But as the gap gradually closed, as Scylla and Charybdis came together, how they did run and pick up their heels and look to right and left and snort!

The dust arose thicker and thicker, until it became a dense fog in which we could but dimly make out here and there dodging black forms. The lions were somewhere on the other side of it. We knew we were getting closer to them only because the tail of the wildebeest procession was now crossing but just in front of the radiator. At last we actually had to stop short. We could no longer see to drive, and we were afraid we would either run into a wildebeest or get a hoof or a horn through our precious radiator. And when the last idiot had made it, and the dust had cleared, the three lions were found to have moved on into the brush and rocks, where it was futile to follow them. We saw them trailing slowly away; and on the other side, to the right, stood the wildebeest herd in a compact, goggle-eyed, but triumphant mass.

We soon learned that, when any of the game started this fool performance, the best thing to do was just to jog right



along and like it. At first we tried to buck the line by speeding up, especially when three or four thousand beasts were in the offing, fairly spoiling for sport. For a time, this stunt was interesting because of its novelty; later, it got to be a nuisance. It did no good to step on the gas; that was exactly what they wanted. It made a sporting proposition out of a holy cinch. The line might bend, but it would never break. Even without lions to crowd things, the tail-ender of the herd might pass no more than twenty feet in front of the radiator and miles beyond where the leader crossed; but in front it would be. Be he never so humble, there was no plains animal that could not outrun *that* new brute! If there were any snorts they were snorts of derision, not of terror.

Then we worked out the psychology sketched in the first part of this article. Instead of going along at motor-car speed, we would, when either we wanted to get near the game or pass it peacefully, drop into low gear and crawl along at an ordinary slow walking pace. Thus we still presented the appearance of a new and strange beast, to be sure, but of one going calmly about its unhurried and lawful occasions. We were legitimately objects of curiosity; but as we were neither alarmed nor proud and bumptious over our own swiftness, we aroused neither the spirit of escape nor of emulation. By crawling about slowly in this

manner, we could sometimes actually weave in and out among the grazing animals, and look at them, and take pictures of them.

At times we even got the archers a chance to loose a shaft or so at ranges shorter than would otherwise be possible, but not very often. We could take pictures or observations from the seats of the car, but in order to shoot, one had to descend and show one's self as a separate entity. A new and strange beast was all very well within limits. But when the thing stopped and gave unexpected birth to other strange little beasts that stung, why that was a little too much of a good thing. It was neither natural nor friendly, and the veldt withdrew to a good safe distance.

For this reason the *moto* car was not such an overwhelming advantage as one might imagine it to be, except that it saved one's legs miles of weary slogging, and did enable one to get long-range rifle shots when meat was desired. One could drive close and descend hastily, and get in his bullet at some hundreds of yards. This was utilitarian merely. It is, of course, inexcusable to pursue game in a car; and since a certain motion-picture man ran beasts to death from exhaustion, it has also been illegal.

But predatory animals are in a different category—hyenas especially. Once in a great while, when we felt good and strong and bold and the going was not too bad, and the hyena looked especially smug and arrogant and

sag-bellied, we took after him and gave him a run. As I look back on some of those wild chases I wonder how we ever escaped destruction. Of course, the man at the wheel had his work cut out for him—that goes without saying; but the passengers also were not idle. They had to stay in, and also keep their skeletons from coming apart.

To the superficial glance, the veldt is an ideal coursing ground. As a matter of fact, its grasses are a camouflage for tribulation. Wart-hog and ant-bear holes abound. These animals believe in commodious domiciles. The holes make just a comfortable fit for a flivver wheel. Furthermore, they enter the earth, not vertically, but in a steep slant; so that while approaching them one way you merely leap off a perpendicular face—which is not so bad unless the shock splinters the wheel; approaching them the other way you hit that perpendicular face square on, and portions of you stop dead right then, and other portions describe parabolas and other curves to points well beyond the hole. The new holes may be identified by fresh earth; but the old holes, abandoned last year or the year before and grown over, are a different matter. A quick eye may spot them by little differences in the quality of the grass. And the eye had better be quick, for if the car at coursing speed barges into one of these things, it's *qua heri*, which is Swahili for curtains, good-night.

These things must be avoided. But there are hummocks,

smaller holes, round stones, little ditches formed by eroded game trails, a certain proportion of which cannot be avoided. Their encounter makes a grand and bouncing crash which must be wearing on axles, steering gear and such trifles, and is certainly hard on the passengers' back teeth. I am quite certain that at times I have flapped in the breeze.

We create a sensation. Nobody minds it that a hyena is being chased. That part of it is all to the good; everybody hates a hyena and is delighted to see him pursued. But the grand row, noise, rattlety-bang is astounding. The whole veldt stops in sheer amazement. One day a wart hog sat up to stare perfectly bung-eyed; then, as we passed, he fell in behind us and chased along after as hard as he could peg it, apparently just to see the fun.

As for the hyena, at first he can't believe it, and contents himself by loping slowly along. Then as the realization comes to him that we are actually after him, he lets out a link and commences to run. About this time, the one of us who is driving begins really to concentrate on the job. We gain; we are fairly alongside; the hyena abruptly doubles back. The driver turns as sharply as he can without overturning. We skid wildly in a cloud of dust. Talk about racing corners! Off on a new tack. He dodges again. We follow on two wheels. Now the archers—or the man with the .22—begin to shoot. And when a lucky shot brings the hyena low, we come to a stop, and look about, and



exchange the opinion that this is a damfool trick and some day we are going to hit something hard, and then where will we be, away down here with a busted flivver and—but it has been fun!

One such burst does us for a long time; we've got it out of our systems. After all, a man can have only about so much luck, and we'd better save ours for lions.

There is one striking exception to all the foregoing elaborate psychology. Baboons have little or no curiosity as to *moto* cars, and they have more than a strong suspicion that flivvers are dangerous to life. But as to that, after all, they are really almost human.

This suspicion becomes conviction, if we turn in their direction. Then they go away from there. Their long arms reach out in front just as far as they can stretch; with their hands, they fairly seize the landscape and hurl it behind them; their black, worried-looking faces turn back anxiously over their shoulders. You'd think such a panic as they are suffering from would infect the whole surrounding country, and that every beast therein would wildly flee. It does not. Nobody ever pays any attention to baboons.

In our mileage about the wilder parts of Africa we came upon one little animal that not only considered us as another and strange sort of beast, but actually held us to be preferable to the rest of the gang and wanted to adopt us. On this occasion we were making our way through a country

wherefrom the wildebeest rear guard had withdrawn only a week or so before. The landscape just here was totally free of them; even the morose and solitary old single bulls that like to show their independence by hanging about in places where no reasonable wildebeest would find the smallest attraction had reluctantly concluded that nothing more was to be hoped for here. All the testimony of the great armies that had passed was the grass close cropped where beforetime it had grown rank and high. But in place of *nyumbo* was Tommy in his multitudes. He has no use for rank high grass. His preference is for the sweet, short, tender growths near the roots; and until these have been exposed by the removal of the other, he finds the pickings not to his best taste. Therefore, he follows *nyumbo's* mowing operations.

Now among the dainty, fragile, almost phantom-like forms of these tiny gazelles grazed a wildebeest calf. He was only about half grown, but in contrast with his companions he loomed up as big and black as a buffalo. He gave the impression of a prize fighter at a fairy's tea party. Furthermore, he looked sad and uneasy and lost and out of place.

The moment we hove in sight he put his head down and began to gallop diagonally toward us in the conscientious lumbering fashion of the species, just as papa and mamma and uncle and aunt always did. We applauded his sense

of convention. We thought that he was nobly going to do the good old cross-in-front stunt, enacting in his own person to the best of his single and childlike ability the part of a whole band. But when he got near us, instead of passing our bows, he dropped to a trot and paralleled us about twenty-five yards away. Thus we continued for some little distance, when we had occasion to come to a halt. The *toto* stopped also, and remained standing there until it pleased us to go on. Then he trotted along, too. We tried this twice more, both times with the same result.

Then the solution dawned on us. We were large and black and substantial. Obviously we were not a wildebeest, but we were a whole lot wildebeestier than those superior and infinitesimal Tommies. We looked like the kind of people who might go in our shirt sleeves occasionally or put our feet on the table; and it was self-evident that a Tommy would always dress for dinner. Tommies must be most difficult to live up to when one is comfortably plebeian and snorts when he wants to. So, thankfully, that poor lost baby wildebeest had adopted us, and was going to accompany us in the confidence that we, too, might have low tastes and would probably be heading in the direction of de gang, where a fellow could snort out loud without being looked at askance.

We knew where the wildebeest herd had gone and we headed in that general direction. After going some distance,

however, we came upon an opening in which grazed a herd of topi at a considerable remove to our left. The *toto* wildebeest caught sight of them and promptly deserted us in their favour. They were nice and big and dark coloured, and the *toto* had seen them before, consorting with his relations. He had never seen anything like us before, and the somewhat staccato language we constantly uttered was unknown to him. We probably most resembled the rhino; and the rhino, though a solid character, is too conservative and unamiable for permanent adoption.

This distrust of the rhino, I must confess, I shared. For I, too, realize that a *moto* car is not far off rhino size and colour, and I never could guess whether the genuine article would look on this new beast as an ally or a rival. I did not especially wish to find out; not by practical experiment. Fortunately, rhinos in the country immediately surrounding Nyumbo are rather scarce. The few we came across we saw at a distance.

But one day, when out alone in the car, I ran on one at closer range. Art and I were off on *safari*, and Art had elected to potter around a reed bed on the chance of getting a reedbuck with the bow. So I left him there and went off on a slow and leisurely cruise just for to see and for to admire. After proceeding for a few miles on a ridge between two dongas I came to a narrow, shallow tributary donga, which I crossed. This brought me to a sort of elevated

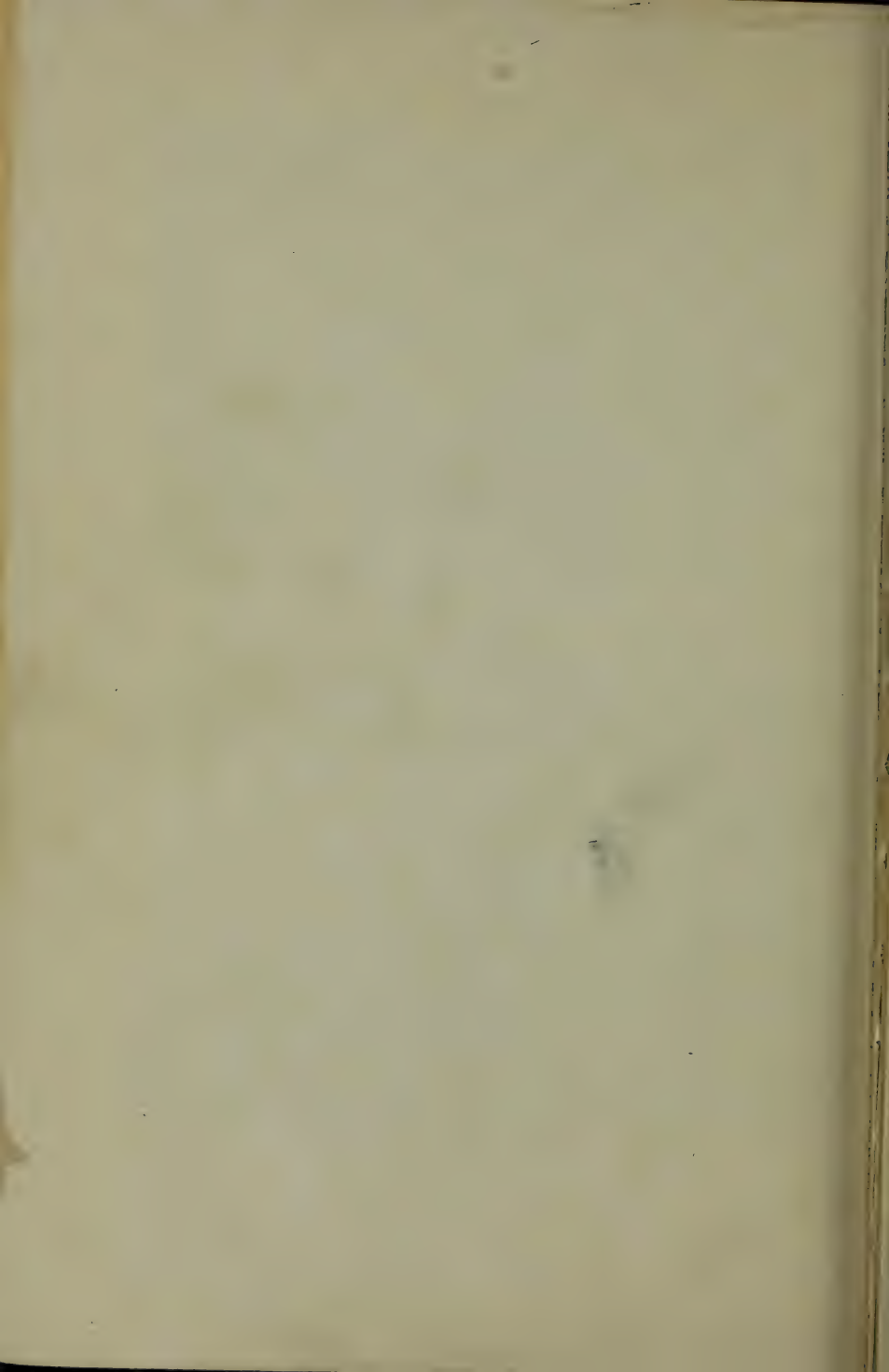




Everybody push!



You let yourself down into dongas, trusting to luck to get out of them again



island between this shallow donga and the fork of two big ones. The island was about fifty acres in extent. In the middle of it sat a hyena.

Now I was not out shooting particularly, but I hate hyenas and would like to shoot every one I see. In a remote country where ammunition is scarce and hyenas are many, one must restrain such desires in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred. However, this hyena offered a tempting mark, and I was ahead on my cartridge allowance anyway, so I shut off the engine, rested over the wheel, and abated that hyena. Very satisfactory shot! I turned on the switch, unwound myself from pedals and levers and things and sauntered leisurely to the front to crank up.

Then for the first time I saw that at the report of my rifle a rhinoceros had risen from his recollections of the Pleistocene period and was standing facing me about fifty yards away. His absurd ears were cocked and his shortsighted little pig eyes were fixed intently in my direction.

The situation would seem to demand alteration. It seemed to me unlikely, knowing the ridiculous ideas of rhinos as to exclusiveness, that fifty acres was going to be enough for two such large animals. After all, he was there first. I had come over merely to kill his hyena for him, and was perfectly willing to leave the job at that. Besides, Art probably would appreciate a lift to camp. But to move, I had to start my engine, and that involved turning my back

in order to crank up. All my instincts warned me against turning my back, but it had to be done. A two or three ton rhino hitting a flivver would certainly be a spectacle worth seeing, but I doubted whether Art would like the idea of walking home. So I gave her a hasty twist—and she went first turn, which was not her invariable habit.

At the sound of the engine, the rhino uttered a loud snort and advanced three paces. I sneaked rapidly back to the driver's seat.

Now a rhino in his intellectual processes belongs to the haw-haw grade. An idea with him, even an accustomed idea, is a matter of incubation. Only his instinctive reactions are prompt, the reactions learned through a hundred thousand years of reiterated experience. I indulged in a hope that a motor car was novel enough to require ratiocination. In that case, I had several moments to the good while he was making up his mind. So I turned around very slowly and drew off at a snail's pace, directly away from him, so as to offer a minimum of apparent motion. Perhaps he would not observe that I was going away—merely becoming smaller. This was not easy. I had by an immense effort of the will to restrain myself from opening the throttle wide. That would be no good. Should he really start on one of his rapid plunging charges, he would catch up very quickly, especially when I tried to cross that shallow donga.

This much for external appearances. But I went farther.



Since, in final analysis, I was really the personality, the brain, the consciousness animating this *moto*-car beast, I tried to assume a meek and humble attitude of mind. There did not seem to be much chance that a rhino could be open to psychic influences, but there could be no harm in trying. So I tried telepathically to project the general notion that although the flivver was rhino size and colour, and all that, it was a nice gentle feminine one. Surely no bull rhino would attack a lady! Perhaps I was successful in this—almost too successful. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that he was following. He was not charging, merely following along at a jog trot, his head up, his puzzled mind obviously still in the throes of being made up.

At which point my radiator dipped down into the donga and up the other side and to the level beyond. Then, careless of the possibility of broken springs, I turned sharp to the right and gave her the gun. In two seconds, I had the deep part of the donga between me and him. I left him there still staring, still snorting, still making up his mind. Rhinos have an idea every other wet Thursday. I thanked the gods that this one had had his idea for that month. But perhaps some day I may be so placed as to gratify an ambition. I want to take a very old flivver for which I have neither use nor affection, and drive it up to a rhino, and slip out the other side and let Nature take its course.

On the way back, I blew in another .30 calibre cartridge

on another hyena, just to celebrate, and to see if my hand was steady. It was. That rhino had not bothered me a bit. Art, however, doubts this. His grounds seem to me far-fetched. His claim is based on the fact that when we got back to camp I made this entry in my journal: "On the way home I picked up Art and another hyena." He says that no literary man in normal condition would make a break like that in writing. How does he know it was a break?

I believe I mentioned the word "donga." In so doing I indicated one of the two curses of wild Africa from a *moto-car* point of view. Mountains and rivers and other rough country you can stand. You either get through on your own power or you don't. In the latter case, you try somewhere else; or you turn out a tribe of friendly savages to carry the darn thing, if necessary; or you sit down and wait until the water goes down or the mud dries up or something else happens. All this is interesting, an adventure, to be expected. Your mind is made up for it, and you have already discounted it in your bank balance of patience.

But the donga is so confoundedly gratuitous. You are barging along at a magnificent and satisfactory six or eight miles an hour with every reasonable prospect of going exactly where you want to go in approximately the time you want to take to get there when—whango! another donga lies across the way. It may not be more than ten

feet wide and ten feet deep, but there it is; and it must be negotiated before you can resume that magnificent six or eight miles an hour. What one really needs to supplement that patent axle is a sort of grasshopper attachment by which you could make one grand hop—— Oh, what's the use? Get out and get busy!

Getting busy in this connection may mean almost anything. It may mean a detour of ten miles to a possible crossing. That is not so bad; you merely lose time and gasoline. But more often it means that you let that flivver down a young precipice unfit for the perambulations of even a mature and experienced goat, and then try to get it out again.

First, everybody but the driver pushes. The driver occupies himself in killing the engine. The spectacle of three men pushing at a motor car which is clinging to a precipice by capillary attraction is not reassuring; but it is astonishing what three-man power can accomplish in bad places, and it is equally astonishing how very often one finds one's self so placed that the difference between go and not go is measured by those few pounds of pressure. The final inch-by-inch crawling surmounting of the last two feet has taught our boys the good old word "hurrah!" In such moments of triumph we all cheer together.

But often and often we strain to the last six inches only to die at the very moment of fulfillment. Then the *moto*

car retires backward to the donga bed and the pushers yell and scramble out of the way. Nobody has been caught yet, but some of us can show the marks where wildly we have leaped. It must be understood that throughout all these manœuvres the equatorial sun goes right on shining.

From this simple beginning the situation is capable of many variations. There is the great block-and-tackle drama; there is the thrilling eight-reel educational feature wherein the principals—and no doubling for them, either—will show you how to make a roadbed out of thorn brush, neatly obviating the danger of punctures from the thorns by collecting all the said thorns in their fingers and legs. Or the interested visitor may, between the hours of eight and four, view the chain gang showing how with one toy trench shovel and three sharp sticks a whole new grade may be constructed.

These are what might be called chance dongas; dongas-by-the-way. In case of crossings we use regularly, we send out men to construct us a regular road. The nature of the places sometimes makes even of these a difficult problem. We have one, across the Oranji River, which Leslie named the Styx, for the simple and sufficient reason that there we always do stick.

It is to be understood that the equatorial sun goes on shining.



After taking a *moto* car over several thousand miles of trackless Central Africa, one is tempted to adopt as his motto, Life is Just One Damn Donga After Another. But I don't know. It isn't entirely that. It is also just one damn puncture after another. Africa is strewn with thorns; nice, long, stiff, sharp thorns. They have insinuating needle points. You pick these up by the score, and gradually they work in until the very tip of the needle point touches the inner tube. Then imperceptibly the confidence of that tire oozes away, until from behind you hear the pessimistic voice of your N'dolo saying, "*Tirey m'baya ngini, bwana.*"

You'd never know it otherwise. The usual symptoms of side drag, swerve and bump by which in civilized life a tire instantly signals its distress to the man at the wheel are here completely overlaid by the mammoth side drag, swerves, and bumps normal to the boulevard. Then you descend, jack up, plug, patch, and pump, while the equatorial sun goes on shining, and the other dozen thorns imbedded in the casing utter low chuckles of anticipation. A week-old tube looks as though it had had the measles.

These occasions are almost invariably inopportune. One day, we surmounted a low grassy ridge to look across a shallow cup to a thin grove of trees only a quarter of a mile distant.

"There," remarked Leslie, "are two very fine lions."

"And here," supplemented Art, who had rashly been looking overside, "are two equally fine punctures."

It was too true. There was nothing to be done about it except to get out and get busy. We worked feverishly, for they were good lions and we feared they would go away and that we would see them no more. Go away? Not they! The show was too good! They sat there and enjoyed us. We were not near enough to hear their undoubtedly raucous peals of laughter, but our ears tingled just the same. Finally, one got up and walked over to the other and said something, probably that it would be a good idea to come back along about evening when the sun was not so strong and our meat had had time to cool a little. Then they sauntered off together.

By this time, however, we had finished the job. We raced—"racing" means at least twelve to fifteen miles an hour—around the hill, headed them off and got one. So part of that joke was ours after all.

Another of our little anxieties was to keep the water supply up to normal. We carried alongside two big galvanized tanks from which we constantly assuaged the abnormal thirst of that *moto* car. *Moto*, it must be remembered, is the Swahili word for hot. Thus *moto* car is a much more appropriate term than automobile. "Auto" means "self" and "mobile" is "moving." Self-moving—at times. By the witness of donga, mud, steep hill, sand, and the sweat of

our brows, not invariably and always, not by a long shot. But *moto*, yes; and thirsty as a delegate to a political convention.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, blessings upon our *moto* car. It never broke down. In three days I covered a journey which, in 1913, it took me just six weeks of weary foot slogging to accomplish. And when, after a hard morning's hunt, its battered and disreputable figure came into view under the tree where earlier we had left it, we climbed to its worn cushions with deep gratitude that we had not to measure with our own two legs the long miles to camp. Home, James!

If I were an automobile inventor I should, I think, design a car especially for the African market. The price of it would be about five hundred dollars less than my prospective purchaser possessed. I would take it all—and be sure of getting it—but the man would have to have something left with which to buy gas and food. I should not try to sell it in town, before he had had experience, so my sales stations would be, say, about ten days' journey out in the wilderness. By that time he would be psychologically right. Of course, I would have to take his old car in part exchange; but that would not matter, as he would, by then, be willing to let it go very, very cheap. Anyway, the used-car problem would not bother me. I should probably keep them to amuse rhinos.

My car would possess the following features: item, unbreakable springs, no matter what country I hit or how hard I hit it; item, unpuncturable tires; item, positive air cooling; item, a grasshopper jumping arrangement for dongas; item, a comfortable steel cage into which by pressing a spring the passengers could be projected in case of lions; item, a small but accurate Minenwerfer attachment for the propulsion of tear bombs. The latter would be for the discouragement of rhinos. A weeping rhino would not only be safe and sorry, but distinctly amusing. It would be handy if it could be manufactured to run on the hope that the men carrying gasoline would get in not more than ten days late, but the details of that accomplishment are not very clear to me. However, I do not believe I'll do it. I do not care for money; and anyway, I'm through, and why shouldn't the other fellows suffer some of these well-known African hardships, too?

But, seriously, I should, for the curiosity of the thing, like to try an armoured car on lions. I'd like to see what they would do if permitted to charge home. Would they try for the human passengers? Or would they continue in the illusion that the whole machine is alive, a new and strange and large beast that is killable? And in the latter case, how would they go about the killing? Where would they tackle the thing? A certain number would, I think, swerve off at the last moment. Indeed, some of them did so in



charging our car. But others came right in and were killed so near that we could have jumped off the running board onto their dead bodies. One was shot just over the radiator. They appear to charge at the front part of the machine, which would seem to bear out the theory that they consider it a large beast. The lion generally kills by breaking the neck.

One cannot but admire the magnificent courage of the beast. It takes nerve to tackle single-handed a brute of our size, an unknown brute of unknown powers.

Art was elected master of motor transport. That was his job, just as my job was to run the natives and Doc's was to run the hospital. The question of spare parts proved to be an interesting one. The parts one wanted were never the ones at hand. The art of improvisation was therefore carried to a high pitch of development. Art possessed a wooden box full of junk he had swiped from a garage at Nairobi. The theft was not morally reprehensible, for I am convinced that thereby the garage was saved the expense of hiring somebody to carry the stuff out of town and bury it. It looked like something a very powerful and imbecile magpie had collected. Nevertheless, in case of trouble, Art could and did paw over this rusty and greasy aggregation and from it evolve something "just as good."

Broken springs were nothing in his young life. He had no drill, so he used to make his bolt holes in the leaves by

shooting them with a hard-point bullet. This required rather nice calculation. He placed the leaf solidly against a tree and then withdrew to that cunningly estimated point near enough for the required accuracy, but still far enough away so that the spring, on impact of the bullet, did not bounce back and bean him. It bounced all right, but the jacketed bullet made a neat hole that only needed a few touches of the rat-tailed file.

Once in a while something dropped off that could not be replaced. Then we sent back our expert trackers over the route, and be the object never so small, they found it in the grass. Once Sale, my headman of *safari*, on returning from one of our sixteen-day gasoline expeditions, brought in a broken cotter pin which days before Art had thrown away in a dry stream bed, but which, nevertheless, his sharp eyes had discovered.

Sabakaki was, of course, Art's especial slave, and worked under his supervision. He and Art seemed to understand each other and to coöperate very well. This was the more remarkable in that Sabakaki had no English whatever, and Art's Swahili pertinent to *moto*-car occasions was limited to two words. One of these was *mizouri*, which means "good," and was applicable to all approbations. The other was unfortunately somewhat ambiguous. There are two words in Swahili very much alike. One is *funga*, which means "to close, to do up, to tighten"; and the other

is *fungua*, which means "to open, to undo, to loosen." Art never managed to distinguish between the two, and used them indiscriminately. Sabakaki, however, seemed never at a loss. He solved the problem quite neatly. If the thing was already tight he loosened it; if it was already loose he tightened it. Nothing could be simpler.

A conference of the powers was most interesting to hear. Art talked English and Sabakaki talked Swahili. Only by the rarest chance did they hit upon the same subject of conversation. But, curiously enough, they always did the same thing. This must indicate something profound—telepathic power of conveying the essence of thought rather than the mere vehicle of thought, or the influence of the flivver toward universal brotherhood, or something like that. Only rarely was I appealed to for the purpose of bringing such diverse subjects as the excellence of wart-hog meat as a human diet—Sabakaki—and the undesirability of transmission lubricant in grease cups—Art—to a common ground.

Naturally our contraption was of tremendous interest to the natives. When we happened to be in their vicinity, they gathered like flies to look us over. They were not greatly astonished; it was only another of our bits of inexplicable magic, and it seemed moderately safe, at least when the engine was not running. When we started on again, they often ran for a short distance, trying to keep

up with it, just to test by a comprehensible standard exactly how fast the thing did go. I think they imagined it to run on water. Our own private joke was to wait until the examining committee had gathered thickly all about and then to blow the horn. I recommended this manœuvre to any one desiring to witness a complete collapse of dignity.

But when next I get on an asphalt or concrete boulevard, I am going to be scared to death.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL!



## CHAPTER VIII

### YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

I AM what they call a lion man. That is to say, I find lion hunting the best sport in the world; I like and admire lions personally; and I find my greatest pleasure in studying them and figuring on them and their probable actions. I really do not get any tremendous kick out of hunting anything else *per se*. Elephants and buffalo bore me more or less, except when they occupy their time in scaring me half to death. The much-touted grizzly bear seems to me to furnish rather tame sport. But there are elephant men—the late R. J. Cuninghame was one of the greatest—who feel just the same way about their little pets as I do about lions; and buffalo men who are really happy only when being chased out of the landscape by one or more of these dour and uncompromising creatures. It is no use whatever to argue with these chaps—or with me. We have our heads set. It must be a case of affinity.

Of course, I do not mean that we none of us will hunt one another's specialties with pleasure when we get a chance; or that we do not enjoy a good stalk in difficult cover for a roan or a koodoo or a mountain sheep. But that is just the

point. It does not particularly matter, in the latter case, whether it is a roan or a koodoo or a mountain sheep—or a deer or a lowly kongoni or a jack rabbit, for that matter; the conditions, the difficulties, make the interest, not the kind of beast. But to a lion man it is the lion irrespective of how or where it is found; to the elephant man, the elephant.

The preceding paragraphs were not written because I wanted to talk about myself, though that is always pleasant. They are to emphasize that a large part of my African experience has been concentrated on lions; that I have hunted them and met them and coped with them in a great variety of circumstances; and then to add to that the further statement that I know very little about lions.

Confronted with any given set of conditions and an inquiry by my companion of the moment as to what that lion is going to do, my considered reply must be, "I do not know." I might tell him what I have seen lions do in similar circumstances in the past; I might venture an opinion as to his probable conduct now; but as for making any ironclad prophecies on the basis of which my friend is to risk his life, *hapana*—which is more emphatic than no. Whenever I hear a man say, "Lions do so-and-so," or, "Of course, I felt safe then, because lions never do so-and-so," I say to myself, "My friend, your experience with lions is limited."



It may be fairly extensive at that. Some apparently invariable rules go long before refutation. Twenty lions may in succession act so-and-so; and then, all at once, the next five may do the other thing. A number of neat white tombstones have been erected to the memories of the men who have relied implicitly on their knowledge of lions. There is no knowledge of lions to be relied on implicitly; no generalization, unless, perhaps, "You never can tell" may be considered such. That, to my mind, is what makes the game so fascinating. It can be played by no rules. It sets a premium on alertness, adaptability, quick thinking.

A short time since, Alan Black and I were talking over just this point. Alan Black is one of the best hunters in Africa, and of the longest experience. His second name might as well have been Quatermain. We came to a point of agreement as to one thing; he from his wide experience of thirty years, I trailing along with the feeble corroboration of my thirty months: It seemed probable to us that a lion that had not been chased or otherwise angered would never charge instantly at the first shot. He required time for realization. So certain did this seem that we were tempted to admit it as a rule, for we had both of us seen a great many lions.

And that same month this happened: Art and I were driving to camp just at noon. Happening to glance to the right, I saw, about two hundred yards away, a lion's head

rise into view and duck down again. He was evidently lying in the grass in a shallow depression, on both sides of which for a long distance was no cover at all. All we had to do was to disembark, walk up to the depression and flush that lion. This we proceeded to do. So certain was it that we should encounter him at close range that I took the .405, a hard-hitting weapon at close quarters, but useless at any long distance. We walked up slowly in battle array. Then, when we got near, we found that the depression extended some distance to the left, and that the lion had sneaked up it on his belly. He broke away some distance from us and legged it across the plain just as fast as he could run.

Before we had sight of him, he was more than two hundred yards away and going like an express train. I let off the .405 a couple of times and missed. Art had his Springfield, and, after a shot or so, hit the beast in the flank.

Without checking his stride or his speed he whirled around and came at us. This was from a distance of fully three hundred yards, when he was in full flight. The manœuvre was performed, as I say, without the slightest check or hesitation. Art hit him again with the light rifle as he came, and I knocked him out with the .405 when he got within reach of the heavy artillery, about seventy yards. And as though to clinch it, within a few weeks of that another lion charged me instantly on receiving the first

bullet. Furthermore, this one had not even seen me until the moment I fired at him. So there went that "invariable rule," the experience of years nullified twice inside a month!

Then there was the case, you will remember, of the lioness that climbed the tree—the first one killed with arrows. It has been supposed that African lions never climb trees—in fact, cannot climb trees. A man up a tree has always felt perfectly safe. This one climbed a tree; and if she could, why, so can others; and if she did, why, so might others, and there goes your "perfect safety"!

The more one has to do with lions, the more instances he will encounter of the unconventional action and the more long-held theories he will explode. Indeed, in many cases, he will find that he must negative cherished traditions and for them substitute probabilities—note the word "probabilities"—that are the exact opposite. Take the mother-and-cubs stuff, for example.

We all know—haven't we been told enough times?—that we may brag that we have pulled a lion's tail, or taken away his fresh-killed meat, or spat in his eye, or committed any other atrocity that may suggest itself to our most vivid alcoholic imagination, and get away with it in any fairly polite society; but if we dare claim we have driven the lioness from her cubs, we can expect nothing but that refined incredulity known as the raspberry. For what is more



beautiful than the maternal instinct? The most abject coward will fight for its young.

As a matter of cold, sober, unsentimental fact, the mother of young lion cubs will ordinarily run away, leaving the youngsters to follow, if they have sense enough. Sometimes she will bluff a little, but not for long. Indeed, so prompt is she—generally—to put space between the intruder and herself that I have wondered if her instinct of escape is not intensified by the thought that this is no fit place for children. She may be giving them a good and urgent example to follow. Possibly her sentiments are of the noblest, but her actions certainly are open to misinterpretation. After she has gone a few hundred yards, she will probably stop, and if the youngsters are not at her heels, she may trot back to see about it. But even then she is rather looking for the cubs than contemplating any attack in their defense. If you pop a .22 calibre bullet in her general direction, or yell sharply at her, telling her to get out there, she will most likely turn tail and scamper off like a kicked dog.

No; this is not a generalization. But it happens so regularly in the majority of cases that I should be inclined to put a certain amount of reliance on it, and not look for any particular trouble merely because cubs are about, were it not for the confounded maiden aunt or hired nurse girl, as the case may be. Lionesses are gregarious creatures.



You rarely come upon them singly, and with the mother-and-cubs combination is very often—almost always, I should be inclined to say—some old busybody of a spinster who seems to think she has something to do with it. There are always people like that. She has nothing to do with those cubs; and if their very own mother does not think it advisable or desirable to pull off a rear-guard action, certainly she should not take it upon herself to butt in. But she does. And she is the one to look out for; she is the one that carries out the good old traditions as to the ferocity of the lioness defending her young. Only they are not her young. She has, I repeat, nothing whatever to do with them; unless, as I suggested, she may be the hired nurse girl doing her job. If so, she certainly earns her wages!

Ordinarily, this old spinster is fussing about, very much in evidence. If she had any real sense she would follow the family in its retreat and save herself—and us—a lot of trouble. Nobody wants to kill cubs. Not she! She prances around and squats and lashes her tail and growls useless warnings, and is quite apt to charge and therefore get herself killed. Furthermore, if she is not in sight at the moment, she keeps you nervous wondering where she is and when she is going to turn up.

One day Art and I killed a lion on a tongue of land formed by the sharp reflex bend of a river. The banks were steep down and up, and we left the lion where he lay and walked

out to the point of the tongue. A lioness and two small cubs had been with the lion. The lady, true to form, had departed rapidly across the river; we could see her waiting rather anxiously in the bushes; but the cubs had not yet appeared, and we thought we would go look at them. Sure enough, we arrived just in time to see them swimming side by side like a pair of very busy little dogs. They emerged on the other side much bedraggled. It was a quaint and amusing sight. Then they climbed the high steep bank, joined mother—who advanced not one step to meet them, by the way—and the lot moved off. After this considerable interval, we returned to our dead lion with a view to skinning him.

Fortunately, things happened before we had laid aside our rifles and rolled up our sleeves and got busy on this job. Ten seconds later, we would most certainly have been caught at disadvantage, to say the least. Up over the right-hand bank, from exactly the side opposite to where all this had been happening, popped the maiden aunt. She had been off gallivanting and was late to the party; but she was coming for all she was worth to see about it. No sense; no calm consideration; just coming, all hurry and hysteria: "My Lord! The children! Where are the children? What have you been doing to the children?" We hadn't been doing anything to the children; and if she had taken half a second to raise her silly eyes she might have seen the con-



*Photo by Leslie Simon*

Taking it easy—lionesses





founded children quite safe and sound, not a hundred yards away. But on she came, and we had to stop her, of course; and lucky to be able to before she closed on us.

This curious trait I find has been noticed by every lion man with whom I have compared notes, notably Simson, Tarlton, and Alan Black, whose lion experience has been very extensive. In fact, if I were to be so foolish as to suggest rules for amateur lion hunters, one of the first would be, "Don't bother about mother, but get your eye on auntie, and keep it there."

Indeed, almost anybody is more responsible than mother. Late one afternoon, while on *safari* far from Nyumbo, Art and I were strolling up one bank of a wide and shallow watercourse, now dry. It had no jungle, but was grown with patches of green reeds a good deal like low tules, and an occasional clump of palms. Suddenly, across the way, a lioness sat up, very yellow against the bright green of the reeds. As I was an old-timer at the lion game and Art was on his first trip to Africa, I motioned him to shoot. He hit her well and she bounced up the bank and faced us, receiving, I believe, another bullet as she ran. In her place among the reeds appeared another, which I dropped instantly.

Then, for the first time, we saw that these were not merely hunting pals, but part of a family group. Mother scrambled up the hill and departed, and three cubs followed her more slowly. They were just exactly the sort for which I had

long been searching to fill out a museum group—about the size of a police dog. We had seen many cubs, but heretofore they had all been too large or too small. I wanted them badly. But auntie, in the grass, was getting funny, so I urged Art to get busy on the specimens while I took a careful crack at the old lady. He killed two and I got the other after attending to auntie; which was all very satisfactory, somewhat busy and exciting, and just what we wanted.

And then we became aware of much fierce growling and shaking of reeds, and shortly realized that we were being terrifically charged by a male lion whose presence we had not suspected. This beast was coming straight at us in a most determined manner, uttering all sorts of threats of what he was going to do about it when he got there. He was all of six inches tall and about eighteen inches long. The reeds interfered with him terribly, but he was making time for all that. Deserted by mother, with both aunties killed, nevertheless, he was going to do his little best, just like a real lion, and by instinct or precept he knew how to do it in proper style. His head was down, his tail was up, and he was making vocal war medicine all the way.

Art and I burst out laughing; then began to wonder what we should do about it. There was not a rock or an ant hill we could climb; we doubted our ability to run fast enough to get away. His teeth and claws could quite effectively

tear our shins, were he to close. We might, of course, kick him in the face, but we might miss, and a miss would mean painful lacerations, with a good chance of septic poisoning as a sequence.

This thing had looked like a joke, but it was not a joke at all; it was serious. For, one thing we did not want to do at all, and that was to shoot this gallant little lion. Nevertheless, it actually looked as if we might be forced to do so.

The reeds terminated a few yards from us to give place to flat open ground. The youngster came on boldly to the edge. Then suddenly his nerve deserted him utterly. He gave one look at the open space, turned and went ky-yi-ing back and up the hill, his tail between his legs like a dog attached to a tin can. But he was a good little lion, and when he grows up he is going to be a credit to his papa.

The whole episode turned out well, for, as neither of the slain lionesses carried milk, it was certain that the one that escaped was his mother.

While we are on the cub question, let us explode another "invariable rule" that is copied and quoted from book to book. It is generally stated thus: "On the birth of cubs the lioness withdraws with them from the company of male lions until they are fairly grown." Though this is true in the majority of cases, perhaps, it emphatically is not true in more than a bare majority. I have seen cubs not more than a week or ten days old in bands that included old maned



lions, young males, females, and half-grown youngsters. Such circumstances are disturbing, for then there seem to be not one only but several conscientious spinsters to sit about the sidehills and lash their tails and generally overdo things.

Nor, to pass on to the next pretty legend, is the lion invariably monogamous, faithful to one spouse until death does them part, and all that sort of thing. Certainly, at times—maybe most times, for all I know—he seems to be content with but one wife; but again, he trots about with a whole harem. My private opinion is that his apparent monogamy is due to two causes: In the first place, the lionesses are jealous and are certainly no ladies when it comes to the expression of that jealousy. If the female business had stopped at lionesses, nobody would have had the nerve to nickname it the gentle sex. It is a rare thing to skin a full-grown lioness that is not scarred and gored deeply with old or recent fang and claw wounds. I think when *Felis leo* brings home Wife Number Two the ladies have it out, and only a drawn battle or series of battles makes that household polygamous.

The second reason is that, as with us humans, some fair ones are more popular than others and so inspire rivalry among the males. Hence more fights—good ones. Lions ordinarily live in nice coöperative bands, happy and contented with their murderous lot. You will see two fine old maned chaps sauntering about thoroughly pleased with



each other—good-old-pals stuff. You will see ten or a dozen lionesses lying about together in the shade like so many sleepy pussy cats. And then love whispers down the breeze, and the night shakes with the noise of combat. Some of these fights go on for as long as three hours. They are wonderful to hear; they must be even more wonderful to see. Simson shot two fine big lions which on examination proved to be so badly cut to pieces that the skins were not worth taking.

One day we were driving across the veldt when we came upon a very pretty sight. A magnificent maned lion was lying nobly, like the lions of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square, gazing off into space. Between his outspread forepaws cuddled a lithe and beautiful young lioness, flat on her side, her sleek head turned up coquettishly. The old chap was very dignified, very majestic—and also very gaunt. His sides were flat and he evidently had not eaten for some days. A short distance away stood another lion, a young male. He was stuffed so full he could hardly waddle. His belly was as tight as a drum. On neither was there mark of combat.

Now, of course, I do not know what had happened, but it looked very much to us like a case of bribery. Here was a hungry gentleman with the beautiful lady, and here was an extremely well-fed gentleman without any lady. There had evidently been no fight. The arrangement had been peace-

ably come to. Greedyguts had been bought off by the fleshpots. Who supplied them? I like to think the gallant and noble old fellow had made the kill and had scornfully abandoned it in favour of the lady; and I was glad to see that the lady herself had evidently spurned the fat and midnight kongoni to follow her lord.

Once I killed a very fine and powerful lion, and when N'thиту came to skin it, he found imbedded solidly in its skull about an inch and a half of broken tooth, which he brought me. I slipped it into my pocket. Sometime later, in Nairobi, I mentioned to Tarlton this evidence of a desperate battle and produced the evidence. He examined it with interest.

"But," said he, "this is not a lion's fang; it is a piece of wart-hog tusk."

Think of the picture! The poor little pig facing certain death—for obviously he was not unaware—yet doing his feeble best for all that, and putting in—with all the might that was in him—his one blow before the sweep of the great paw cracked his neck. It was a shrewd and desperate effort, for the broken tusk had penetrated the solid bone.

The fact that you never can tell what different lions will do in exactly similar circumstances was never better exemplified than by one experience with two of them. We were driving on the rolling veldt very early in the morning, before the sun was up. Leslie had the wheel, I was beside

him, and the two archers sat on boxes in the back. It was very chilly. Surmounting a roll of the plain, we saw in the hollow two maned lions lying side by side. There was no cover, not even long grass. Leslie at once turned the car in their direction.

Now, speaking for myself, I like my lions either later in the day or when I am afoot. It is too chilly to drive up in a car. I am on the edge of shivering merely from the cold air, and the slight nervous excitement is quite likely to push me over the edge so that I do shiver. It is all right when the show actually begins, but it is hard to get cranked up. Every duck shooter will know what I mean. The same thing hits him just at sunrise and before the first flight.

Those two lions stared at us solemnly while we drove nearer and nearer. At about forty yards one got up and strolled away. The archers hopped out behind and loosed two ineffective shafts, whereupon the other moved off at a walk in the other direction. That was all right. We had them separated. Now all we had to do was to tag along after one of them until he stopped, and then to shoot more arrows. He would, according to our experience, permit a certain amount of this; then he would charge or move off. But until he had reached that point of action the archers would have chances to get in an effective hit. So we cranked up and moved slowly after him, at a respectful distance.

We had not gone thus fifty yards when, without warning or provocation, he whipped around in his tracks and charged us full tilt.

There was no time to turn off the engine or to get ready in any way. Leslie slammed on the brakes. I dropped to my knees on the floor board and shot over the radiator. Art fired above the canopy over our heads. The lion fell dead just two and a half paces from the car.

Looking back, we saw that the other had moved but a short distance and was standing watching us. So we threw our coats over the body of the dead beast, to keep the birds off, and went on over. We approached with considerable caution. This lion looked exactly like the other; they might have been twin brothers as far as size, mane, and general appearance went. Anticipating hostilities at any moment, we gingerly drew near.

The lion turned and walked away. We pulled up a trifle closer, off his flank. He broke into a trot. Leslie opened the throttle. He began to gallop. We bounced along after.

Seeing that we were going to be persistent, he stopped, squatted, and faced us. We pulled up, debarked, and the archers opened fire. After a number of trials, they had landed two arrows—flesh wounds only! At this he rose and started toward us, but without dropping his head low in the usual indication of a charge. So we gunmen held our fire,



and were justified by seeing him swerve off at the last minute and trot slowly away.

We cranked up and followed. Again he stopped; again the archers got busy. More arrows launched; another bluff charge that was not carried through, followed by another retreat. This sort of thing continued for an hour and ten minutes. Everything possible was done to that lion to cause him to charge. He was hit by arrows, he was followed about, chased out of wind, headed off, and generally insulted. Again and again we cleared for action; again and again he started toward us; again and again Leslie and I placed the beads of our rifles and crooked our trigger fingers—and again and again he swerved off at the last minute.

After a while, the archers ran out of arrows; so we left him and scoured about over the plain, revisiting the scenes of our many encounters, and picked up a score or so of arrows and returned to the spot where he obligingly awaited us.

The thing was ridiculous. We resolved to cut out the nonsense. So, Leslie and I on the flanks, we advanced slowly on foot to within about ten yards of him. At this range Art put a broad-head into his chest. He leaped to his feet and started toward us, but very slowly. For a moment, it looked as though at last we would have to shoot him with the guns. But even now he stopped. Very gingerly, step by step, we backed away until we had put thirty yards

between us. Then Art settled matters with another broad-head.

Now, here were two lions, just alike, encountered together in exactly similar circumstances. Why was one so desperately courageous and the other so cowardly? Incidentally, this latter was the only lion I ever encountered that did not fight to a finish when so challenged.

For a long time, I thought that, unlike buffaloes, elephants, and rhinos, a lion once started in a charge could not be checked or turned. This is still a good general rule. However, on this trip, two exceptions bobbed up.

One was a male lion that the archers had been shooting at and occasionally hitting. It was one of those that was pouncing upon and chewing to flinders every arrow that fell near him. He was wholly occupied with them and was not paying any attention to us. Nevertheless, as life-insurance agent, I was watching him very closely and holding myself in readiness for action. Suddenly, he focussed his gaze on us and started toward us.

Now, as a general thing, as I said before, you can tell whether a lion means business or is only bluffing by the way he holds his head. If he starts in with his head held high the chances are he will stop or swerve. When, however, just at the instant of coming, he drops his head low, below the line of his shoulders, he has made up his mind to get you. This one dropped his head, so I fired instantly. The shot

was a bad one, little more than a scrape. Instead of coming on in, the beast turned back, jumped upon an arrow sticking in the ground, and chewed it to bits. I think he ascribed the burn of the bullet to another of the arrows he had been so long fighting.

On another occasion, Doc was out on a perfectly peaceful bow-and-arrow expedition afoot, in company with Chalo and a number of savage bowmen who were going to show him how they did it. They chanced upon a group of lionesses. Now, Doc was not lion hunting. He had no use for lions whatever. The natives, however, were very keen. In spite of Doc's expostulations, they started after those lionesses full tilt, yelling and howling, ever and anon turning to urge Doc to hurry up, that the lion hunting was fine. And ever and anon one or more of the lionesses would get sick of it and would stop and face back. Then the exuberant *shenzis* would prance about and wave their arms to Doc.

Doc followed the procession, albeit reluctantly. He had some sort of idea that there was a moral responsibility attached to the situation; though, as he tells it, he emphatically was not out lion hunting. He followed, not so much with the idea of defending those fool natives in case of trouble, as of getting hold of them to prevent them chasing the lionesses any farther. Though Doc is a veteran with the long bow, he is not a gun man. He had never fired

a high-power rifle before coming to Africa on this trip, and has done so only a few times since. He was about as likely to hit the ground halfway between himself and the lionesses as not, and he knew and appreciated this fact. This was no business at all for an honest archer, even though he had as usual a precautionary .405 with him.

By and by, he did catch up with the men. His satisfaction in this feat was mitigated by the fact that he also caught up with the lionesses. Everybody, apparently, had stopped with the idea of waiting for him. The natives were glowing with honest pride over the unexampled opportunity they had procured for Doc to commit suicide.

"*Piga, bwana*," Chalo urged him.

Doc's Swahili is about equal to Art's; but he got his idea over.

"One gun, no good *simba*," he explained elaborately; "two guns, another *bwana*, good."

Chalo got the main notion, which was that the *status quo ante* was desirable, and looked incredulous and disappointed. The lionesses, having afforded all opportunity for trouble if anybody wanted any, again moved off. The moment they had turned and headed the other way, Doc got bold, for some reason or another. I do not think he himself knows exactly why. He said something afterward about not losing wholly the respect of the natives, but as he had—quite wisely and properly—refused to shoot when the lionesses



had stopped, it is not clear how it would help matters in that respect to open fire after they had started away. The whole show was exciting and disturbing of equilibrium. So, quite naturally but somewhat foolishly, as soon as the beasts were headed the other way, Doc began to shoot at them. He fired three times. The direction the lion is headed does not help much. A simple expedient is always at his command: He can turn around.

That is what one of these lionesses did. Though Doc's three shots were all misses, she was annoyed at the racket, and she dropped her head and charged. It was not a nice situation at all, for Doc had only two shots left in his rifle, and no confidence whatever in his ability to hit her if he had had a dozen, let alone stop her. And then, at thirty yards, tempted by a small bit of bushy cover which she had to pass, she swerved into it and squatted. Doc backed gingerly away. It was a definite relinquishment of a charge definitely started.

And speaking of stopping charges, there is only one way to do it, and that is never to shoot merely at the whole animal. Forget the whole animal and pick for your mark one definite small spot. Try to hit that. The smaller the spot the better. Kind Providence has tipped the lion's chin with white hairs in a patch a trifle larger than a dollar. It is easily seen and, if the beast is coming straight at you, is a good guide for your bead. But if you forget this and just

shoot at the lion, you are looking for trouble of an exceedingly unpleasant sort.

The other requisite is, I think, mental. It really constitutes the difference between the lion man and the general hunter. The former goes out in spirit to meet his adversary, leans toward the lion mentally, so to speak. The other draws back a little in his mind, experiences a slight shrinking away. If it were to be expressed in physical action—which it is not—your symbolical figures would be of one man thrusting forward eagerly to shoot, the other hanging a little back. This has nothing to do with courage.

Curiously enough, such a mental or spiritual attitude seems to carry with it a certain effectiveness. It is only very rarely that you hear of a true lion man being mauled or killed. It is the fellow who is secretly a little afraid of lions, who is nervous and uneasy in their presence. Not that he gets panicky or actually funks it in any way; but even the slight mental reservation has subtracted from his instantaneous and whole-hearted coördination just enough to decide one of those frequent hair-trigger close calls in his disfavour.

One of the best of the old-time African white hunters, a man who had been through the mill for twenty-odd years, was recently killed by a lioness. He was a man of unquestioned nerve and ability. But he had always frankly disliked lions, and had often said that, though he was not

afraid of them in the usual acceptance of the word, he was always glad when his clients had got their lion and the thing was safely over. The lioness that killed him offered no peculiar circumstances. She charged, and in the open—that was all.

There is no sport better than lion hunting to bring out what is in a man. Somehow, lions carry an electric sort of aura of excitement about with them. It is quite possible to glance up and remark between yawns, "Look over there at the elephant, old chap"; or to request your companion, "Wake me up when those confounded buffalo have moved far enough away."

But it is wholly out of the question for any one, white or black, new to Africa or old to the game, to say calmly, "Oh, look at the lion!"

Indeed, no one says "lion" at all. It is too soft and slow a word; it has no punch.

"*Simba! Simba!*" hisses even the veriest tyro at Swahili; and afterward he is surprised when you tell him that in the excitement of the moment he used the native word. But it alone, naturally and inevitably, expressed not only what he saw, but also the vital thrill he experienced when he saw it.

This thrill is not a mere reflex of possible danger; the lions may be very distant and you may not be going after them at all. It is not unaccustomedness; for the oldest hunters,

may, even the wild savages themselves who have lived their lives out where lions are as normal as breakfast-food advertisements to us, experience the same reaction. It is a solvent of consciousness which the lion carries with him as part of his aura; a power by his mere presence to raise the psychic vibrations to a higher pitch than usual. And since, as we all know, raised vibrations mean intensified colour, so, therefore, the blended and shaded tints of what a man is deepen in tone until they are no longer blended but show for what they are.

One man becomes deadly cool; another, though courageous enough, cannot control his mere physical nerves to steadiness; a third is for the moment mentally paralyzed to inaction, where his companion moves and judges and seizes opportunity with the speed of light. One chap enters a realm of purely instinctive reaction, whose effectiveness depends entirely on his former experience and how much he has thought about such an emergency before. After the show is over, he can tell you nothing accurate of what happened; indeed, he is unable even to reconstruct mere topography. A second chap's mind works with pellucid clarity, and his memory is minute and exact.

All these things are matters of temperament and, in general, beyond a man's control. They constitute his equipment. Until that equipment has been determined and tested, no one can predict—himself least of all—whether



he will ever be justified and safe in pursuing lions alone and on foot. Past performance in any other field is no good as a basis for theory. Theory is no good.

When anybody says to me, "So-and-So would be a good man on lions; he has a nerve of iron," my only comment—private—is, "Received and placed on file."

But lion hunting also throws into relief the qualities that are more directly under a man's control. *In vino veritas* does not, of course, mean that a drunken man will tell the truth; merely that certain basic truths about that man are likely to come out when he is drunk. I should say that *in leone veritas* also was a perfectly good aphorism. If a man is inclined to hog it, or funk it, or is callous or inconsiderate or a plain dam-fool, he will exhibit those traits in a really good lion show—and the converse. I have not space for many examples, but here are two of opposite character that come to my mind:

A man named Bulpett was charged and knocked down by a lion, which for the moment did not kill him but lay across his chest, staring about in challenge of interference. A native boy was near. He was unarmed, and his judgment could quite justifiably, of course, have told him that the situation, though highly regrettable, was without remedy. Nevertheless, he actually ran up, leaped astride that lion, seized its mane in both hands and tried to pull the great beast off his master. I am glad to be able to say that one

of them got hold of a revolver and shot the lion through the brain before it had done any great damage.

The other incident was told me by one of East Africa's best white hunters. We were discussing his various kinds of clients and their idiosyncrasies.

"Nine out of ten of them are good sportsmen," he said; "even those who have had no experience. The tenth is a rotter."

"What was the worst case you know?" I asked.

"A chap I had out three years ago," he replied unhesitatingly; "and the joke of it was I did not know it until the last week of a three months' *safari*. Up to that moment, I thought him one of the best. He was a goodish shot, pleasant personally, and put up with things jolly well. We had a good shoot for general stuff, and he was pleased as Punch, except that he hadn't got his lion. That disappointed him greatly, and I sympathized with his feeling. We worked hard for them, too, but you know how it is when your luck with *simba* is out."

"I do!" I agreed fervently.

"Toward the last he hinted that we might try night shooting from a boma; but I won't do that, as you know, and I told him so. I didn't lay it up against him in any way, for most of those sportsmen who come out here don't know any better, and the usual run of white hunters don't bother to teach them. Then, one day, I saw a lioness. She was

sitting on a ledge of rock about halfway up the side of a boulder kopje, and she had not seen us. I motioned everybody down out of sight, and the whole lot of us made a stalk around the kopje. The wind was right, and when we had got there, I found that we could climb right up to the top. We did so. The lioness still lay on the ledge. She was directly below us. All we had to do was to shoot straight down and break her back. He was terribly excited, all trembling like a leaf; but it was only about twenty feet or so down there, and I didn't think it possible he could miss."

"But he did?" I inquired.

"No, not altogether. But he slobbered her, and then he lost his head and failed to give her the other barrel. He seemed paralyzed, and just stared down at the old lady, who was doing some acrobatics.

"The boys all rushed up, yelling. I couldn't stop them. You know how that is."

"I do!" I agreed again.

"One of them came along too fast. His sandals slipped on the smooth rock, and down the steep face of it he slid, square on top of the lioness. Of course, she grabbed him. There was nothing else to be done, so I slid down, too. I had to shoot under the crook of the man's arm to reach her head. Might have crocked him—certainly gave him some jar with the blast from my old .470!—but I didn't. Got to have some luck once in a while. I dragged the lioness off

the boy. He was badly mangled. Looked as if he was going to pass out right then and there. Then down the face of the rock came sliding my white man. He hopped over the wounded boy to the lioness.

“‘Thank God, we got her!’ he cried. ‘My trip to Africa has not been in vain!’

“Now, of course, a white hunter is not supposed to have any ideas or feelings as far as his client is concerned, but this—what do you call it?—got my goat. He hadn’t even looked at the boy.

“‘How about this boy?’ I couldn’t resist reminding him.

“‘To hell with the boy!’ said he. ‘He took his chance.’”

My friend told me that he had reason to believe this man was sorry when the excitement had cooled. But whatever he did or felt or said thereafter, the fact remains that the grain and fibre of him was revealed by the lion, and might not have been recognizably revealed in any other way. “To hell with the boy! He took his chance” was the fundamental of that man.

If it is a mistake to generalize for one’s self on lions, it is even more of a mistake to generalize for others. By so doing, I once presented a brother Californian, Mr. H. O. Harrison, with an amusing experience. In a certain part of the country lay a long and wide dry marsh or *tinga-tinga*, as the natives call them. That is to say, it looked like a marsh in that it was green with waving reeds that a good



deal resembled tules. Only when one went down to examine it, he found the greater part of it underneath the reeds not only stone dry but white and powdery with a very fine alkali dust. During the rainy season it might be wet enough for short periods; but most times water was present only in small isolated pools and ditches, and that water was brackish. However, we had found that these pools were very prolific of wild fowl. There were all sorts, from pelicans to sandpeeps. We had no shotgun, but even with the .22 rifle we managed to get good sport—and some geese—on the wing.

So, since Harrison had a shotgun and was going down in that country, we told him about it.

"You'll have good sport," said I; "after you've kicked out the lions," I added facetiously.

And then I proceeded to generalize. I told him that he needn't be afraid of encountering lions; that lions hate alkali dust as much as do humans, and are closer to the ground; that I had been all over the *tinga-tinga* a dozen times and had never seen a lion track in it, new or old.

Several weeks later I got a note from him by runner. He said in it that the geese were there. He had killed two of them, and then had to go home to lunch. Later, when we saw him again, he explained. He had had no difficulty in finding the *tinga-tinga* all right, and on the strength of my directions walked confidently into the waist-high green

reeds toward the first of the pot holes. A cloud of geese arose therefrom. He made a neat double. The brace of geese came whirling down, and Harrison watched them with the satisfaction of the wild fowler who has made a good shot. As they neared the reeds, the heads of four lions rose up to meet them.

Harrison glanced at the sun and was astonished to observe how late it was. He had not realized he had been out so long. It was lunch-time, and he hated to be late for lunch. So he went to camp. No, he did not stop to get his geese; there was not time for that if he wanted to be on time for lunch. No, he did not know whether the lions ate the geese. No, he did not think that these were retrieving lions and would have brought the geese to him if he had waited. He added something about lions and alkali dust to which I paid little attention. It sounded sarcastic.

I could go on for pages telling more and yet more of the total unreliability of lions when it comes to adhering to any fixed conventions. But that very unreliability is what makes the game fascinating. Each lion is a problem in himself, to be studied and solved along individual lines.

Of course, experience does teach one certain probabilities on which one acts until the lion proves different. There are certain tricks of the trade one gets on to, so to speak: tricks which will often bring success to the man who knows them, where the greenhorn will fail.

One of the commonest and most aggravating experiences of the amateur lion hunter is to see one or more lions a half mile or so away lying right out in the open in the grass, and anywhere up to a hundred yards outside the edge of a thick donga. They rear their heads to get a good look at him—you may be sure they have caught sight of him before he has caught sight of them—then rise and saunter to cover. He does one of two things; either he hurries to catch up to within range before they fade into the bush, or he runs to head them off. In either case they merely keep a cynical eye on him and in quite good time get into the bush, where the game is hopeless, leaving him to indulge in heartburning regrets of the if-only type.

But the possession of one bit of information takes the complete hopelessness out of the situation. I have used it a great many times, and in a limited number of instances it has worked. This is how it goes:

Late one afternoon I had killed an impalla buck on the lower slope of a mountain. Leaving N'dolo to cut it up, I took the Springfield and started to get the car, which I had left a mile or so down a donga.

On the way I encountered just the situation above outlined. About four hundred yards ahead six lions thrust their heads above the grass and stared at me. I stood still. They arose to their feet, took another look, and paced slowly away in single file toward the thick cover of the donga. The

moment they turned their heads to walk away I dropped flat in the grass, so that when next they looked back nothing was to be seen. They continued on to the donga, however, and at the edge of the thicket they stopped and gazed fixedly for some time at the empty landscape. Then they entered the brush.

Here was my chance. I ran as fast as I could, not in their direction, but to the nearest point of the donga, and crossed to the other bank, where, of course, I was out of their sight. Then I walked rapidly down the donga for half a mile until I came to an opening through which I could see to the opposite side, and waited.

The logic of the situation was this: Those lions had been disturbed and would go away from there some distance down the donga; there was no use hoping anything different. But they were by now a little puzzled in their minds as to what had disturbed them, or, indeed, if anything but their imaginations had disturbed them at all. They thought they had seen a man, but a second and a third look had shown them an empty landscape. If I had continued in their direction, or even remained in sight, they would have followed down the donga bed in perfect concealment.

However, the donga bed was thickly grown. It was difficult walking through all sorts of tangled obstructions, and the numerous thorns would be unpleasant to a tender nose. It was as well to go on down the donga, of course,



just on the off chance; but since, after all, it looked like a false alarm, it was much easier to parallel close to the donga in the open grass where it was easier walking.

After a bit, I found a little round opening in the trees through which I could see across the jungle to the grass beyond. It was like a frame, inclosing a picture fifteen or twenty feet across. After a few moments a lion walked into the frame. I whistled and he stopped, about twenty yards away, and looked back in the direction from which he had come. Instantly I placed the bead of the rifle at the base of the neck and pulled the trigger. He disappeared. Instantly another stood in his place. It was exactly like a shooting gallery where you knock over a little sheet-iron duck and another automatically comes up. I shot that one. A third immediately appeared. The hole in the foliage was just the right size to frame him nicely. This one I took high in the shoulder. He leaped out of sight. Then, with the precision of an automatic machine, two more stood in the opening.

"Oh, thunder!" said I to myself. "Lions enough!" and stood watching them while they puzzled a moment and then moved on. I do not ordinarily pile 'em up like this; but, on the other hand, such chances are none too frequent, and I had fairly earned them by the right of stratagem.

Then I got the car and N'dolo and the impalla, and we crossed the donga and cautiously approached the spot.

The first two lay almost on top of each other. One of those I had not shot at crouched about ten yards away, facing us. I held the bead on her until she made up her mind and faded into the brush. N'dolo skinned the two while I stood vigilant guard, for we were perilously close to cover. The trail of the third was plainly visible, but by now the sun was down and the thicket in twilight. I worked cautiously to the edge and peered in, but at once realized it was too dark and dangerous. So we went to camp. Next morning, early, we entered the jungle and found the third lion stone dead.

But it is time to stop talking about lions, if only to prove that there are other beasts in Africa that can treat to surprise. I could go on thus for pages; for, as I say, I am a lion man; the beast fascinates me; I consider his fair pursuit the finest sport in the world. It is a common saying that no man can kill fifty lions fairly without being killed or mauled. This is not true, of course. I myself have killed all told seventy-three, and have managed to come through with nothing worse than a number of close calls. However, the superstition at least illustrates the respect in which the game is held by those who know.

One of the finest sights I remember to have seen was offered me by a leopard. About three o'clock of a hot afternoon, N'dolo and I were on our way across country to a place where we hoped to see lions. We were tramping

through knee-high grass over a small plain broken only by a solitary large tree. Suddenly N'dolo seized me by the arm. "*Hapa! Hapa!*" he urged.

As we were thinking especially of lions, my eyes swept the ground level. It was only after a moment that my eye caught the cause of N'dolo's excitement. A leopard lay along a limb of the tree, and at least twenty-five feet above the earth. He perceived that I saw him and without hesitation leaped to the ground. But he did not simply drop down as would a cat or a monkey. He sailed straight out in the air, his four paws outstretched, after the manner of a great flying squirrel. With a faint thud he alighted and in one bound disappeared in the grass. I was glad I had not caught sight of him when N'dolo first exclaimed. In that case, I should have shot him, and so have missed the spectacle of his yellow-and-black body flashing through the sunlight.

One last yarn on the text "You never can tell." We were camped on the Grumentu River on our way out from Nyumbo. Toward evening came a flivver truck with two white men. One was a young Jew engaged in trading with the natives for cattle hides. The other was a youth of twenty-odd, apparently out for experience. They said they were in need of meat, so Art volunteered to take them to a place near camp where at this time of evening a bunch of impalla were generally to be found. The impalla, however,

proved to be absent; and after a short hunt, the party headed back to camp before it should get dark. The show was over. First went Art; then a short distance behind him the youth; at an interval, the Jew; and then, straggling far in the rear, native fashion, a boy named Marongo, a short, thickset person built for power rather than speed.

It was a nice peaceful evening in what by all the rules should have been a quiet sector. Suddenly Art heard a succession of wild yells. Almost before he could turn around, Marongo passed him. That scow-built person was making incredible time, his chest out, his bent arms working like pistons in true sprinting form. Art estimated afterward that he must have been making the hundred in about seven seconds flat. The Jew was at his heels, gaining on him, sans gun, sans hat. The youth was already behind a small tree, fumbling with his rifle. Down the slope, and not thirty yards behind them, thundered a huge buffalo bull.

Art had only the light Springfield, which is to a buffalo what a sling shot would be to a mad dog. Nevertheless, the the only thing to do was to shoot; the evening was spoiled, anyway. So he shot, and he made a very good and very fortunate job of it. The little bullet hit about an inch below the massive boss of the horns, just where the skull rises to their base. An inch and a half higher, it would merely have spattered against the horns; as much lower, it would prob-



ably have glanced off. As it was, the angle caught it and the buffalo fell in a heap.

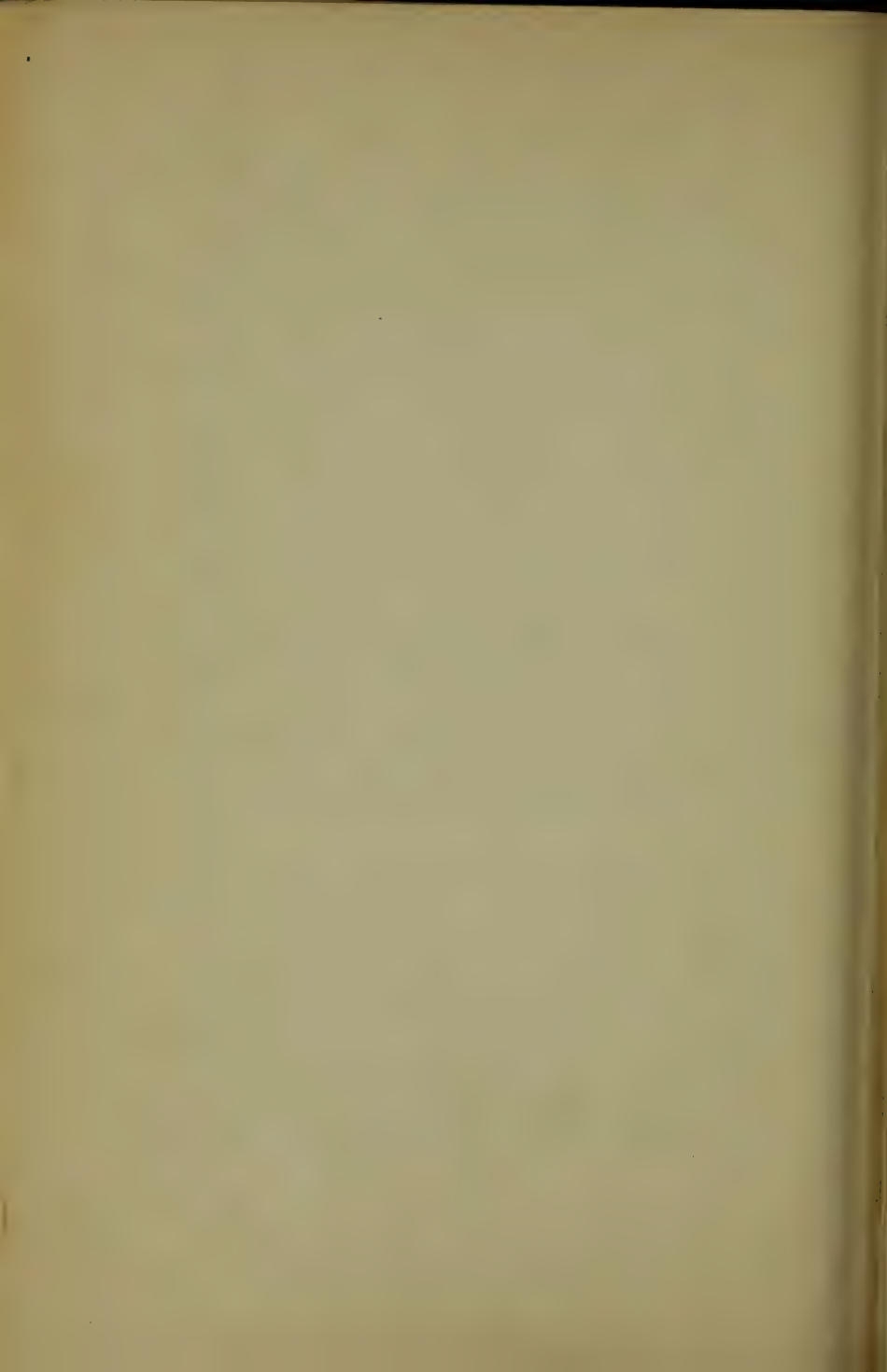
And hardly had it hit the ground before the Jew was back bargaining with Art for the skin! He had been scared out of his wits, but he had not been scared out of his business sense. Marongo did not reappear for a long time. I suppose he was engaged in coming back.

Afterward, for amusement, I got him to tell his version of the affair. He ran over the details up to the crucial moment.

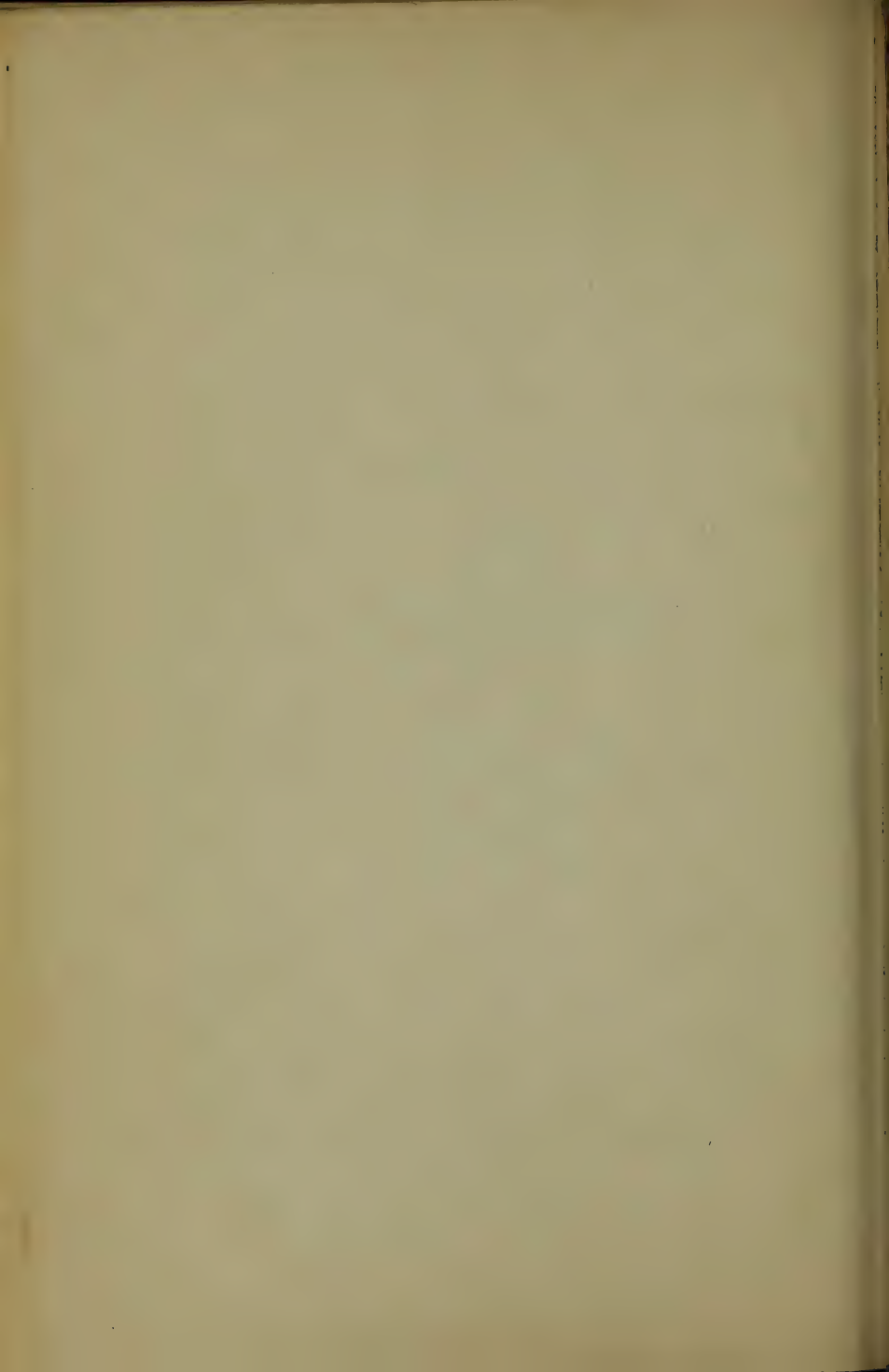
"Then," said he, "finding the buffalo very near, I went away."

Another translation of the phrase he used could be, "I finished going"—*naquisha quenda*. There is speed in that word "finished."

Either would seem to be, in view of the circumstances, what might be called a good example of literary restraint.



SABAKAKI—AND OTHERS





## CHAPTER IX

### SABAKAKI—AND OTHERS

**I**T MUST not be hastily concluded that life at Nyumbo is all battle, murder, and sudden death. We have our internal economy, our city life, to which country pleasures are foreign. We have our cockneys, who live their lives in the streets, and whose rare excursions with us into the woods and fields and jungles are to them a wonder and a somewhat mitigated delight. Of such are our tent boys, the cook, the skinner—and Sabakaki.

Sabakaki has in charge the motor cars. He is supposed to find them each day in food and water, and to send them forth fit and caparisoned for high emprise. At need he can drive the truck. He can make the thing go; and that ability is itself sufficient to set him high in all native eyes, but especially in his own. The prerogative of his calling is that he can, when we move from spot to spot, always ride.

This is fortunate, for he wears proudly a pair of the longest, broadest, flattest plantigrade shoes ever turned out of any foundry. What their gross and net tonnage may be, I should never dare try to guess, but the tare on those feet of his must be something enormous. When Sabakaki moves

from spot to spot, his going is signalized by sounds similar to those made by a board striking very flat on the water. When he runs, the miracle is beyond description. On this prideful structure is erected a sturdy frame addicted to putties or golf stockings, khaki shorts, fancy shirts and expensive headgear. For Sabakaki is a *meredadi*, which is Swahili for our ancient slang designation of "dude," only much more so. In complexion he is very black, for he is a Uganda man; and in countenance his external works belie not his internal characteristics, which are subservience, dashed by but resilient to misfortune, inordinate vanity, with a strong infusion of chuckleheadedness throughout.

He attracted unfavourable attention to himself in our first twenty miles out from Nairobi, when the gas tank of one of the cars proved empty. There are gasoline stations in the garages, but as we have to carry further supplies an incredible journey, this came near being a capital crime. That evening we made a bivouac camp. Sabakaki brought our firestones. One of them was too large. Having failed to break it by ordinary methods, Sabakaki savagely tried to bite it in two. In this also he failed; but it was an interesting effort.

In the truck, besides certain supplies, he carried at that time sundry gun bearers and other men. He was very proud to show off his ability before these, and loath to acknowledge even partial defeat before them. Inasmuch

as Sabakaki usually managed to stall his machine at the worst place in the numberless fearful dongas and ravines we had to cross, he was ordered to stop on the hither side of these places and wait for one of us to come back from the other cars to do the driving. That was an order his vanity utterly forbade him to obey. What would his admiring passengers think at this evident reflection on his ability? He tried it, anyway—always got stuck, and resorted to dense stupidity to counter our sometimes vigorous reproaches. We sent back a gun bearer to stop him; he brushed right by. Finally, I had to drop off in person and stand where he would have to run over me before proceeding.

So, by the time we reached Nyumbo, Sabakaki was what might be called a marked man. We took notice of Sabakaki and thereby derived a mixed or alternating exasperation and amusement. It did no good to point out that he was a cross between a baboon and a rhinoceros, that his most brilliant inspirations would bring the blush of shame to a pterodactyl, and that the only use of his head was to support the astonishing headgear which was quite beyond his means anyway. He merely replied agreeably and with an air of entire acquiescence, "*N'dio, bwana!*" ("Yes, master!") It was like kicking a pillow.

Sabakaki had no sense whatever of the timely occasion. On the days when he had been deepest in the direst disgrace,

and when ordinary sense would have advised him to hide his diminished head until the lightnings had passed and the sun shone once more, he would appear before me as I sat by the evening fire. While yet a long way off, he would remove his cap and hold it in front of him with his two hands; when a little nearer he would say, "*Hodie*," and would not approach until I had given the proper reply of "*Karibu*." By these signs of great politeness I knew that Sabakaki wanted something.

"Will *bwana* shoot a topi to-morrow and give me the skin?" said he.

"Why, you misbegotten son of a goat," says I, "why should I shoot you a topi? You forgot to fill the water cans to-day, and if I shoot any topis the skins are mine."

"*N'diq, bwana*," Sabakaki agreed with me cordially.

The above was written two months ago in camp. I cut the manuscript at this point to insert a beautiful and typical example that happened when we finally went out to Nairobi. As you may imagine, the complete break-up of a kingdom was no small job. Transportation was not now a piece-meal affair of a few cases of petrol, or a dozen boxes of supplies, or a score of bags of *potio*. All our belongings, to the last dik-dik skin and the ultimate toothbrush, were to be carried somehow over that long journey to the southern Guaso Nyiro River, where the ox wagons would take it all off our shoulders and heads.



Questions of water en route; questions of food; questions of sick men and enough well men; questions of all sorts had to be faced and answered. Not the least of these was to synchronize our various arrivals, for it goes without saying that a day's march for men and one for motor car and motor truck were three very different things. Also our Wakoma were to go only so far before returning to M'tone's dominions; and after they left us we were to get on with our small nucleus from Nairobi, and with eleven Wakoma, fired with ambition to make the plunge into the world by accompanying us to that great metropolis. We were sending rapid *safaris* ahead, relaying, camping to wait while we sent rapid *safaris* back, paying off a few men here and a few men there, trying to make a time schedule to fit a dwindling *potio* supply. Oh, lots of things! And as nothing in Africa ever goes quite as it is planned, we had permutations and combinations of pleasing chance to keep us busy and amused. That was my job, as *safari* manager.

The crux of the whole matter was, naturally, weight. We got rid of everything but the minimum of desirables. From our last permanent camp on the Grumentu River, I sent on everything I possibly could, men as well as stores. For the last week we had only N'dolo, Asani, Suleimani—who had to ride on account of his leopard injuries—and Sabakaki. Our outfit was supposed to be reduced to an absolute minimum for the reason that it must all be carried

on the light truck. During this week the foot *safari* was supposed to get far enough ahead so that we would catch it up at the proper time and place.

Even thus we had about all the truck could reasonably handle over a trackless country. It does not take many things to make up twelve hundred pounds, when in that weight one has to include three men, spare tires, four five-gallon cans of water, and the gasoline necessary for the distance. And then, when we came to load up, Sabakaki began to produce personal effects. A native boy is supposed to get along—and does so—on what he can include in a small blanket roll. Sabakaki had two wooden chop boxes, he had a huge native basket full of junk, he possessed a large bed roll and a miscellaneous variety of single articles, ranging from a teakettle to a homemade woven coop of chickens. Heaven knows where he had got it all. Some he had brought in from his various trips to Nairobi; some he had traded for or gambled for. I remember golf stockings, three caps, a pair of woman's stockings, and a pair of dancing pumps. It was uncanny. This was uncivilized, unexplored, equatorial Africa. In the aggregate, his personal possessions bulked much greater than those of any one of us white men.

Of course, we cursed and threatened to leave behind the whole mess; and, of course, we ended by getting the confounded stuff aboard somehow. It was a tremendous nui-

sance; but it would have been worse than cruelty to animals to do otherwise. And all the way out it continued to be a nuisance. Like all native stuff, it was possessed of slippery and tottery devils. No sling or hitch would confine it. We were always tying it on or picking it up or removing it, to the accompaniment of language, because what we happened to want for the moment was invariably underneath it. And when Art had occasion to open one of the long tool boxes in search of some article, he found that box stuffed to the top with strips of imperfectly dried meat which Sabakaki modestly admitted to be his.

All in all, we were considerably fed up with Sabakaki's possessions by the time we had wearily but thankfully drawn up by the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi. A bath and a rest would have been grateful, but the job was not yet quite over. With some difficulty, we loosened the lashings, stiff with mud and dust. The truck's burden was unloaded and segregated. Our effects were carried to our rooms. N'dolo and Asani and Suleimani lugged off their neat little piles. The camp equipment was reloaded in the truck to await later transportation to a godown. On the veranda remained only Sabakaki's extraordinary and inordinate collection. Cap in hand, he approached.

"*Bwana*," said he, "since I have so many things to take to my house, do not you think you should buy a rickshaw to take them there?"

When the smoke had cleared away, Sabakaki picked himself out of the super-emphasis of my negative.

"N'dio, bwana," he agreed wholeheartedly and cordially with what I had said.

We will now resume the original manuscript as written in camp.

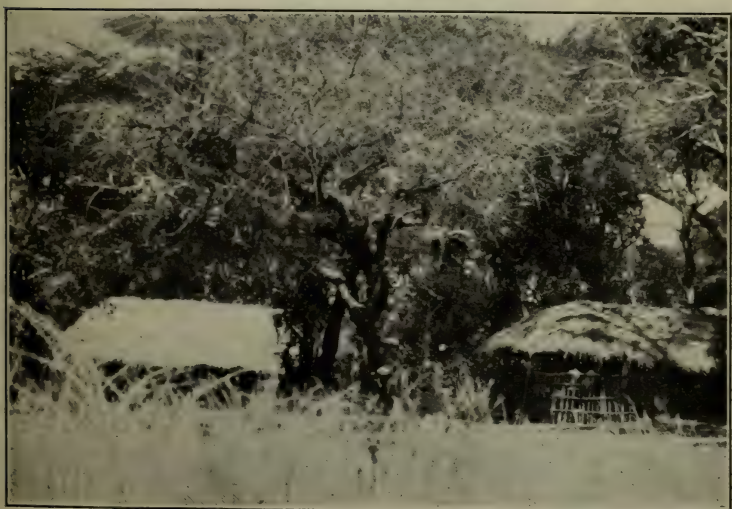
Forgetting to fill the water cans for the car was for some reason or other Sabakaki's besetting sin. It was a serious one, for a flivver might as well be without wheels as without water in this climate; better, for then at least the engine is safe. So frequently did this happen that finally his punishment became dire enough to brand itself even on Sabakaki's somewhat problematical soul. Nevertheless, one afternoon, when we were on a remote *safari*, I took the car out without the filled water can aboard. It did not matter; I was going only two or three miles and then I was going to look for lions afoot. Also I was in a hurry, so I did not bother to call Sabakaki to remedy the omission, but hopped in with N'dolo and started out.

We left the car as per intention and made a long round afoot. When nearly back to the car again I shot a very fine impalla. Leaving N'dolo to cut it up, I walked down to bring up the transport. On the way, I met some lions and fired three shots more. These must have been audible for a considerable distance. Just as we had finished taking in the impalla and were about to tackle the lion-skinning

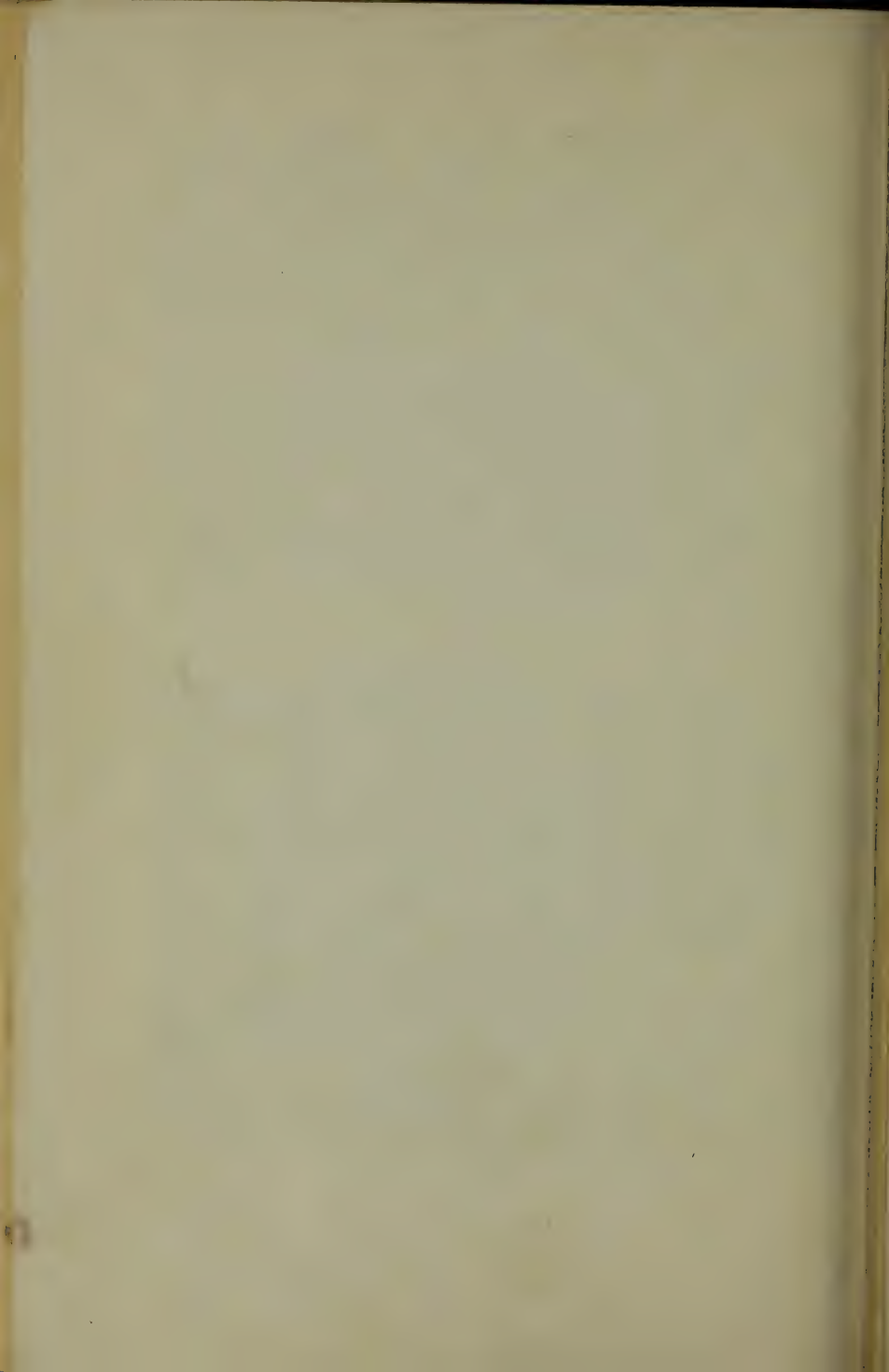




Building the Grumentí River camp



Our camp on the Grumentí River, on the way out



job, one of us happened to look up, to discern a lone human figure on the sky line of a very high hill. It was carrying a five-gallon can on its head and was proceeding at a desperate and weary dogtrot. We looked at each other in blank amazement, for the direction was opposite to that of camp.

The figure neared and proved to be Sabakaki, absolutely and completely all in. Soon after we had left, he had discovered his dereliction, had filled a can, and had embarked on the gallant but quixotic enterprise of catching a motor car out for an unknown jaunt in the middle of Africa. My shots had at last guided him. He staggered up to the car without a word—he had no breath for words—feebly unscrewed the radiator cap and made a noble effort to lift the can to supply water that did not in the least lack. But he was too weak. It was heroic, especially with those shoes. Even the saturnine N'dolo had to grin. As for me, what could I do but forgive him—and give him a ride back?

At times his inspirations for the wrong thing rose to great heights. As when, out of eighteen cans, he picked with unerring instinct the one lone one that contained kerosene for our lanterns and poured it into the cars, to the great detriment of our running power, the prospective darkening of our evenings and a ten-shilling fine for himself. Or when he slumbered peacefully for three hours instead of taking

the car to meet us at a designated point, so we had to walk back; in payment for which he himself carried all those shoes a good twelve miles to camp. Punishment-fit-the-crime stuff.

But at one thing Sabakaki was a past master—and that was looking out for Sabakaki. When on *safari*, the first thing he would like to do would be to pick out the properest building spot and erect himself a house. Mischievously, we often kept him busy about other matters until the choicest sites had been taken; but that at once savoured of cruelty and made for inefficiency in our affairs with which he had to do.

He worked with a divided mind and all the distraction of a schoolboy mowing the lawn before he could join his companions at the swimming hole. And it was worth while to see him build the house, planting a circle of limber switches, bending and tying them to a common centre at the top, thatching neatly with grass. He did it almost as quickly as an ordinary man could pitch a tent. And when meat was going, Sabakaki somehow managed to sequester a choice morsel from the common store and hang it in a private place of his own.

Nothing edible came amiss to him, but pig aroused his real enthusiasm. Then his face beamed almost greasily in anticipation, and he sufficiently forgot himself to shake our hands in both his, gurgling thanks as though we had



shot the thing for him alone. When we killed a rhinoceros he was almost frantic. It looked something like a big pig. After cutting off more than any one man could possibly get away with in a month of Sundays, he returned again and again to the carcass in quest of some especial and just-thought-of titbit, until I had to call a halt. He even took some of the two-inch rubberlike skin, announcing that he intended to eat that, too. A week later, I remembered this boast and asked N'dolo whether he had made good.

"Yes," replied N'dolo, "he ate it."

"E-e-e!" I expressed my astonishment properly. "How long did he cook it?"

"Two days," N'dolo informed me.

It took us some time to discover the cause for the worst of Sabakaki's lapses of memory and duty. Then we found that he was a hemp smoker. He consumed it in a queer bulbous sort of pipe made out of a small gourd. It did not seem to dope him, save perhaps in its after effects. On the contrary, he became effervescently joyful and talkative. I am no custodian of Sabakaki's morals, and, Heaven knows, any one who could carry around those shoes had not as yet suffered any marked physical deterioration.

But at last, when Sabakaki had gone off with the truck, forgetting wholly to do most of the things he should have done, I took N'dolo and made a raid on his personal effects. We found nearly a half bushel of the hemp. It was not

prepared in any way, but looked like very coarse dried clover, stuff that one would see in a haymow. I was going off on *safari* myself, so left word for Sabakaki that I had the hemp, and that I would give it back to him when we finally parted company at Nairobi.

Nothing was said when I returned, so I concluded that Sabakaki had accepted the situation and wanted to let sleeping dogs lie. I was relieved at this, for I feared it might have been sufficiently habit-forming to make real trouble. Then, one evening, he appeared in the ceremonious fashion that prefaced personal communication.

"Yes, what is it?" I asked him.

"My tobacco, *bwana*"—the dope was known as Sabakaki's tobacco.

"You can't have it," I broke in firmly. "When you get to Nairobi you'll get it back; not a day before. It is bad tobacco. First your head will go; then your stomach will go; then you will die."

"I did not come to ask you for it," replied this astonishing person. "I came to thank you, *bwana*, for taking it away. I came to ask you not to give it back. I want you to throw it away. I know it is bad tobacco."

He went on in his voluble fashion to make me a long and florid speech expressing his alleged gratitude. The use of the word "alleged" may be uncalled for; I hope so. But I cannot avoid an obvious thought. Shortly Sabakaki will

leave our employment; he will want his *barua*—the letter of approval without which another job is very doubtful; the hemp is hopelessly gone, anyway. How clever is Sabakaki? I have never known.

The attitude of the other natives toward Sabakaki's tobacco is very interesting. They do not in the least blame him or look down on him for using it. But they apparently are not tempted to touch it themselves. It is *m'baya*, they say—bad. In the same way they lay off excessive drinking. One might naturally suppose that such primitive minds would not look beyond the pleasure of the moment, would not have thought far enough to realize the desirability of, or to exercise what is, in a hard life of few pleasures, a very real self-restraint. But so it is.

N'dolo is our next most prominent character, but for quite opposite reasons. I have said somewhat of him before. He was with me in 1913 as donkey boy, and I am very fond of him as a person. He is now our headman, and a good one. His brain works like that of a white man in its direct incisiveness and its ability to meet unexpected and complicated emergency with expedient. He is also the only native I ever knew with our kind of a sense of humour. So companionable is he that sometimes I forget his youth was savagery. It is only in his moments of relaxation that this peeps out, and only in times of really serious work that he voices it. Thus one may occasionally see him sur-

rounded by an admiring, grinning, applauding circle of the men he ordinarily holds under a strict and staccato discipline, a spear in his hand, capering about in some savage Wakoma dance.

He told me once, in confidence, that, at home, where he had a lion skin and a headdress of ostrich feathers and wildebeest tails, he could do it right. I certainly should like to see him. Then N'dolo has a song which he sings at the top of his lungs, but only at very especial junctures. It is sweetly melodious, with a wild minor tang. Art is our musician, but he has not been able to transcribe it. It lasts as long as the matter in hand. N'dolo alone is the judge of its due occasion. We have been able to determine empirically that he considers either one fine lion or not less than three inferior lions worth it; also certain junctures in the building of a house.

Like any man of intelligence anywhere, N'dolo could take on any job and do it well. He acted as gun bearer for me, in addition to his other duties, after Suleimani had been mauled by the leopard; and he was a good one. His eyesight was none too good for details, but he caught unfailingly anything unusual in the landscape. What he saw in the distance might be either a hyena or a lion, as far as he could tell; but always he discerned that there was something there. Nothing, absolutely nothing, escaped his notice, however it might elude his positive identification.



As for knowing where to be in critical junctures, and how to hold the spare gun and all the rest of it, he was miles ahead of the average run of modern gun bearers. Except in very few cases, they are not what they used to be before the Nairobi *safari* sportsman pervaded that land in his numbers.

N'dolo could do expert field taxidermy. Indeed, he was in his glory when we supplied him with some delicate piece of work to do, such as taking the skin off a small bird. Then he would thrust aside N'thithu, the official skinner, and somewhat histrionically take over the job. At such times he loved an audience.

N'dolo was the man to send on the diplomatic missions of trading for *potio*, of recruiting. We always took him with us when we went exploring into new country. N'dolo was invaluable, and abundantly earned the highest wages paid in camp, a magnificent stipend equivalent to about thirty dollars a month.

N'dolo was also of a free and independent spirit. That is to say, if he disbelieved in my ideas, or even in the wisdom of some one of my orders, he did not hesitate to negative them very flatly. This was in no sense insubordination, nor even impertinence. I never knew a more loyal man in carrying out plans or in backing one to the limit. Thus early in the game I had a bright idea. One of our most worrisome necessities was a never-failing supply of meal for the men's rations—*potio*.

This we procured from M'tone's people, the Wakoma. N'dolo would go over into the Ikoma country accompanied by two men to carry his tent and equipment. When on *safari* with us N'dolo lived roughly and simply; but a visit to M'tone's dominions demanded a certain amount of splendour and display.

Once there, he would send out word of his presence. Then the slow processes of native trade would begin. People would bring in the meal according to their possession of it, sometimes as little as a bowlful at a time.

When enough had been accumulated, N'dolo would send a messenger back to Nyumbo to state that he was ready, and that I should send over so many men and so many gunny sacks to transport the stuff to camp.

It was a slow and cumbersome process. Sometimes N'dolo was gone on this errand for as long as ten days at a time. It struck me that the way we ran it made it still more cumbersome. Here were the men waiting at Nyumbo and eating *potio* that had been carried there from Ikoma. Why should they not accompany N'dolo in the first instance? It did not matter, as far as I could see, whether the men waited at Nyumbo or Ikoma; they had to wait idly, anyway; and in the latter case the *potio* they consumed would be obtained right at the source of supply, without having to be carried anywhere. So I told N'dolo to take his men with him.

"I shall not do that," he refused calmly.

"It is better to eat *polio* that has not been carried," I insisted. "You will take the men with you."

"*Hapana*," he negatived coolly. "I shall not do so."

This was early in the game, before I had become well acquainted with N'dolo's methods. Ordinarily, if any native had met my direct orders in this fashion I should have considered it plain impertinence; should have repeated the order with a *bassi* that would have finished the matter, and the thing would have been settled. If I had done that, N'dolo would have done as I said without comment. But I had an inkling of his quality and stretched a point of native discipline to ask why.

"Here, *bwana*," said he, "the men are in camp and together and you have your eye on them. But the country of the Wakoma is large and the people many, and their women are very attractive. If the men went with me, at the end of the week, when I wanted them to carry loads, I could not find them. It would take me another week to get them together again."

"Do not they scatter when I send them over?" I asked.

"No, *bwana*, they are there only over one night; and I sit up and watch them."

There was no standard load of *polio*, as in Nairobi, so N'dolo established his own standard in the shape of the ubiquitous gasoline tin, the *n'debbe*. For one *n'debbe* of

meal he paid two shillings. In case the amount brought in by any one man or family was not sufficient to fill a tin, that person had to club together with someone else to make up the measure. The Wakoma had use for only a limited amount of cash, and sometimes N'dolo's messenger brought me word that other mediums of exchange were desired.

"N'dolo says to send him five wildebeest tails." "N'dolo says to send him the dried meat of two wildebeest and three topis." "N'dolo says he wants two fresh Tommies."

And then I had to take the Springfield and some men and fare forth on the veldt. Roughly speaking, a wildebeest tail would purchase about thirty pounds of *potio*: the dried meat of a wildebeest was worth four *n'debbes*.

Generally, when N'dolo went on these purchasing expeditions, he carried with him a present for M'tone. That sovereign's good will was necessary to our successful commercial transactions. A necklace, a knife, a pendant, some meat, a horse-blanket pin were examples of our munificence. The thing he appreciated most was what we could send him least often, for our own supply was limited. That was a bottle of kerosene. M'tone possessed a lamp of which he was very proud, but for which he had no oil. When he did get any, he placed that lamp in the darkest corner of his palace and burned it continuously until it was empty. The idea was not illumination, but splendour.

I never saw N'dolo completely defeated but once. He



was a noted wild-honey man, both because of his skill in discovering bee trees and of his deftness in handling the prickly situation in getting the honey out. He made, I believe, considerable use of the quaint honey birds, and never failed to leave a segment of comb to reward these little creatures for leading him.

You all know about the honey bird, or at least you all know the reports travellers give of him, and probably you have disbelieved them. But they are true. I have myself followed honey birds. The honey bird falls in with your line of march, twittering vigorously at you to attract attention to himself. If you turn in his direction he flutters on to another tree twenty or thirty yards away, where again he remains, still vociferous, until you have caught up. In this manner, tree by tree, he will lead you on until you have reached the hive. Then he perches near by until your departure permits him to come forward for his reward.

If, when you first meet him, you pay no attention but go on about your own business, he will follow you, sometimes for quite long distances, entreating you vigorously and persistently, after the manner of a Port Said guide or street peddler. He hates to give you up. When he finally leaves you in disgust he utters a final burst, which I am certain can be nothing less than his opinion of such an unenterprising, pig-headed, unbelieving, unsporting dud.

Well, at our camp on the Grumentì, by aid of a honey

bird, N'dolo had located a hive. It was in the usual hole, but that unfortunately was situated about sixty feet up in a tremendous jungle tree. The latter would have been quite unclimbable had it not been for the long looped vines. These, however, offered an excellent sort of single ladder, for they were stuck thickly with heavy bosses or nubs which afforded good foot and hand holds, provided one had a thick skin and was reasonably cautious. For these nubs, though not precisely sharp, were angled and cornered. Climbing on them was a gingerly matter, like walking barefoot on pebbles.

When I arrived on the spot, the tree was festooned with men: N'dolo, very bossy, at the top, and then below him, clinging like monkeys, boys in an unbroken string to the ground, where squatted a number more tending a small fire. The idea was a sort of bucket brigade to earth by means of which what N'dolo required could be passed from hand to hand. All was cheerful activity.

"*Shoka !*" N'dolo would howl.

"*Shoka ! Shoka ! Shoka !*" the cry would be repeated from one to the other; and from the low group would rise hand by hand the requested axe.

N'dolo was full of glory and importance. He was doing his celebrated stuff, and he had lots of slaves and an appreciative and adoring audience. I sat down with my pipe to enjoy the show. First he called for fire in the shape of

smoking grass. This he thrust into the main opening. Then, cautiously, he pecked out a tiny hole lower down near where percussion had informed him the bottom of the natural hollow must be. The instant his hatchet had bitten through, he thrust into that opening also a smudge which, by command, Assistant Number One held ready just below him. While this was supposed to be taking effect, N'dolo squatted like a huge baboon and held forth at length on the proper way to get out honey according to the gospel of N'dolo. After an interval, he announced that now all was ready, and called for the receptacles. A miscellaneous collection of cooking pots, tin cans, and gourds made way to the top via the bucket brigade. N'dolo dramatically removed the grass from the larger opening and thrust in his arm, explaining at the same time that now the bees would all be stupefied.

He broke off his discourse in a wild yell and began hastily to attempt to descend the tree. Unfortunately, the man below him on the vine was in the way and did not instantly get the idea. So N'dolo kicked him on the top of the head. N'dolo's own head, from where I sat, looked to be surrounded by a cloudy nimbus. By inference I gathered that this was composed of bees that had not been instructed in the conventions of this game. The man below acquired a similar nimbus and a desire to descend, but was in turn prevented by the man beneath him. I could see the slow

progress of the idea downward. The tail of that human serpent was trying in vain to telescope itself on the bewildered head which did not as yet understand what was expected of it, which was to get out of there as fast as possible and leave the way clear. Even when the lowermost got the notion, they did not move fast enough to suit those above. They had not the incentive, and those angular bosses against their bare feet discouraged rapid motion. They had the walk-do-not-run idea rather too firmly in mind. The result was what might be called a traffic congestion.

A rattling shower of tin cans, cooking pots, gourds, hand axes, and the like, added to the occasion. The situation was, however, accelerated by the fact that in rapid succession and in regular sequence, one after the other, from the top downward, each man acquired his buzzing nimbus. When that happened, he added his urgency for speed, especially as he needed both hands to hang on by, so that departure thence was his only possible defense. About that time the advance guard of the bees reached the foot of the tree, so the honey bird and I, concluding that no more profit remained in that episode, went away betimes.

Our next most important human, as you have gathered, was M'tone.

M'tone was a real sultan. He had nine wives, twenty-six children, and a bicycle. The latter, at this time, he had



owned for some months, but had not as yet mastered. He progressed only by aid of anxious and perspiring six-foot warriors upholding him on either side, against whom he alternately sagged his not inconsiderable weight. It is to be hoped that these worthies obtained some satisfaction from the honour of their position to compensate for the fact that at the end of a bout they had very little skin left on their shins. M'tone was persistent and kept everlastingly at it. Nor did he perform in private. He insisted that his attempts should be attended by the whole nine of the wives and all the children. Whenever he came a royal cropper, he hopped to his feet—he was a remarkably agile sultan—and darted from one member to the other of his large family, slapping each face vigorously in turn, even down to the smallest infant in arms. The sight of a unanimously weeping family seemed to restore his equanimity, and he would try again.

M'tone possessed a slave who could write Swahili, and therefore he loved to send us delegations carrying epistles on all sorts of subjects, but generally on the desirability of our shooting him some meat. He was a great beggar in that respect. He must have had a dash of Frederick the Great in his composition, for his emissaries were invariably fine tall men, more than six feet in height. They must have been of quite a different caste from the Wakoma who worked for us, and from most of the other visitors to our

city. The latter were only of medium height and build. The bodyguard were decked in the height of savage fashion, and carried heavy bows and closed quivers full of poisoned arrows.

The epistles were couched in noble terms. Here is a translation of one of them:

TO MY FRIEND, THE BWANA MKUBWA OF SIRONERA: Very great salaams and then again salaams. I have received your letter. I am sending men and beg that you will kill meat. I am old and unable to eat my food without meat. Kill me either a kongoni or a wildebeest or a topi or a zebra. I am writing this letter that you may kill meat. *Bassi.*

YOUR SULTAN M'TONE OF IKOMA.

As his men had brought as a present a live sheep, we naturally wondered why he had not solved his gastronomic problems with mutton; but ours not to reason why. We sent him a wildebeest.

The only time he never asked for anything was when I was mauled by the leopard. This time the six tall and gorgeous bowmen came escorting a youth of about sixteen. The latter had a green felt hat, an embroidered waistcoat over a white gown, and real tan shoes. They led another sheep. The letter read:

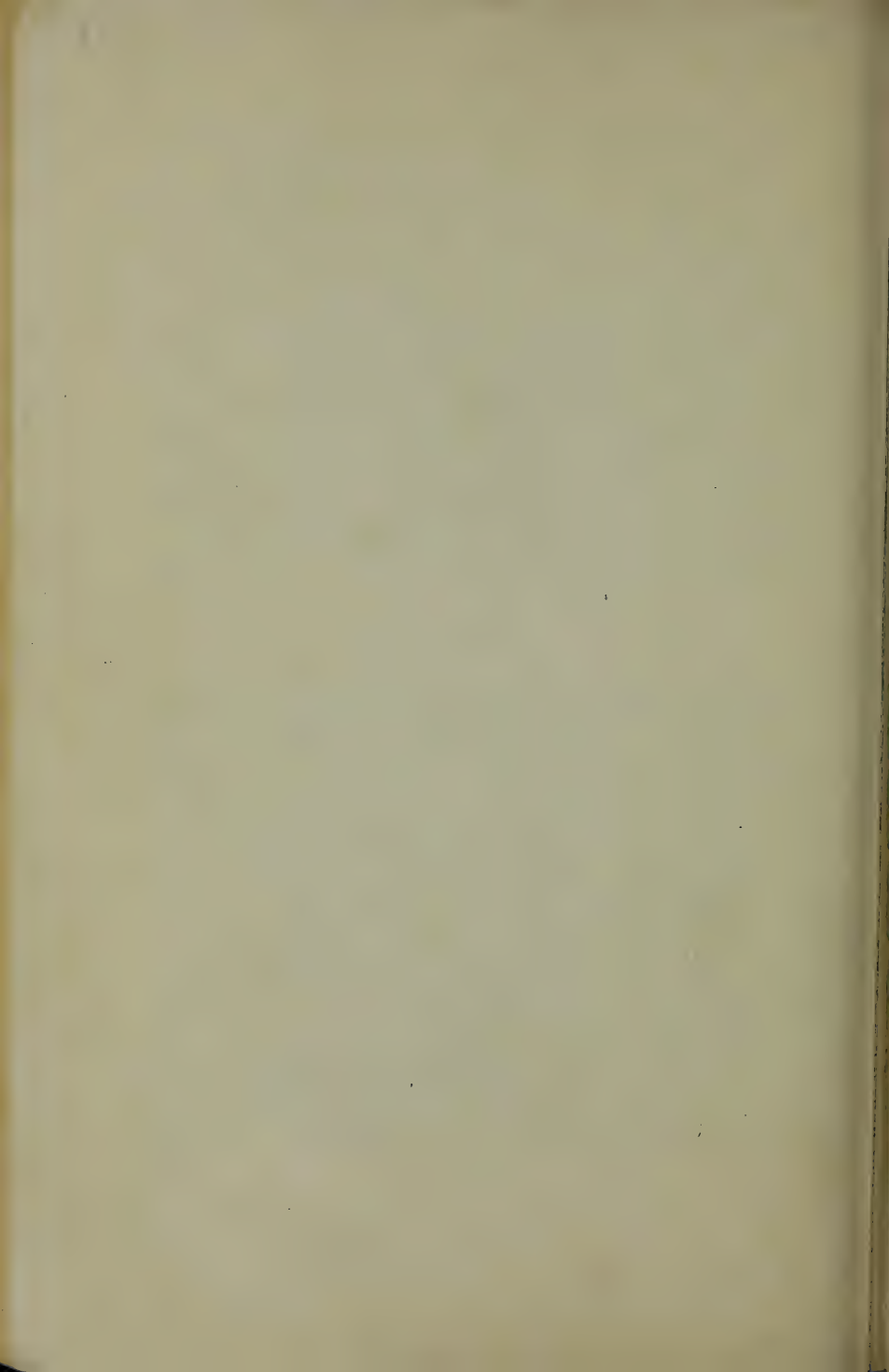
TO MY FRIEND, THE BWANA MKUBWA OF SIRONERA: Very great salaams and again very great salaams. I send this letter because I get word by my men that you have been caught by a leopard. I am very sorry for this. I would come to see you, but I am very busy. I



A delegation from the Sultan M'Tone



Sabakaki





am now building a new village. I am, however, sending my son in my place. I send one sheep as a present. That is all. *Bassi*. Again very great salaams, my friend.

YOUR SULTAN OF IKOMA.

We felt that our status as brother potentates had been fully recognized when one day some travellers came out to Nyumbo and presented us with a document which after the usual preliminaries said: "These men have been down to the Bolodetti looking for game for me. Please allow them free passage through your territory." On the strength of this guaranty we gave them our royal permission to pass.

I was somewhat puzzled just at the start as to how, under the handicap of possessing no royal title in my own right, to put on enough dog in my replies. Finally I hit on signing my letters "*Mimi*, White"—I, White.

Sort of I-the-king stuff.

These big fellows of the King's Guard are by no means to be despised in their ability to cast a shaft. Doc took them on in flight shooting on one occasion. He went into the contest rather overconfident, having from past experience and experiment little faith in the power of aboriginal weapons as compared to a properly made English long bow. The average Indian bow, for example, casts little more than a hundred and twenty-five yards; the most powerful savage weapon he had hitherto had dealings with went about two hundred. Therefore, he was somewhat surprised

—and a little alarmed for the white man's prestige—when in the first trial M'tone's prize archer outshot him by a number of yards. The distance was two hundred and forty-three paces, which was surprising for savage archery. If the Wakoma had known enough to elevate his shaft to the full forty-five degrees, he would have done much better; but this craft was beyond him. Also, to his credit it should be recorded that he used his regular hunting shaft, while Doc was availing himself of all modern improvements by shooting a flight arrow, a very light missile with feathers trimmed down to a minimum against the wind resistance. Doc, now very much on his mettle, produced his heaviest bow for a second trial. This time the savage made two hundred and thirty-eight yards and Doc some ten paces farther. So honour was satisfied and it seemed a good time to quit.

As this delegation was an official one, bearing one of M'tone's marvellous Swahili letters, we bestowed on them rich gifts—namely and to wit, one broad-head apiece, one toy-balloon squawker, one yellow camera-film box and six inches of red ribbon of the sort tied around candy boxes. They departed squawking their squawkers, much impressed by the white men's wealth and generosity, if not so much by his commanding preëminence with the bow.

One of our most interesting visiting characters was a courtierlike person called Tembone. He was dressed in a

red tarboosh and a long robe. The immaculate whiteness of the latter made it perfectly evident that he had carried it during his journey and had assumed it only at the very outskirts of Nyumbo. His manner was suave, cordial, and insinuating, wreathed in smiles. An extremely small boy followed him, carrying some wild honey in a tin and a woven basket full of yams. These were a propitiatory present to us. He himself bore merely a bow and a quiver of arrows. In our own archery tackle he was greatly interested, and he knew a good deal about it; his examination was technical.

Nor was he unlearned, for he instantly remarked, "A long time ago the white men shot with a bow like this; then he put his bow crosswise on a gun; and now he shoots a gun."

In the usual match for distance, Doc took his customary advantage of the untutored savage with his flight arrow, and outshot him. Tembone was urbane, not to say flattering, in defeat. He shook Doc cordially by the hand.

"It is like a bullet," said he. Also he was much interested in the lion efforts. By way of comment, he said, "The arrow is good when the lion is not fierce. When the lion is fierce, then the gun is better. It would be better for you to put some poison on the arrow, and then climb a tree. By then the lion will be dead."

We were altogether charmed by Tembone. And, of course, like most versatile and fascinating people, he was a rogue; a poacher and a would-be usurper of the throne of



our brother potentate M'tone. I think he hoped for our political support.

In our maximum population of fifty-eight—not counting the chickens—there are many more outstanding characters with whom I should like to make you acquainted. In fact, they are almost all outstanding characters in one way or another; such as the chap who requested to borrow a twelve-inch file with the intent, he explained, to make himself *meredadi* with it by filing his front teeth to sharp points—which he did! But space forbids. I am very fond of them. They have many fine qualities in stress and in fair weather, and no more than the faults to which flesh is ordinarily heir. Their good points differ from our own, as do their deficiencies. - It takes time and a little insight to become accustomed to that. Not the least of their engaging qualities is that they perform their labour in play spirit and to song. Sometimes the most despairfully aggravating is their firm belief that “sufficient unto the day” is a mighty good text. Though at times that may be a virtue, too. It enables them, I am convinced, to carry a whole case of gasoline twenty miles a day. They do not, as we would, think how tired it is going to make them, how heavy it is going to become. Their only thought in the matter is that this very present instant they can uphold.

One day, Leslie started his still going with the purpose of distilling pure water for photographic development, and put



a man in charge. It is a small still and had to run all day in order to get the requisite amount. We saw with our own two eyes that the fire was kept going faithfully, yet the next day no water was forthcoming. Indignation and investigation.

"Yes," said the attendant, "I kept the fire going, but as I saw the still leaked, I put no more water in it."

"Why didn't you say so?" demanded Leslie. "Didn't you know that it would be found out to-day and that then there would be trouble?"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy; "but that, *bwana*, was entirely an affair of to-morrow."

We are also often visited from the outside world by files of unattached and unofficial savages who have travelled long distances to see the sights of the great city. They travel around with bows and arrows, gourds for water, and pieces of skin for sleeping mats, but without other visible means of subsistence. From our men they get a dole of meat, linger a day, and vanish.

For a brief period we had attached to us a genuine wild man, whom we tamed as one would tame an animal. He was of the Wanderobos, a people without habitation or possessions, living on wild honey, roots, and fruits, and such game as they can kill with their tiny bows or by means of pits. They are very primitive and near to nature. Like all wild animals, they are very shy. Rarely are they seen.

We first came across traces of them when on a short *safari* to the south. Noting a huge outjutting rock high up on one of the peculiar giant boulder kopjes, we investigated and found there a spacious airy cave, with vaulted ceiling, a flat floor and a wide natural platform in front, on which one could sit and look far abroad over the country. Evidently, it had been occupied by human beings. Rushes strewn the floor, the ceiling showed traces of smoke, little hollows in the rock had been made in which to grind seeds and on the walls were painted in red, black, and yellow various pictures of shields. The patterns on these probably had a heraldic significance. It was a most pleasant place and we ate lunch there. But who the former inmates had been, or when they had dwelt there, we could not even guess.

Our next contact was a little nearer. Rattlety-banging along in the flivver, we noticed a wisp of smoke arising from a donga. We headed that way to investigate. While we were yet several hundred yards distant, a half-dozen little figures darted out of the bush and ran flapping away across a hill. They were too far to be seen plainly, but obviously they were in a hurry, and obviously they were hung about with everything they owned. Hence the flapping. We investigated and found a pretty little natural arbour or bower in which reeds had been spread for a bed. Between the stones was the fire, and on it bubbled a pathetic little earthen pot full of meat. That was all. Evidently they

had literally made off with everything but the kitchen stove, and that was too hot.

On the third occasion we landed them. Once more Art and I were off again on *safari*. He and I, with N'dolo, were scouting in the flivver. In the slope of a side hill we thought we saw some figures and headed across for a look-see. The figures disappeared, but as we were going by near the place, N'dolo's quick eye caught sight of something, and he gave our usual signal for a halt. Instantly, like birds that have been flushed, three men jumped from the grass, where they had been lying flat, belly down, and scuttled off. N'dolo presented our formidable .22 calibre rifle and commanded a halt. They stopped, influenced less, I think, by the rifle, than by the tremendous speed of at least ten miles an hour of which we were evidently capable.

All three were small men, red-brown in colour, of rather pleasing countenance, naked except for a single piece of cloth and some brass wire ornaments, and armed with bows and poisoned arrows. One of them talked a little Swahili in a painstaking, slow manner. In an astonishingly brief time, we had fully persuaded them that our intentions were honourable and that both we and our contraptions were harmless to human life. When invited, the smallest actually dared climb in behind. He hung on pretty tight, but showed no sign of fear when we started off. The two others trotted briskly alongside. Once out of the thicket,

I picked a fat wildebeest and shot it at something more than two hundred yards. The whole herd swept away in a thick cloud of dust. The astonishment and admiration of the trio at finding the stricken beast prone and left behind was funny to see. We told them that the meat was theirs.

In the heat of that afternoon, lying on the cot in my tent, I became aware of figures outside patiently waiting. I discovered one was our little friend of the morning. With him were a very old man, two middle-aged men, and a young fellow with oiled red clay decorations and a spear. As soon as he saw I was awake, the little chap came forward.

"*Bwana*," said he, "I have brought my people. I have told them this is a good white man. This," he introduced us, "is our Old Man."

I shook hands with the Old Man and said something in a language he did not understand, to which he made reply in a language I did not understand.

"And these," he continued, "are our Elders."

The two middle-aged men and I exchanged courtesies.

"And this," he concluded with honest pride, "is our army."

I shook hands with the army. It was the first time I had ever shaken hands with a whole army at once.

When you stop to think of it, it had just a little element of pathos in it. This pitiful fragment of a people—fifteen

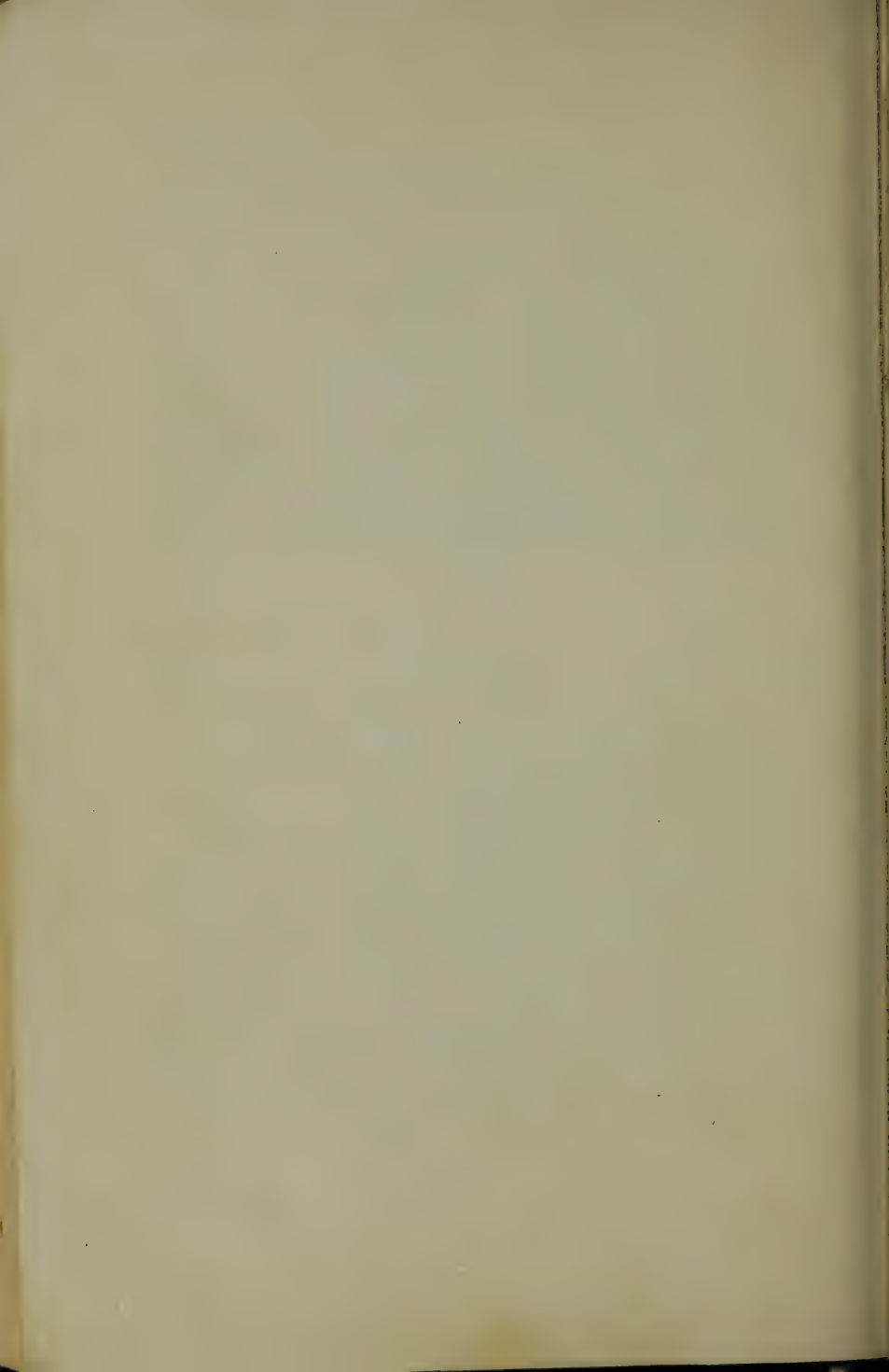




N'dyika, the tamed wild-man



The three Wanderobo admire the wildebeeste I shot for them.  
N'dyika on the reader's right



souls, I found—had nevertheless its proper divisions, like the big and prosperous tribes: its Old Man, its Elder, its El Morani; and it had its tidy tiny pride in showing me that it possessed its proper organization.

The delegation went away, but N'dyika stayed with us that day and the next. I gave orders that he be fed. The next morning, as a matter of course, he took his place in the car and went with us on our hunt. From the top of a mountain he pointed out the places he knew and the places he did not know, and seemed perfectly honest about it.

"I do not know that place; I could not help you there," he disclaimed.

To our delight, we found that his people were the artists who had drawn the wall pictures in the cave, and that they were also the ones who had run away so fast, leaving their breakfast on the fire.

"Why did you do that?" I asked.

"We did not then know the white man is good," he replied.

On our way home, I had an idea.

"We go on *safari* to-morrow to the country of the cave," I told him. "If you will go with us, I will give you food and wages and one shilling for each lion we kill with you. You can show us the lions and the water."

He considered this for a moment.

"I will ask my Elders," he replied. "I will return when

the sun touches the hill." And instantly he jumped out of the car and disappeared.

We really did not expect to see him again—it is the way of such people—but at sunset he stood by the tent door.

"I have returned," he said simply, and pointed at the sun.

"And you will go?" I inquired.

"I asked my Elders and they said no. They told me that it is very far, and that we do not know the white man, and that the white man hunts the lion, which is a very bad animal."

"Then you do not go?"

"Yes, I go. I told them the white men are good people. I told them I would have meat and *potio* and money. And," he concluded with what I believe was the deciding factor, "I told them I would ride in the *moto* car."

We applauded his independence. That evening, to N'dolo's scandal, he came and squatted by our fire, which was of course against all discipline. But how should he know? He was just being friendly. He seemed to me less like a fellow human being than some friendly gentle little creature, confiding and appealing, like a clean, soft-eyed, tamed wild animal. We had quite a talk, and he told me his affairs in his slow, childlike Swahili. He had a wife; yes, and a child. It was a little girl. She was so high, and he arose with eager enthusiasm to show me.



Then when a pause fell, he hesitated, arose, and said, with a fine natural courtesy, "Now I will go lie down, if you will tell me to." So I told him to.

He was with us five days, and in that time he collected immense riches. Nothing but what was wonderful to him and worth the treasuring; bits of tin foil from films, empty brass cartridge cases, remnants of string, match boxes—anything and everything we discarded. He must have thought us immensely affluent and careless of our riches. These things shortly appeared made into ornaments for his person. One evening I gave him a string of bright beads worth perhaps fifteen cents. He was so overcome he could not thank us or even look at the splendid things as they lay in his hand. He turned away his head, and after a moment arose and glided silently away into the darkness.

And each day he went forth in the *moto* car and saw marvels he had never dreamed of, covering incredible distances by this miraculous means, sitting tight while we fought the dreaded lion. We killed five, and he duly received—on the spot—five bright new shillings. And then, one morning, he had vanished into thin air, and we never saw him again. I know he liked us and trusted us; I know he was deeply grateful. Only the accumulation of riches and experience grew too great for his capacity to hold. He was full and running over. He must show these things

and tell these things or bust. He must confound these doubting Elders and dazzle the army. So, forgetting his promised wages, he sped away before he should awaken from this dream, so he could tell his big adventure while it was yet fresh to his tiny wife and his little girl "so high."

One of the events of the day in camp was always sick call. We are a pretty healthy community, I must say, until a *safari* is imminent, when there will be heavy loads to carry. Then it is alarming what epidemics will devastate our ranks, rendering us wholly unfit—in our own opinion—to bear a burden. Otherwise, Doc has a rather slender practice. Occasionally, however, something does need attention, and then our medicine kit and Doc's skill are in requisition.

As for *safari* sickness—which much resembles school sickness—there are various remedies. N'dolo's cynical sarcasm is a pretty good tonic. My old method was to mix a tall tumbler of Epsom salts, quinine, Worcestershire sauce, tabasco, and a dash of permanganate to turn the mess pink. This, diluted with sparklets water to about a pint and drunk off at one draught, usually planted a certain inhibition against coming back for more. But Leslie had a simple and more effective scheme. He had the patient before him together with a falsely sympathetic N'dolo.

"N'dolo," said he, "this is a very sick man. We must be very careful or he will die. It would be very bad for him

if he were to eat any meat at all, and he must eat only a half ration of *polio* until he is entirely well and able to carry a load."

"Yes, *bwana*," said N'dolo, "I understand, and I will see to it."

You can bet he did. And you can safely add another bet that the speed of that cure was sure to be miraculous.

One of our quaintest little visitors we called the Anxious Bird because of his worried, busy call. We did not know for a long time what he looked like. We first became aware of him when one night we made an open-air bivouac under what was evidently his home tree. It was after dark before we pitched camp, and he and his family had retired for the night. Only by accident did we know he was there. Art was whistling a tune which finally carried him into the lower registers. As he hit one low note, there instantly answered him a chorus of anxious "twee-twee-twees." We experimented, and found that only that particular note could arouse alarm. Whistle we high or whistle we low, we obtained no response. But instantly on the enunciation of that low C flat, the whole family broke out in its distressful complaining. And the answer never failed. No matter how long the interval we allowed to elapse—a half hour or more—the response was immediate. It was very amusing.

Then, weeks later, when on *safari*, while sitting writing in an open grass hut, I was most pleasantly visited each



afternoon by a very friendly small feathered creature. It was a little above warbler size, very trim and neat and bright eyed, with small, perky manners. It came in quite boldly and confidently, alighted on the table, clung to the strap of my gun sling, looked over all my small possessions appraisingly, surveying me the while with a side-cast humorous eye as though it shared some secret joke with me. No sudden movement of mine seemed to disturb it in the least; and only when we appeared to have said all we had to say to each other did it flit out of the door to its other affairs. Then, one afternoon, the sudden imminent shadow of a hawk or kite glided across the sunshine of our conference. It was the jarring lower C flat note in the harmony of Nature and instant to it came the response, "Twee-twee-twee!" And I found I had made the acquaintance of the Anxious Bird.

Only once have we been in total disgrace before visitors, and these happened to be the only white men we saw in many months. They came in and were regaled with tea and later with lunch. One of the courses seemed to me so particularly good that I inquired about it.

"*Nyama gani hi?*" ("What meat is this?") I asked Asani.

"That, *bwana*, is boiled meat," was the reply I got.

This seemed sufficiently self-evident.

"Yes, but what kind of meat?" I insisted.



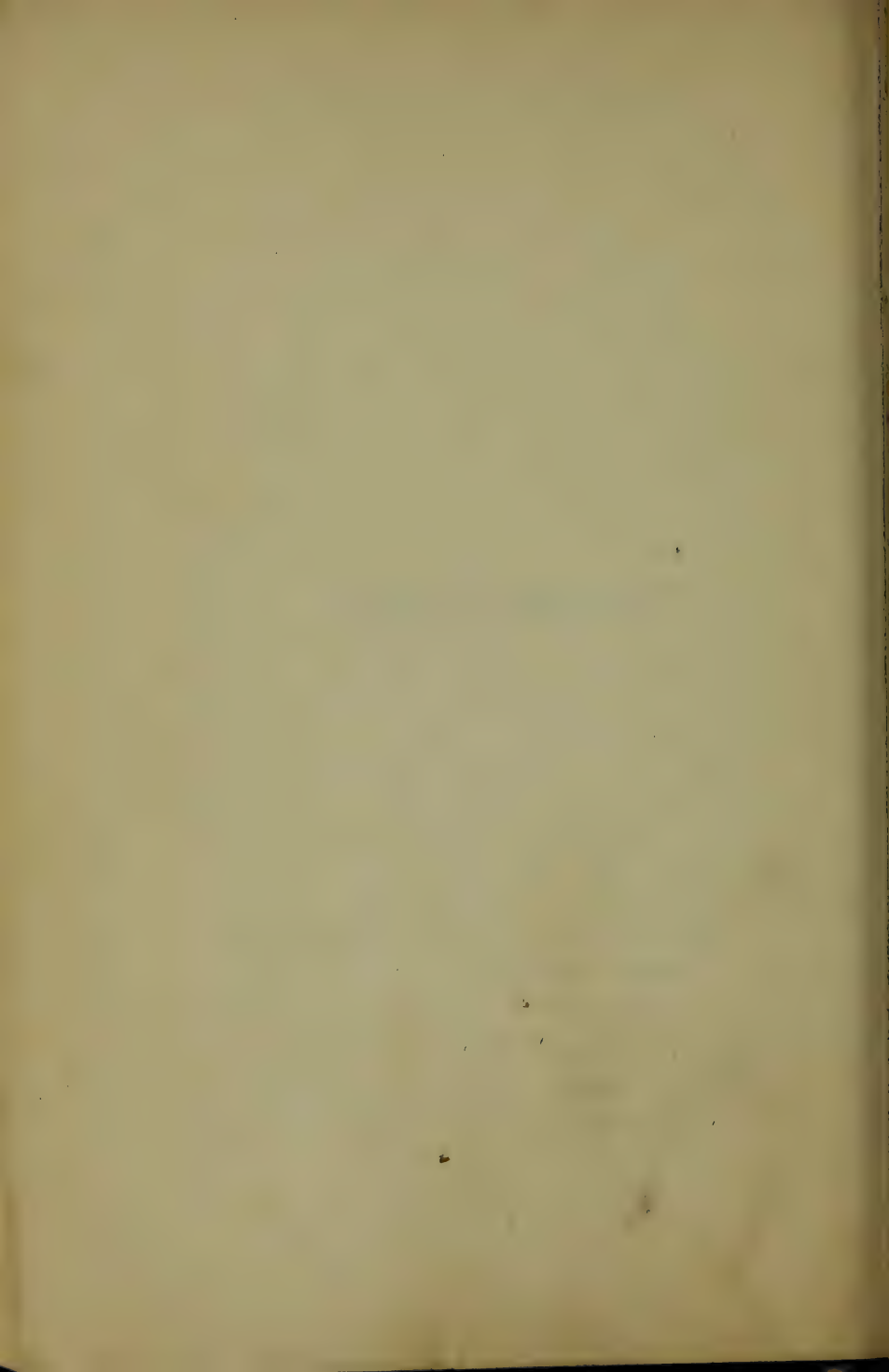
Asani looked deeply distressed and I caught an imploring look in his eyes, which, however, I ignored. Seeing that I was obdurate, he glided around the table to my chair. He leaned over and whispered the horrid secret low in my ear.

"*Nyumbo, bwana !*" he breathed.

Think of it! All these months, dwelling by ourselves, we had always had in the larder haunches of Tommy, saddles of reedbuck, chops of impalla—all the succulent dainties of the veldt. And here on this one day of all days, when we had visitors to our state and magnificence, we were caught off base with nothing on hand but wildebeest! Was it not enough to break the heart of any boy who had his master's station at heart? I did not give him away—not until he had withdrawn in sorrow and a faint hope that the contretemps had passed unnoticed. But we all agreed it was excellent meat.



ARCHERY IN AFRICA





## CHAPTER X

### ARCHERY IN AFRICA

NO DOUBT my readers have wondered why I have not had more to say of the long bow and the broad arrow. The first purport of this expedition, it will be remembered, was to determine how those weapons would work out in Africa. We already knew how they worked out in America and I have spoken my words in unqualified praise of them. In my own mind, and certainly in the minds of my companions, there existed little or no doubt that, as far as the ordinary run of bucks was concerned, they could not but be successful. The only uncertainty was as to the larger and more dangerous game. I believe I committed myself in a newspaper interview to the offhand assurance that, whatever else happened, we could certainly keep ourselves in camp meat. Bucks are bucks, and as vulnerable here as elsewhere; only, as there are thousands of times as many of them in Africa as there are at home, the opportunities would thereby be as much multiplied.

As for the dangerous game, my own prognostications differed somewhat from those of my companions. Their argument, backed by much enthusiasm, was that all these creatures were, after all, of flesh and blood, and that a well-

placed arrow would bring any of them low. They had even constructed some especially large and sharp heads, on awesome shafts heavily feathered, which they called rhino arrows, and which they seriously intended for that armoured dreadnought. They also talked elephant. Buffalo were not mentioned. My own opinion was that, if the gods favoured us, we might get a crack at one, or at most two, lions unawares in such a situation as to land an arrow in the chest cavity, in which case we would most likely kill them. I never had the slightest faith in our success against the heavier game. The whole matter I always looked upon and described as an experiment; though, as I say, I had an almost overweening confidence that as far as common game was concerned the experiment was already a success.

Our desire was merely for a good time and to make the aforementioned experiment. We were not out to do circus stunts or to seek publicity or to take moving pictures. As far as possible, we avoided letting any one know of our intentions at all, for we feared that premature newspaper comment might arouse opposition among those who did not appreciate what it was all about, and that this opposition might conceivably prejudice the African authorities against the whole enterprise. Since the performances of a certain "explorer" on the main roads, and of a "museum collector," the African authorities are very skittish as to new stunts. And, as I say, we did not consider this a stunt at all.

But, of course, as our time for departure neared and necessary arrangements had to be made, more and more people heard about it, until, finally, the sheer novelty of the thing attracted the newspapers. One rather extravagant reporter went so far as to say that the eyes of the sportsmen of the world were upon us. Certainly, a great many people became interested, and as these people were told what we hoped to do, it is only right that they should now be told as fairly and honestly as possible what we did accomplish. And it is quite possible, from the growing ranks of field archers in America, some few might contemplate following our trail—if it is worth while. In order that my opinion should be based on as complete returns as possible, I have deferred writing about it until the last. I wanted to be sure no unexpected elements might intervene to nullify conclusions. Now we are in our last camp on the way out. It is time to report.

To give the conclusions first—with intent to explain them afterward—it must be confessed that Africa is unsuited to the long bow and the broad arrow as weapons of the chase. In spite of the fact that a certain amount of game was killed with the arrow, this verdict is inescapable. The archers hunted very persistently and very ingeniously. They loosed thousands upon thousands of shafts. They employed every possible expedient and method. Their total bag in return for months of daily effort consisted of



four or five Thomson's gazelles, two wildebeest, one reedbuck, and an eland as game animals; and four hyenas, three jackals, a baboon, a honey badger, and a few miscellaneous small creatures and birds, besides the lions, from the other list. In quantity, this little bag was as a drop in the bucket compared with the average of something more than one meat animal a day which our necessities demanded, and which had to be supplied by the rifle. We had hoped to use the rifle only as a self-defense emergency weapon. In timeliness, archery was nowhere. That is to say, we could never rely on going forth bow in hand in any hope whatever of filling an empty pot. The few kills were haphazard, at odd times, the product of a happy concatenation of circumstances. In variety, the bag was wholly disappointing.

When we saw that we were not going to be able to make even a start toward supplying ourselves with meat by means of the long bow, the archers resolved at least to see how great a variety they would be able to collect. Try as they would, and expend as many hours and as many shafts as they did, they never succeeded in landing even a single specimen of such common beasts as the zebra, the topi, the waterbuck, the kongoni, the Robert's gazelle, the impalla, not to speak of the other species not so common. That one lone reedbuck was the sole result of innumerable expeditions.

The waterbuck fairly hung around our camp and were the objective of numberless attempts and dozens of ingenious



stratagems, but never one fell to the feathered shaft. The eland was not stalked and shot fairly, but was run up to by the motor car, and the arrows were plunked into him *à la* Buffalo Bill at a few feet range. All in all, the conclusion is inescapable that, though the animals killed were shot intentionally, because they were shot at, and because the archer had done his job conscientiously and well, nevertheless, the infinitesimal proportion they bore to the efforts made throws the feat out of the category of skill into that of luck.

Were I to leave my statement at this, the reader would be justified in thinking either that the bow is not so effective a hunting weapon as we had believed or that the archers were dubs. Curiously enough, neither is the case. The long bow remains, in my opinion and in fact, just what I described it in the second chapter. It is humane in that it kills promptly and surely when the shaft is implanted in the right place; it is accurate within the limits of its range; it can be mastered and shot by any one capable of a moderate game of golf; it furnishes more sport for each head of game killed than any other weapon; a decent shot is certain to fill one's bag—in America, not Africa. Our archers are not dubs. On the contrary, they are the finest field shots we have, as their American record fully testifies. The experiment was in competent hands. If those two men could not make it work, no one could. That is why it was satisfactory

as an experiment. It was this that consoled me for my own inability to do more.

The first six weeks I was so busy acting as life-insurance agent with the rifle that I had little opportunity to shoot the bow. Then a slight sprain of the left wrist kept me from it. Just as this was about well, leopard bites in the left arm and right shoulder completed the job by touching up certain nerves whose sensitiveness has persisted up to now. If the others had, during all this time, been killing with their bows, I should have felt very sad, for I am fond of the bow; but in the existent circumstances I reflected that, if they could not make good, certainly I could not. The effort was in the best possible hands. That is still my feeling in the more general sense. If they could not succeed, nobody could.

Nor was the fault with the weapons *per se*. The broad arrow was just as deadly in its effects here as it had proved to be in America. In Chapter Two I stated that a hit in the body cavity was almost immediately fatal in every case and pointed out that the effectiveness in a belly shot—where, by the way, the bullet is likely to be very chancy—was due to the admission of air, causing the lungs to collapse, and due to the severity of the internal hemorrhage.

The basis of this assertion was, I find, on looking it over, the effect on deer. Our archers have killed more deer than any other of the American big game. They have also shot

a great many bears of both kinds; two moose, some mountain lions and mountain sheep—to mention a few of the big ones. But these latter were all killed in circumstances and at ranges so short as to permit placement of the shaft somewhere in the chest cavity. We really had nothing to go on as to the rest of the body, but generalized rather too hastily from experience with deer.

If one were to formulate the killing power of the broad-head, one would then say that, as far as American big game is concerned, a hit anywhere in the body cavity on all animals up to and including deer is certainly and humanely fatal, and that on all larger animals a chest shot is thus fatal.

This is also true of African game. If one confines his attention to deer-size animals and under, it is literally true that a hit almost anywhere is either fatal or inflicts so slight a flesh cut as to be negligible. Even a rump shot on an animal as small as this is most apt either to cut the femoral artery or to break the beast down otherwise. But, unfortunately, the overwhelming majority of African game is bigger than deer size. It falls in the second category. To be fatal and humane, the arrow must hit the chest cavity. At once, when this is requisite, there springs into existence a wide proportion of outside area, so to speak. It does not do to shoot at the whole animal, as one does at deer beyond a certain range. One must shoot at a certain limited space on that animal. And if one hits outside of that, one is likely



"to inflict merely a distressing and uncomfortable and perhaps eventually disabling wound. This is the more undesirable in that, owing to the multitudes of beasts, it is difficult or impossible to track down the stricken animal.

That, of course, is nothing against field archery. It is equally true of the bullet. It means, as with the bullet, merely that one must eschew long-range chance shots; that one must stalk to the range within which he is pretty certain of hitting what he wants to hit. That, as I say, is a problem similar to the one that confronts the rifleman.

The outside limit of this range is somewhere about sixty yards. I have heard our archers say that they considered eighty their favourite long range; but from long observation and a limited experience of my own, I think they overestimate their possibilities.

With weighed and balanced target arrows, under fixed conditions, and range and at an immovable target, they may be right. But in the game field, any archer will have quite all he can handle to place his arrows regularly in an appropriately sized mark at sixty, especially if he has to guess the range. And he is none too certain, even at that distance.

Before I go on, I wish to repeat for emphasis that the chest-cavity shot is quite as deadly in Africa as in America. Since such was the case, there would seem to be no reason why the experiment should not have been successful. Indeed, we had every confidence that it would be. Neverthe-



less, in Africa, the long bow suffered a signal defeat. As an amusement it gave endless pleasure, but as a practical weapon, carrying with it even a fair assurance of regular success, it was on the whole futile. If we had had to depend on it for camp meat, as per my overconfident prediction, we should have starved.

Now, here is a strange thing: An unheard-of abundance of game, a proved weapon, skilled practitioners of that weapon—and yet negligible results. I omit from consideration for the moment the really notable fact of killing five lions in the open. That, as we have seen, was an especial game in itself, impossible without the efficient backing of rifles, and therefore not pure archery. One very fine lion also fell to a single shaft delivered by Art without the backing of rifles, but it was done from a secure boma at night. It offered a wonderful demonstration of the killing power of the broad-head, but was accomplished from an absolutely secure position at eight or ten yards range. In such conditions, the weapon used really did not matter. It might just as well have been a rifle. The killing power is about the same, and neither rifle nor long bow should miss at ten yards. The feat is in an especial category and cannot be considered when estimating the long bow as an all-around game weapon in Africa. Why, then, this failure? Our analysis of the reasons is in itself—at least, to me—absorbingly interesting.

In the first place the game is altogether too plentiful. Ordinarily, in stalking, one has to avoid the observation of but one pair of eyes; here one must remain concealed from hundreds, perhaps thousands. In even good stalking cover, this is an almost impossible task, and African game is rarely to be found in good stalking cover. When by infinite care and patience one has succeeded in eluding the vigilance of every animal in sight, there is sure to be some concealed and unsuspected beast to give the alarm. And when one moves because of suspicion, all are on the alert. It may be merely a throw of the head in a certain direction: that is enough. One catches the occasion from the next. Just to keep up the measure of discomfiture, there are noisy birds, monkeys, baboons, and other busybodies whose joy in life it is to discover and advertise your presence. Much of the time it is difficult to get even within distant rifle range.

On one occasion, I tried for more than two hours to get with the rifle a zebra for meat, and was forced by dusk to return defeated, though there were not less than twenty-five hundred of these animals within a half mile of camp. The condition above described is more or less true everywhere in East Africa; but, singularly enough, it is more true in this virgin unshot country than on the trodden *safari* routes where the pop of the rifle is often heard in the land. About Nyumbo there are no men to be seen, not even

savages. It is perhaps the absolute unaccustomedness of the upright creature, the distrust of the wholly strange animal, that causes this extreme wildness.

Now, when you reflect that the archer must approach, not to within from two to three hundred yards of the rifleman, but to within from forty to sixty yards of his certain shot, you will see that an immense difficulty is imposed at the very outset.

But this is a difficulty merely, not an inescapable obstacle; and difficulties may be overcome, given time and sufficient patience. It merely requires more expert stalking, implies more failures. But it can be done. Even the wildest runner may occasionally be caught off base. Early on some fortunate morning, some morose old kongoni or wildebeest may be encountered solitary; or on an overcast day the Tommies or Robert's gazelles may prove unexpectedly approachable; or a blind at a water hole may be propitious. Difficulties are merely a challenge, and every old hunter knows that the goddess of good fortune is occasionally kind. I instance this merely as an added difficulty in the way of success, not as a real reason for failure.

However, here intervenes another element that has nothing to do with either skill or good fortune. The very essence of successful field archery is the ranging shot. The arrow's trajectory is so high that one must get his range very exactly to bring about the coincidence of his shaft's curve



with his quarry. A miscalculation of but two or three yards either way will result in a shot too high or too low. With American game, this does not matter. The deer rarely pays any more attention to the winging shaft than he would to a bright-coloured bird. I have even seen them stamp playfully at the missile as it struck quivering into the ground at their feet. Thus the archer can correct his aim and his guess at distance. No African animal ever permitted more than one of those things to come anywhere in his direction even. He departed thence with suddenness and dispatch. I do not remember that our archers ever had a second chance at the same buck in anywhere near the same place. If they did, the occasions could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Still, this, too, could be accounted only a difficulty to be surmounted. To be sure, it is a very large difficulty, and when compounded with the first, it offers a problem whose solution would be, to say the least, a matter for prayer and fasting. But the third element is the one that defeats them. It is a matter of education. The education is of the game, not of the archers. These beasts live in the land of lions, of leopards, of cheetahs, and a variety of smaller predatory animals and birds. The first thing their children are told in the morning and the last thing at night, with sundry like admonitions thrown in between times, is, dodge first and inquire what it is afterward. In that way only



does safety lie, and well do they act on the advice. The motion of a bow arm, the snap of a string, the very reflexing curve of the bow, will set them at it, even before the arrow has fairly left the string. Never do they run straight; at least, not until they have gone through twenty feet of the most expert and erratic twists, turns, doublings, and dodgings you can imagine. And they apparently can pull off the performance from a profound slumber. A standing start means nothing to them. And to this accompaniment they add the ability to dodge an arrow actually in the air. I once saw a topi, caught off guard, unaware of the shaft until it was not more than ten yards from his flank. He got out from under! Time and again the archers, when shooting well, have passed an arrow accurately through the spot where the animal was. These shots they comfort themselves with by calling them technical hits. But they bring home no meat.

Now, when the permutations and combinations possible to all these elements are assembled, the chances of success are so reduced that the bagging of game, even with the weapon itself as effective as it is, becomes a matter of almost pure luck.

The archers did not acknowledge this without a plucky effort. They tried every expedient possible to ingenuity, but with the same result. For a time, it seemed possible, with this great abundance of game, to accomplish some-

thing by lobbing at extreme ranges. Not one shaft in fifty could be hoped to reach the mark, perhaps, but it was possible to shoot more than fifty shafts in the day. The bowmen's movements, being beyond dodging distance, so to speak, permitted the launching of the arrow without the animal's instant reflex; and the trajectory of the missile, being so high, took it above the beast's normal range of vision. But here size and vitality stopped the experiment. It did not do to hit the animal "anywhere."

The fate of the celebrated and awesome rhino arrows was very amusing. They were truly a fearsome weapon in appearance, and were often exhibited to the worshipful admiration of both white and savage. They were supposed to be a sort of armour-piercing device, the rhino furnishing the armour. The argument was the usual one: The rhino is, after all, only flesh and blood, like all other things so easily slain by the broad arrow. Once one of these arrows was driven into the lungs, the course of Nature must be followed.

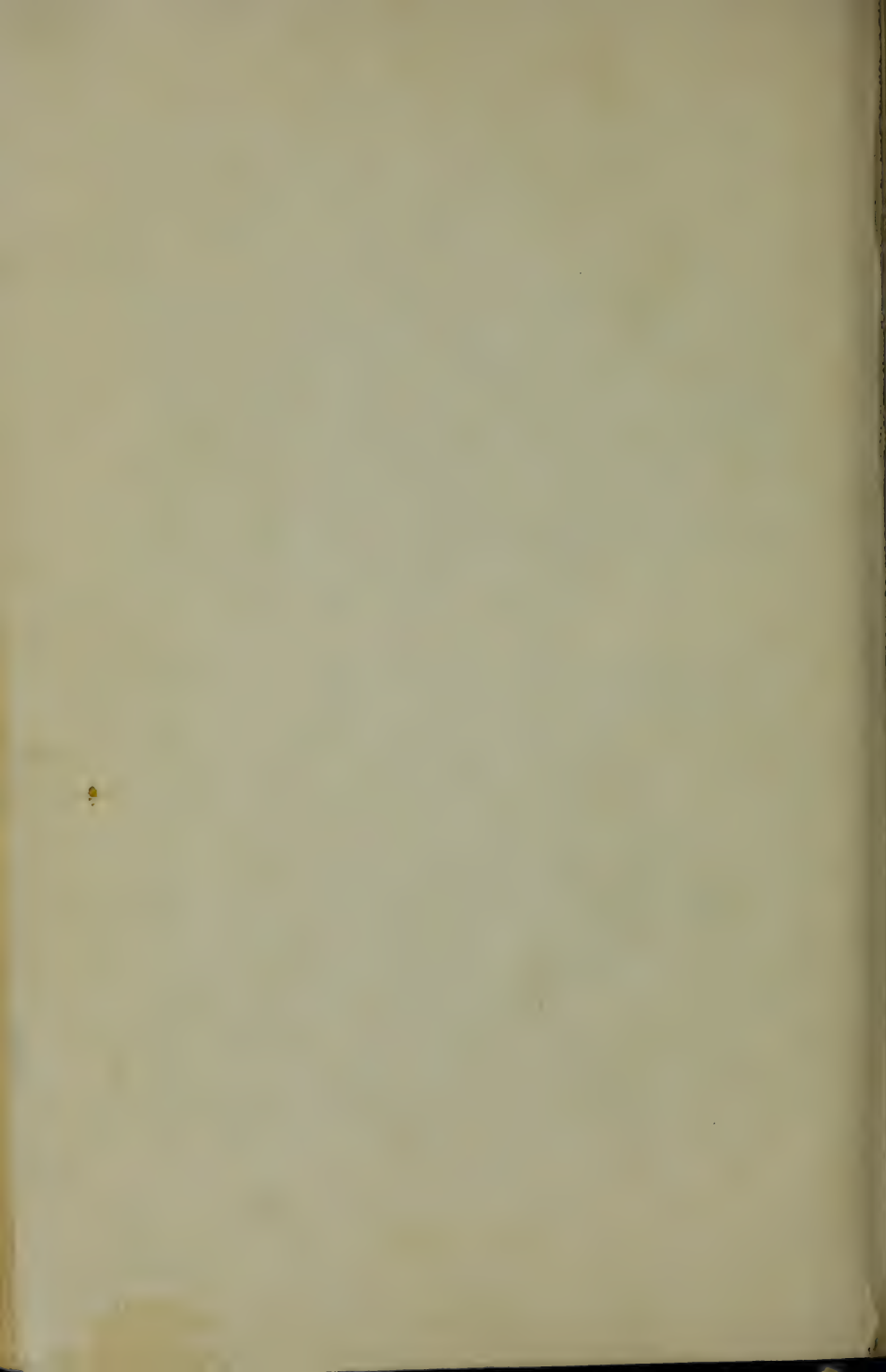
I never had much faith, and rather less than zero in enthusiasm, for this enterprise. A charging rhino is rather easily downed by a cool shot armed with a heavy double elephant rifle loaded with solid bullets. The hunter merely lets the beast come into within fifteen or twenty yards, and then, as it lowers its horn, he shoots over the said horn to break the neck. The rhino goes down like a rabbit.



An archery contest with M'Tone's men



An archery contest with M'Tone's men. Doc to the bat





But that implies that the rhino is charging straight on. If he happens to come in at an angle—as when he pursues an annoying and demoralized archer—that is a different thing again. And in our party the heaviest weapon was a .405, which is all right for lions and self-defense, but is a little light for foolishness.

Fortunately, the rhinos near Nyumbo proved both scarce and coy. It was only when Art and I took a three weeks' tour of the outlying districts that we had a chance to make tests. There he encountered a good specimen for a trophy, and as circumstances were, fortunately, not propitious for the arrow, he collected it with the rifle. As we prepared to do the skinning, I had a bright idea.

"Here," I advised him, "is the best chance in the world—and the safest—to try your arrows."

Art had with him his heaviest bow. He had no rhino arrows, but he sharpened his broad-heads to knife keenness, backed away to twenty paces, and let drive at the softest spot, which is low, back of the fore leg where the joint works back and forth. Incidentally, it would be an impossible shot at a live rhino unless the beast were lying on its side or Art on his belly at about five yards range. The arrow penetrated about two inches. Art, somewhat chagrined, cut it out. The steel point was curled over.

"It hit a rib," said he.

I refrained from pointing out that the arrow was, theo-

retically, supposed to shear right through the rib, and advised him to try until he did not hit a rib. He fired a number of shafts with similar results. At the last he was standing on the side of that rhino shooting straight down in a desperate effort to get somewhere into that animal's little insides. The farthest he got was about four inches; as useful in an animal of this thickness as hitting the beast with a pea shooter.

After this, we did a little analysis. The initial reason for the lack of penetration was the resilient quality of the two-inch skin. It closed about the head and the shaft like rubber and bound it fast. If there happens to be an archer or so among my readers, he can try it on an automobile tire and get much the same effect. The second reason was the hardness of the bones, which stopped the shaft and bent the point as though it had been delivered against a stone wall. We stripped the skin off the side. The ribs lay less than a half inch apart and were some three inches wide.

Leaving the stopping power of the skin out of the calculation, it was evident that the chances of hitting between the ribs were as one to six. But, even worse, the arrow, to slip in, would have to be within about twenty degrees of perpendicular; otherwise, the breadth of the blade would dig it against the ribs on either side. As the shaft rotates in flight, this brings in a one-to-eighteen element. In

other words, the chances of penetrating a skinned rhino's lungs, even with a perfectly delivered arrow, are exactly one to one hundred and eight! And there are remarkably few skinned rhinos abroad in the land. The celebrated rhino head would be even worse for the purpose because of its broader blade. Art, who is the best of sportsmen, threw up both hands and joined me in a good laugh. Doc maintained, as a matter of pure theory only, that it would be possible to penetrate far enough into the belly cavity to cause death "eventually"; but, of course, no one would think of trying it. The object is not to inflict torture, but to kill clean.

So, we all agree that, as even possible arrow game, the rhino is out. The rhino arrows will undoubtedly lead a long and revered life as the chief objects of worship in the grass palaces of African kings.

Thus we cannot but confess that in tackling Africa the long bow has, in the old backwoods phrase, bitten off more than it can chew. That does not in any way modify my opinion of it as the pleasantest and most sporting weapon for America. In it lies the true pleasure and romance of hunting. But in this fiercer country, where I now write these words, I should never give it baggage room again.

To be sure, there are a great many among the native tribes who make a living, and a very good one, with the bow and arrow. They generally manage to have meat hanging up.

The answer is, the poisoned arrow. It then does not matter particularly whether they hit their beast in the rump, the belly, or the left hind foot. Just so the sharp bodkin point scratches below the skin to the blood, they are sure of their quarry. The poison is vegetable in character, and made from the wood of a variety of trees and shrubs. This they split to match size and boil in water until the liquid is of about the consistency of pitch. Doc says it has a paralyzing effect on the motor centres, and he is busy collecting samples to submit to medical science. Apparently, it can be swallowed with impunity—at least, in diluted form. The natives merely cut out a little meat immediately around the wound, and eat the rest without ill effects.

They have various methods of hunting. They will lie in wait for days in small blinds just on the off chance that something may graze to within a few yards. They institute great drives in which the whole tribe may take part. Or they will dash into the dust raised by the great hordes of game and discharge arrows at random and at extreme ranges. It does not matter to them how long they have to wait or how many arrows they may have to shoot. If one lands, all eat. Those who lie in wait use weak bows. Our own Wakoma, who affect the long-range system, have, on the contrary, very powerful, well-made weapons, running up to eighty pounds in pull. It is worth while to see these tall, fleet, naked savages dashing half revealed through the thick



clouds of dust, and the dimmed forms of the black wildebeest, and the sun shining through the murk.

As to the native attitude toward the experiment, it is a little difficult to speak with full confidence. I think there is no doubt that they were very much impressed by the sight of our weapons. The latter were obviously so much more powerful and so much better made than their own that the exhibition of them inspired great respect. But those who were about us enough to witness results, or lack of them, soon lost that respect. On the whole, as far as getting game was concerned, we did not do so well as they could with their poisoned shafts. They came finally to look on us as crazy in a new way; all white men are crazy according to them, though crazy in a magnificent and magical and highly effective manner.

I do not think they ever fathomed our reason for shooting with the bow when we possessed such wonderful affairs as rifles. Indeed, the three or four of our own men with whom I could frankly exchange views, such as N'dolo and Suleimani and Asani—confessed to a slight contempt of our judgment in this one respect. It was all right, of course, if we wanted to do it, but they could not see why we wanted to do it. The killing of the lions interested them hugely, but they were quite clever enough to realize that, without the rifle to stop the *carli* ones, the feat would have been impossible. If it had not been for our lion hunting

with the rifle, and our willingness and ability to get *nyama* with a sensible weapon that would deliver the goods regularly, I am afraid that through us the white man's prestige might have suffered a little. Not that it was important, but it is always interesting to observe any human reactions. But though archery must acknowledge defeat in this enterprise, nevertheless, as always, the by-products have been even more important than the success of the idea would have been. There is the trip itself, which never would have been undertaken save for this incentive; and the lions, and the new country, and Nyumbo, of all of which you have read; and infinite amusement from small episodes. As, for example, early in the game, when the archers were full of confidence, we came upon a group of wart hogs, and our bowmen each loosed a shaft.

"I hit mine!" cried Doc excitedly.

"So did I mine!" echoed Art, also excitedly.

"You both shot under," denied Leslie.

"I did not! I hit mine in the rump. You can see the arrow sticking in him!" rejoined Doc with heat.

"Mine, too!" quoth Art.

"Then you must have shot four arrows apiece," remarked Leslie drily. "Just look at the other hogs!"

Sure enough, all eight were legging it away as fast as they could go, each with an exactly similar arrow sticking up in exactly the same place. Then we broke it to the chagrined

archers that each and every wart hog is endowed by Nature with such an appendage. When the beast is at rest it hangs down like any well-regulated tail. When he runs he sticks it straight up and stiff as any arrow, and the flat tuft of hair on the end does look like the feathers.

Another time, we had built, in the wide forks of a tree near a water hole, a flat platform of sticks, disguised with twigs and leaves. In this I roosted with Suleimani, hoping something foolish would come along at which I could loose a shaft. Nothing did, but I saw many interesting things, and watched the game at its daily affairs.

About seven o'clock each morning the sand grouse came to drink. The first flocks lit on the ground a few hundred feet from the water and immediately squatted and humped themselves into the semblance of so many brown rocks. Another lot came in and took due and proper place behind the first. The third lot lit behind the second, and so on, until the ground was knobby with them for almost as far as I could see. But by now I noticed that the first comers had crept forward and were actually at the water's edge and drinking. There had been no perceptible movement that I could distinguish, but there they were, and the others in unbroken mass behind them. They took some minutes to drink, but until they had finished, the others all squatted patiently in their proper order. The first flock suddenly arose, uttering their weird cry, wheeled to the right and

flew away. And, lo, the second flock were at the water's edge, and all the rest had flowed—it is the only word—one move nearer to their refreshment. Once, something alarmed the flock in possession, and it rose, startled. But in returning it did not attempt to regain its lost precedence; it resignedly fell in behind all the rest. This was interesting.

Before long came a goose, a beautifully marked creature with an iris of gold. She alighted on the ground and started to waddle toward the pool, when her attention fell on our blind. No nest like that had ever been her experience before, and she came over to investigate. I could see her through the interstices of our floor, gazing at us, turning first one eye up, then the other. It was too much for her, so she fluttered laboriously straight up and sat on a limb not two feet from us, whence she looked us over again. Not being a roosting creature, she did not long retain her balance, but dropped back to the ground directly beneath. Evidently, however, she approved of the thing as a nest, for soon she flew up again and actually sat down on the platform alongside the other geese—Suleimani and myself! She might have stayed and laid an egg, for all I know, but I could not resist making a grab for her legs, whereupon, for the second time, she returned to the ground directly beneath, whence, for a long time, she surveyed us with a disapproving golden eye. That was interesting, too.

Once, when Art and I were off on *safari*, leaving Doc at



Nyumbo, the bow brought him an interesting by-product. One evening, he came in, about the warmest, reddest, all-in man in Africa, but bearing proudly two thirds of a mangled Tommy. When he had absorbed a limejuice and got his breath back, he told the following tale:

"I lobbed into this remainder Tommy at just a hundred and fifty-five yards and was feeling pretty cocky for about a second; but hardly had he hit the ground when a hyena dashed out, seized him, and made off. So I ran after him. The ground was rocky and rough, but I made pretty good time. So did the hyena. I was bothered by the rocks, but he had a load to carry. Every time he'd get a little ahead he'd lay down my Tommy and take a bite. Then he'd pick it up and go on. I saw I couldn't catch him, so I had the bright idea of yelling at him all the opprobrious epithets I could think of, and I expressed them with emphasis and in the coarsest tones and terms. Darn him, it just seemed to inspire him! It sounded awful to me; but after listening all his life to the squawks, howls, groans, and idiotic noises hyenas make, I suppose he thought I was encouraging him with cheering and praising. I was getting tired, but so was he; that Tommy must have been a heavy load. Once, I stopped long enough to take a shot, but the arrow didn't go close enough to attract his attention. After about half a mile he stopped for another rest—which we both needed badly—and I got an arrow so close it surprised him. He

dropped the Tommy—what was left of it. Lord! I never was so done up since I tried to catch three grizzly cubs in the snow!”

This hyena may not have known that Art intended to be unkind; but one I put a bullet into a few days later must have guessed that I did not mean him well. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that he had received a wound that proved fatal within a hundred yards, he dashed back to the kill, seized a piece of meat, and carried it off. Talk about the ruling passion strong in death! The hyena’s only passion is *chakula*—food.

The flivvers are successfully out; the men are paid off; we are on the high seas headed westward. The adventure is at an end. But, before we make our bow, I want to add just a few lines as to the people we—and you—have been consorting with so long. They, too, I do not doubt, would like to make their bow.

N’dolo, then, is apprenticed to a garage. The *moto* car has fired his ambition in quite a new direction. He wants to be a mechanic. To us, with our wider sophistication of values, it seems rather anticlimactic. After dealing familiarly with royalties, commanding a half hundred and more of men, travelling far into the out spaces, meeting danger from the forces of nature and of wild beasts, to fill his days with grime and oil and spanners and the rigidity of mechanical processes under a tin roof has a sort of inversion to it.

But N'dolo finds in it an outlet for his desires; and since such is the case, N'dolo will succeed.

Suleimani's physical condition is good, save for the loss of one eye. We tried to get him to go to the hospital for examination to find out whether the withered eyeball should be removed. Immediately, at the bare idea, Suleimani's fine courage that had never failed him for an instant through all his hard times broke utterly. So we had an expert examine him privately. He now enjoys a small pension and a corner of land Percival has allowed him on his farm.

Sabakaki, to our great surprise, came to make a visit even after he had been paid off and had received his precious *barua*, or letter of recommendation. He maintained stoutly that he was still off hemp smoking and intended to remain so. But, after we had gone, he took employment with Tarlton and managed to run his truck off the Likipia grade, injuring three men—but not himself. Several days later, he repeated the performance within a few yards of the same spot. This time one boy was killed and four badly hurt. So I fear Sabakaki backslid. Sale, N'thitu, and the eleven ambitious Wakoma who made the plunge into the great world already have more work in sight. Several of them came down to see us off when the train pulled out from Nairobi.

But the most touching of my experiences were the num-



bers of my old men—1910-13—who, hearing that I was in Nairobi, sometimes made long journeys to see me. Invariably they brought gifts—very beautiful and valuable gifts. My old gun bearer, Memba Sasa, showed up. He is now a headman, or minor chieftain, of about a thousand men under appointment from the government. We had a good talk of old times. Incidentally, I mentioned that Mrs. White had for years used a beautifully embroidered Swahili cap he had made her as a sewing bag, and told him how grieved she was when it was stolen. His face brightened.

"I have just finished a very nice one, *bwana*," said he. "It is at my *shamba*. I will bring it in Monday."

"That's good," I agreed heartily. "One of the last things the *mem-sahib* told me was to be sure to buy a good Swahili cap to remind her of the one you made her. And now I can buy her one of yours. Bring it in, and I'll be only too glad to pay you."

"*Bwana*," said he with dignity, "did I say anything about bringing it in for money?"

The story has even more point when you consider that a good cap such as this brings in cash about half of what Memba Sasa receives from the government in a year.

He brought the cap in Monday, and I said good-bye.

"*Bwana*, while you are in Africa, it cannot be good-bye between us. I shall be at the train when you go."

And he was. This was three times in the one week that



he had come in, and each trip meant twenty-four miles afoot.

At the station, just before the train started, the group consulted hastily apart. Then Mavrouki made a request.

"We all want you to send us back a picture of yourself that we may place it in our houses," said he.

"You shall have it," I promised.

"Yes, but, *bwana*," he supplemented, "we do not want a picture in *safari* clothes. We want a picture all *meredadi*"—dressed up.

Although we did not sail from Mombasa for several days, I like to think of my farewell to Africa as the last glimpse of the station platform at Nairobi, and the receding faces of friends there gathered—white and black.

But I cannot say farewell to you also without just one more lion story. This was the experience of an acquaintance who forgot that one should not be out after dark in Africa. Beguiled by the beauty of the country, he wandered farther and farther afield, until, to his horror, he realized that he was at least three miles out and the sun was touching the horizon. Just to rub it in that he had made a mistake, a lion roared. It was a distant lion, and its exact direction was, as usual with distant lions, not to be identified, but it was a perfectly good hint, and Mac started back briskly. After a few moments the lion roared again. This time it was noticeably nearer. Mac increased his pace. Nothing

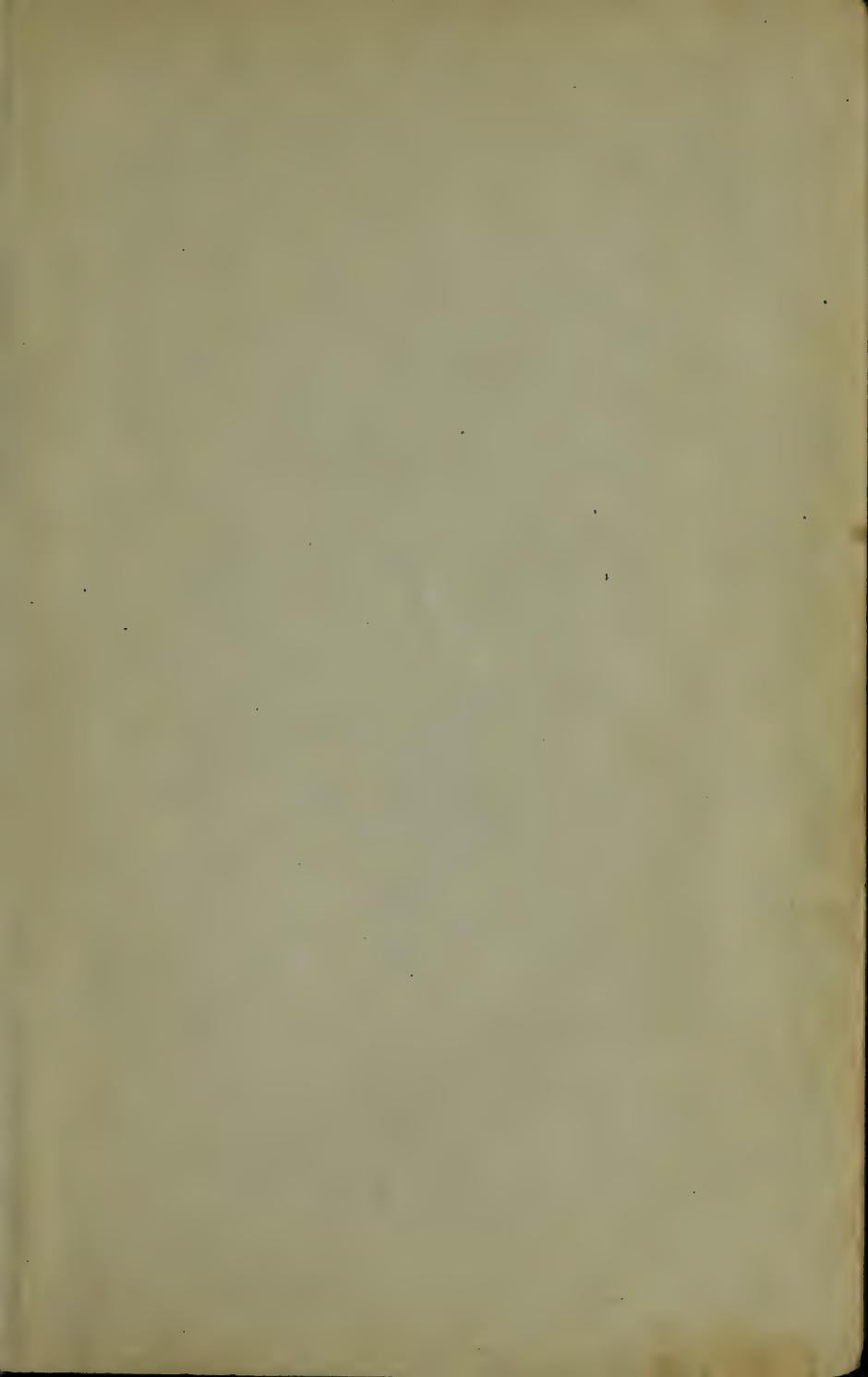
happened until he had covered a good half mile. Then, for the third time, the brute opened up. And now there was no doubt of it at all—the lion was shortening his distance, probably by the customary leaps and bounds.

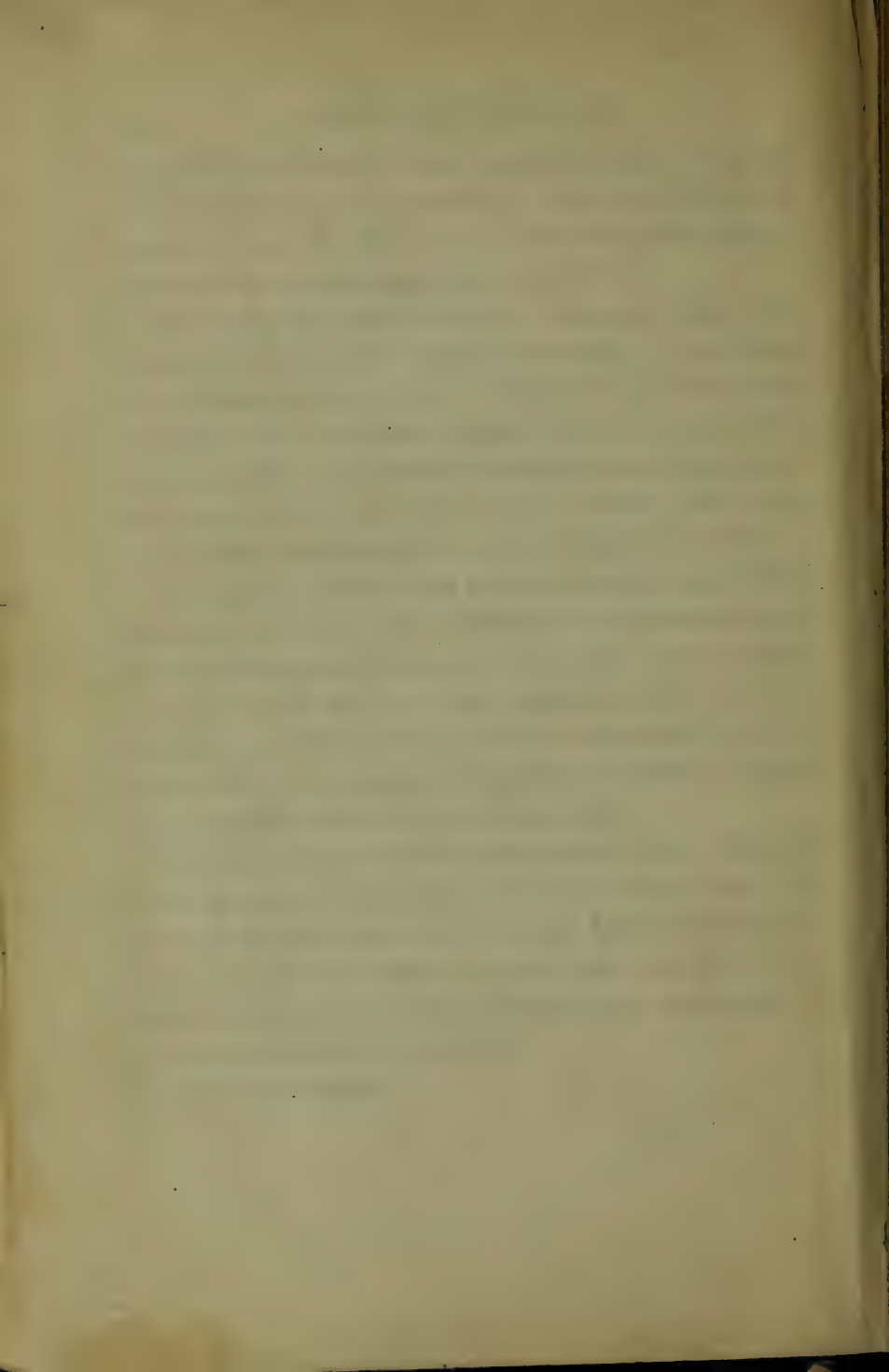
Mac broke into a gentle dogtrot. It was now dark. The evening was, of course, tropical and sweaty. The ground was wabby and full of holes. This form of exercise was not one which Mac would have selected of his own accord. But, as quite audibly that extremely vocal lion was getting nearer and nearer, he did not revise his plan of action, which was to get there regardless and as soon as might be possible.

At first the situation was merely an uneasy possibility, but soon it became a very real menace, and just at the last developed into a race for town. Nearer and nearer sounded the great voice until, as Mac, gasping and wet and exhausted, stumbled to the first house, the roars of the infuriated beast were not more than fifty yards away. Never again would he forget to be in before dark.

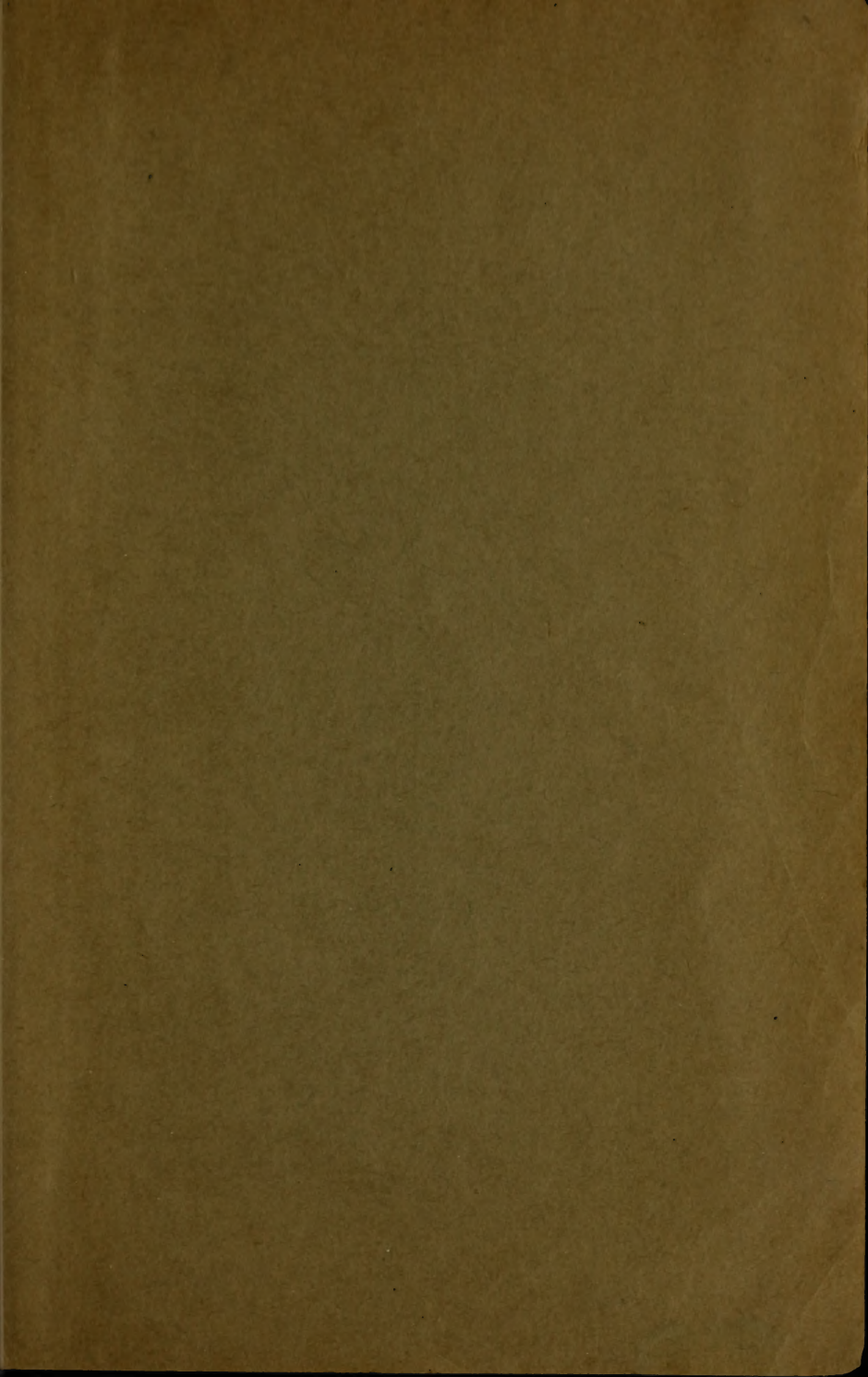
Nor has he abandoned this determination since. No, not even though he shortly discovered that the lion that had uttered the roars was the oldest and best-known lion in Africa, and that he lived in a nice strong cage just at the edge of the town. Naturally, he got nearer and nearer—as long as Mac went toward town.

*Bassi*—it is finished.









NOV 14 1938

FEB 16 1939

Sep 28 '51

SEP 13 1937

NOV 10 1937  
SEP 8 1938

HIGH SCHOOL

OCT 5 1938

6 Oct '38

17 Oct '38

10 Nov '38  
10 Nov '38

5 Dec '38

17 Feb '39

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OCT 11 1940

31 Oct '40

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